



For years, it may be for generations, patriotic and loyal Indians have dreamed of Swaraj for their motherland. To-day you have beginnings of Swaraj within my Empire, and widest scope and ample opportunity for progress to the liberty which my other dominions enjoy."

*His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor's  
message to the Indian Legislatures.*

*9th February 1921.*



## INTRODUCTION.

Our not very remote forefathers thought of India as a realm enwrapped in the glamour and mystery of the Orient, as a land of tigers and temples where the Pagoda tree bore its glittering fruit to be the prize of the energetic and the adventurous. To day the picture has changed. India stands before the world as a member of the Commonwealth of Nations whose representatives share the innermost counsels of the Empire whose people claim to be accepted throughout the British Dominions as fellow citizens and as equals before the law. Within the last few years a change has come over India, the like of which has never been known throughout her long history. There has been a quickening of life among the educated classes consequent upon the birth of a new spirit. Stormy and restless, self sufficient and impatient of compromise, this spirit has the qualities as well as the defects of a national idealism. Its existence points to the consummation of the progress which India has for years been accomplishing under British protection.

Though stretching back as it does to the remotest times, the story of India has never been the story of a nation. To day, a sense of common nationality is in process of gradual development. There is nothing mysterious about this phenomenon. History proves that only since her inclusion within the British Empire has India been able to secure protection from periodic invasion. Hence it is that of recent years an instinct for political unity among the cultured classes long thwarted through centuries of tragic history has asserted itself as never before. National aspirations and desires for ages unknown and incommunicable now spread with a rapidity that is all the greater for the long postponement of their operation. Educated India has begun to find herself to claim national privileges. Before long she will realise she must assume national obligations. Protected by the arm of the Empire from disruptive forces she has begun to develop a common sentiment. Complete unity in the ethnical, linguistic and religious sense she can hardly hope to attain. The elements of her population are too diverse in origin, the cleavage between Hindu and Muhammad too wide. But

the community which arises from traditions of a noble past and from the aspiration to a glorious future, provides a fundamental nexus which may well overcome at length the disparity in her constituent peoples

It is a truism that the history of the British in India is without parallel. At the beginning of the 18th century a few scattered British traders were holding factories and emporia by precarious tenure at the pleasure of Indian Princes whose rivalries filled the land with disorder. By the middle of the 19th century, the successors of these traders were compelled to transfer to the British Crown the sovereignty of the entire Indian continent. With the story of the establishment of British power in India we are not here concerned, it is sufficient to notice that the character of that power was a prime factor in the growth of the new India which welcomed the Prince of Wales in 1921-22.

Early in the 19th century after the final Maratha war had removed the last possibility of serious local rivalry, the great administrators of the generation of Elphinstone, Munro and Malcolm pondered deeply over the future of the British raj. No one then dreamed of the "Commonwealth idea" the conception of the Empire as an association of free nations pursuing common ideals and linked by loyalty to a common Throne. The dismal precedent of the American Colonies suggested what seemed the only alternative to Imperialist domination. Accordingly the men who laid true and deep the structure of British power could conceive no other goal for the land in which they laboured than nationhood which, they assumed, must lead to ultimate separation from England. They faced this consequence to them inevitable, fearlessly, and forthwith set to work to build up an Indian nation. Towards that end they postulated two principal means, first the introduction of Western education and secondly the training of Indians in the principles of Western administration. By the time the East India Company yielded its power to the Crown conditions were already such as to foster a complementary impulse among the educated Hindus. This movement depended for its emergence upon the unbroken peace, religious neutrality, omnipotent justice, and centralised polity of British India. Its progress was made possible by certain new factors, without parallel in the previous history of the country. Among the most important of these were first, the appearance up and down India of an educated middle class trained to the pursuit of common ideals, mainly Western in inspiration, secondly the existence of a common language, which enabled members of this class in widely different parts of India

to participate in each other's sentiments and aspirations, thirdly the introduction of modern means of communication, with consequent mastery over the obstacles hitherto imposed by time and space upon India's realization of common unity. Acting through these material means were two distinct spiritual forces, under the breath of which the smouldering spark of Indian nationalism was fanned into flame. The first was a fundamental community of Hindu culture and tradition, which, subtly transcending differences of race and language, permeated in varying degrees the peoples and races of India from the north to the south. This in its turn was vitalised by a growing sense of a common solidarity against alien rule.

The Administration pursued consistently, if cautiously, the principle of associating the people of India with the government of the country. The Indian Councils Act of 1861, while creating institutions for legislation that were merely committees of Government gave Indians a share in their working and tacitly admitted the right of the educated class to put forward its opinion. In the two decades that followed, educational facilities were greatly extended, the Congress movement was born, and more Indians were admitted into the public services, but it was not until 1892 that any steps were taken towards further constitutional advance. The councils were given the right of interpellation and of budget discussion, and the principle of election as opposed to pure nomination, of members was conceded. In 1909 the reforms associated with the names of Lord Morley and Lord Minto were sanctioned by Parliament. There was no attempt even then to set up a Parliamentary system, and no responsibility save that of giving advice was vested in the councils. But the electoral system was regularised, a larger proportion of Indian members admitted, and the obligation of the executive to explain its policy in response to resolutions was made clear. The new machinery, it was soon found gave Indians no power to deal with certain "grievances" which they had for some time denounced the slowness with which the system was being Indianised, the backward state of education among the masses, the combination of judicial and executive functions in local courts, the allotment of funds in the All India budget, the recruitment in the Arms Act in the India Army and in the Indian Air Force, the laws of the self governing Dominions, the feeling of inferiority which injured the national pride of India. The sudden outbreak of the world war found the country in an uneasy and restless mood. It was for some time offset by a wave of loyalty.

the admiration of the whole Empire. The war years wrought great changes in India as elsewhere. Democratic ideals were quickened into new life with the disappearance of the older Imperialism, while India's future was enlarged by the triumph of the 'Commonwealth' conception of the British Empire to which reference has already been made.

During the five years of Lord Chelmsford's Government a number of long standing grievances were removed, and a new era in the relations between India and the rest of the Empire was inaugurated. King's Commissions were granted to Indians in increasing numbers, the racial distinction was eliminated from the Arms Act, the Indianization of the public services proceeded apace, Indian representatives sat side by side with Dominion's representatives, both in the War Conference and in the successive Imperial Conferences, the principle of reciprocity was recognised in the relations between India and the Dominions. But more than all the goal of British rule in India was for the first time officially and clearly defined. Hitherto, the introduction of constitutional machinery had taken a form which conferred upon Indians influence without responsibility. The Morley Minto Reforms represented the end of one line of advance, for their development could only result in saddling an irremovable executive with an irresponsible legislature. Further progress being essential a new orientation of policy became necessary. It was to the examination of this question that Lord Chelmsford's administration early directed their attention. As a result of protracted correspondence with His Majesty's Government the famous declaration of August 20th 1917 was made in the House of Commons by the new Secretary of State Mr E S Montagu. This defined the goal of British rule as the progressive realization of responsible Government in India as an integral part of the Empire. Towards such a consummation the authorities at once proceeded to work. Considering its complexity the problem of constitutional advance was solved with surpassing speed. By the end of 1919 a new Government of India Act had passed into the Statute Book. The reforms proceeded on the plan of making the representatives of a greatly enlarged electorate responsible for certain functions of Government while leaving other functions in the hands of an executive responsible to the Secretary of State. Indians were assigned a definite responsibility for the nation building activities of the administration, and in consequence since the fabric of the State is seamless, were enabled to exercise a great and increasing influence even over the subjects still 'reserved'. Unfortunately the position was meanwhile

complicated by the occurrence of the lamentable disturbances of April 1919. It is impossible to examine in detail their history, and it must suffice to observe that the passage of the so-called "Rowlatt Bill" in the preceding February aroused a storm of opposition from the *intelligent* in which quickly convulsed the whole country. Against this Bill which was merely an anti-anarchic measure, without *arrière pensée*, Mr. Gandhi, who may perhaps be characterised in Western phrase as a religious revivalist turned opportunist politician, directed a movement of "passive resistance" like that which he had formerly employed in South Africa as a protest against the treatment meted out to his countrymen by the Union Government. The result was a conflict between the forces of law and certain disorderly elements encouraged by Mr. Gandhi's movement to resist authority, but wholly misunderstanding the form that he desired such resistance to assume. The actions taken by some officers employed in the Punjab to restore order after the disturbances aroused the indignation of the civilised world, and brought home acutely to the educated Indian community its sense of subjection to another race. Wounded national pride fatally combined with specific causes of discontent, social and economic, among particular interests. High prices and economic straits afflicted the poorer classes, the defeat of Turkey and the threatened partition of the Ottoman Empire filled the Muhammadan community with acute uneasiness. The outbreak of the Afghan War in 1919 provided the occasion for troubles on the Border which lasted long after the termination of hostilities, and, taken in conjunction with Muslim feeling upon the Turkish question, contributed to the general atmosphere of disquiet. Mr. Gandhi, taking advantage of the political tension, finally put into operation a project, from which he had for some time been persuaded by wiser heads to refrain, of organizing "passive resistance" on a nation-wide scale. In the autumn of 1920, largely as a result of the outburst of Muslim feeling following the publication of the Treaty of Sevres, he launched a movement of "non-cooperation with Government" concentrating, as he himself announced, "the soul force of the Indian nation" on the triple end of "righting the Punjab wrong," settling the Khilafat question, and acquiring *Swaraj* for India. His programme ranged from the surrender of titles and honorary offices, the withdrawal of children from Government schools, the boycott of British courts by lawyers and litigants and the withdrawal of candidature for election to the reformed councils, to an ultimate refusal to sustain any relations with the officials or allies of the Government.



By the end of 1920 his movement which derived its support first from popular reverence for his mysticism and secondly from national self assertion and religious unrest operating in the uneasy political atmosphere seemed likely to interfere with the successful launching of the reforms. The first elections to the new Councils, Imperial and local were however held successfully. Only in six cases out of 637 was an election impossible in the absence of a candidate. As might have been expected the proportion of voters who came to poll was small partly no doubt on account of the non co-operation movement but more particularly through the unfamiliarity of the majority of the electorate with the machinery of the vote. Meanwhile Mr Gandhi had not been idle. He had captured the whole Congress organisation to the disgust of the older leaders and in the Nagpur meeting had secured the elimination from the creed of the provisions relating to constitutional methods of agitation and to the maintenance of the British connection.

Upon the first sessions of the new Indian legislatures both Central and Provincial much depended. It had yet to be seen whether the new constitution would fulfil the hopes of its designers whether it would provide a solution for the political problems growing ever more pressing day by day which agitated the minds of Indians. It had originally been hoped that the inauguration of the new constitution would be undertaken by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales whom the Indian people regarding with jealous eye his visits to other portions of the Empire eagerly desired to welcome. To everyone's disappointment, his health was found unequal to the strain which this tour would have imposed upon his former labours already heavy, therefore His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught came as his substitute. The Duke's services to the India he loved so well cannot be exaggerated. He bore a gracious message of good will from the King Emperor, he laboured nobly to heal wounds to unite unhappy differences and to persuade men to forgive and forget. His benign personality accomplished in India a work which no one but a member of the Royal House could have performed. He opened one by one in person the new Provincial Legislatures impressing upon all the need for harmonious co-operation and statesmanlike employment of newly acquired powers and when on the 9th February 1921 he inaugurated the Indian Parliament he ended his speech with a personal appeal for forgiveness and forbearance on both sides which deeply moved the hearts of every one present. It was soon apparent that his appeal did not fall upon deaf ears. The

relations between Government officials and the legislators to whom so much power has passed, have been throughout the whole of the first critical year harmonious and cordial. Space would fail were we to attempt to describe in detail the work which has already been accomplished in the new legislative bodies. Despite the difficulties of financial stringency and administrative inexperience, every Province has its own record of work well done. Indian Ministers and Executive Councillors have worked excellently with their British colleagues, the non official majority in the Legislatures has employed its power, certain exceptions apart, with due caution and ample sense of responsibility. Even the briefest narrative of the work accomplished for example, in the new Parliament of India, proves that those Indians who decided that the way to these national aspirations lay within the councils and not without them, were justified in their opinion. The Punjab spectre was laid by the debate in which Government officially expressed regret for the perpetration of certain improper actions together with their fixed resolve, in so far as human foresight could avail, that any repetition would be for ever impossible. As a result of committees appointed by the Indian Legislature the Press Act, and a number of other laws believed by Indian opinion to menace the liberties of the individual, were officially recommended for repeal. The foundations of an Indian national army were laid by the institution of a Territorial Force. Examinations in India for the Indian Civil Service were inaugurated. Control was obtained over the revenues of India, and extensive financial powers were consolidated. A Fiscal Commission was appointed to examine the question of an Indian Tariff. A resolution that the scope of the Reforms should be extended at an early date was carried through the Legislative Assembly. But perhaps the most noticeable result of the co-operation of Indians with Englishmen in the working of the Reforms has been the inauguration of a new spirit which is pervading the whole Administration Central and Provincial, of India. For, the process of entrusting responsibility to Indian statesmen is calling out in return a capacity for discharging the obligations which that responsibility entails.

After the Duke left India it became plain that the non co operation campaign had failed, despite its whirlwind intensity, to achieve its promised programme. One of the main factors in its early success, namely the fear in the minds of certain sections of the educated public lest the new Reforms should give no power to Indians, was gradually removed by straightforward statesmanship to the success of the

great reputation of Lord Reading who succeeded Lord Chelmsford in March materially contributed. But it was supported by large funds, an active press and much undisciplined enthusiasm. Undoubtedly it satisfied the craving for self expression which is among the birthpangs of Indian Nationalism. For the majority of educated Indians non co operation was losing its attraction at the time when the visit of the Prince of Wales was settled. But it still had a great hold upon the impatient idealists and other less estimable people who devoted their misplaced energies to stirring up the masses of the population. That there were serious possibilities of disorder latent in this procedure was obvious to all. The ideal of non violence is too remote from human nature to exert much restraining influence upon the average man whose respect for authority has been undermined by irresponsible propaganda. The terrible Moplah revolt with the blaze of Muslim fanaticism accompanying it showed how dangerous were some of the methods employed by the non co operators in their campaign. The effect which this outbreak exerted upon Hindu opinion was considerable for it demonstrated both the perils which attend attacks upon the structure of the State and also the slender foundation upon which Hindu Muslim unity, save as a political platform really rests. In this connection some of the appeals addressed to their co religionists by Khalfat leaders like the Ali Brothers from time to time excited uneasiness among the Hindus especially when taken in conjunction with the unsettled state of the North West Frontier and the then uncertain attitude of Afghanistan. Lord Reading's Government pursued a policy of watchfulness only stepping in to punish incitements to violence. Mr Gandhi's influence being professedly exerted in the same direction the Viceroy was able to obtain from the Ali Brothers a personal apology for speeches which might have been dangerous in their effects. The non co operators having little opportunity of thriving upon repression flourished less and less. But in proportion as their movement began to lose credit the followers of Mr Gandhi became more and more unreasonable in their attitude. They refused to wear machine made fabrics and idolised the antique spinning wheel. They talked of an Indian Republic and of civil disobedience. They did their best to create disaffection in the army—a policy which brought the Ali Brothers and certain other leaders to just punishment. Finally they announced their intention of boycotting the Royal visit on the ground that it was a mere device to enhance the credit of the administration. Such an aspersion entirely unfounded as it was could not

be suffered to pass unnoticed and Lord Reading made plain the position beyond all possibility of doubt. I desire with all the authority at my command emphatically to repudiate these suggestions and to assure the Indian people that neither I nor my Government have had the faintest intention of using His Royal Highness's visit for political purposes. I fully acknowledge that there are many matters of public policy upon which serious and even acute differences of opinion obtain in this country. I and my Government have always been and still are most desirous of reconciling these differences and solving these problems. But the Prince of Wales stands apart from and above all such political controversies. His Royal Highness's visit to India is in accordance with the precedent set by His August Father and Grandfather and he comes to India as the heir to the throne and the future Emperor of India and in that capacity alone. His reception will not be a test of opinions that may be held on the political problems and differences of the day but will be a test of the loyalty and attachment of the people of India towards the Crown itself.

That the major portion of the Indian people required any such admonition, it would be unreasonable to maintain. From the moment when the visit of His Royal Highness was finally settled great enthusiasm prevailed among those many persons who desired to set eyes upon their future Emperor. From the outset Lord Reading made it plain that India's welcome was to be truly Indian in character. An influential Royal Visit Advisory Committee on which sat Ruling Princes and Indian politicians was constituted at Simla to assist Government in settling the details of the Prince's programme. Separate sub-committees dealt with Press arrangements, Finance and other of the multifarious topics which emerged for discussion. Very eager was the competition on the part of various interests for the honour of entertaining the Prince, and the restrictions imposed by a four months time limit resulted in many heartburnings. In the Provinces, preparations were equally active. Reception committees and Programme committees were constituted principally of Indians in all those places which the Prince was to visit. Had one half of the engagements so eagerly suggested in each town been suffered to stand it may safely be said that scarcely in three times the allotted span could His Royal Highness have fulfilled them. Great was the tact and infinite the patience required of those in whose hands the final decision lay. At length all was ready. The completed programme was generally accepted as fair and equitable. As the days drew on the Press of India devoted more and more attention

to the personality of the Prince, to his Imperial activities, to his public pronouncements. There was no doubt as to the interest which such information possessed for the reading public. But with last year's disappointment fresh in their memory, many persons were consumed with anxiety as to whether the visit would or would not take place. "Will the Prince come?" was certainly the question most frequently heard throughout the autumn months. At length, with a sigh of relief, the news was received that the "Renown," with His Royal Highness securely on board, had left Portsmouth on her Eastern Voyage.

# HISTORY

## OF

# The Tour of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales

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## CHAPTER I.

### The Gates of India.

When the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was definitely determined, there was some speculation in the minds of the public as to the spot where he would first set foot upon the shores of India. On the face of it, Bombay seemed the only choice possible. It is the gateway of India, the first great city which grew into prosperity under British rule, and the place whence the Prince's Father and Grandfather first commenced those Indian tours which have knit the people of this land so closely to the English throne. And yet it might seem that political reasons militated against the selection of Bombay for the honoured position of the Prince's first host. For some months past, Bombay has been afflicted by labour troubles in an acute form, disturbances, accompanied on several occasions by loss of life, have broken out in the mill area. Furthermore, racial feeling in Bombay has for some time been pronounced. The Indian community in Bombay, unlike that of Calcutta, definitely overshadows the English community in wealth and in prestige as well as in numbers. Its power and its influence have not persuaded it to ignore those factors making for the accentuation of racial feeling which we have already noticed in the Introduction. And although the small but highly influential Parsi community is a factor inherently stabilising in its operation, the Indian commercial world of Bombay is sometimes inclined to imagine that its interests run contrary to those of British rule in India, forgetful of the fact that the power and permanence of that rule constitute, there as

elsewhere the only guarantee of continued prosperity. During the last few years there has been a tendency on the part of sections of the wealthier classes to employ their resources for the purpose of supporting political agitation. Doubtless it was for this reason as well as from the existence of a large cotton industry that Mr Gandhi within the last few months chose Bombay to be the headquarters of his campaign for the boycott of English cloth. From Bombay he derived the larger portion of the funds which he collected for the purpose of financing his agitation for swaraj. Altogether the atmosphere of Bombay during the few months immediately preceding the Prince's visit was such that the pessimists prophesied not good things but evil. That there would be any demonstration of hostility against the person of His Royal Highness was believed by no one, but many who claimed to speak with knowledge of Indian feeling were emphatic in their assertion that the most that could be expected from the people of Bombay on the occasion of His Royal Highness's visit was respectful interest.

It would be a mistake to imagine that the larger portion of the population of Bombay were inoculated with a genuine belief in the doctrine of non-cooperation. The honest followers of Gandhi in Bombay were comparatively few in numbers, but to their standards rallied in times of excitement considerable mobs of uneducated men, some of whom are undoubtedly local bad-characters. It must be admitted that if the non-co-operators failed to induce Bombay to boycott the visit of the Prince of Wales it was not for any lack of energy on their part. For two or three weeks prior to the arrival of the 'Renown' large advertisements were published in all papers which would accept them, urging upon the public to refrain from welcoming the Prince, to abstain from attending popular functions, and to maintain themselves calmly within their houses as a sign of national mourning. Coupled with this advice there was generally a more or less hypocritical assertion that the intent on of the non-co-operators was in no way to affront the Prince or to injure his susceptibilities, on the contrary it was designed merely to arouse him to the true facts of the situation in India. As the time of his arrival approached the non-co-operators redoubled their activity. They placarded streets with notices calling for the boycott of his visit. They held numerous public meetings every day adjuring all who could be found to listen to discourse themselves in every way with the official rejoicing. They made house to house visitations along the route exhorting the tenants to display black flags as a token of mourning when the Prince passed.

Meanwhile, preparations of a very different kind were being made by the great mass of the people for the reception of their future Ruler. An Entertainment Committee composed principally of non official Indian gentlemen, prepared a careful and elaborate programme, the main motif of which was to bring His Royal Highness in touch with the people and the people in touch with their Prince. It is impossible to praise too highly the care and forethought which were expended upon every detail of the Bombay programme or upon the smooth accuracy with which these details were executed. Among numerous other items mention must be made particularly of the arrangements for the too often neglected comfort of the press. Every care was taken that the correspondents, both English and Indian, were provided with suitable accommodation and adequate transport. The facilities placed at their disposal evoked cordial appreciation from all of them.

The local authorities realised that much depended upon the manner in which His Royal Highness was first presented to the people of India. Accordingly, arrangements were made for the Prince to be driven along a processional route which would take him past, if not through, some of the busiest quarters and largest centres of population in the whole city. The arrangements for the progress along the whole route were singularly complete. In addition to Venetian masts, with the inevitable display of bunting, there were erected at all important points groups of pylons, adorned by pictures of powerful Hindu divinities.

These preparations were in various stages of completion during the two or three days immediately preceding the arrival of the 'Renown'. As time grew shorter the pessimists of Bombay became noticeably less confident in their gloomy prophecies. Crowds of people poured down nightly to the Apollo Bunder, and evinced the very greatest interest in the structures which were being erected for the reception ceremony. Streams of vehicles, luxurious automobiles, sumptuous barouches, humble phaetons, nightly blocked the land approaches to the Gateway of India. The space reserved for distinguished visitors in the spectators' amphitheatre had long ago been exhausted, and great was the heartburning of those whom even the ample accommodation officially provided failed to include. There was in fact no question that popular interest and enthusiasm was keenly aroused. The only thing which remained to be discovered was whether popular expectation would or would not be satisfied.

Early in the morning of November 17th, just as day was breaking over the Ghauts, H M S "Renown" dropped her anchor amidst reverberating salutes from the ships of the East India Squadron. The



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glorious sunrise of an Indian winter morning suffused the whole sky with a rosy glow and the city was soon astir. Dense crowds of people were making their way to every portion of the route which the procession would follow. In the road leading to the Apollo Bunder itself every inch of standing room was occupied long before 8 o'clock, and this despite the fact that every man, woman and child knew that a wait of some three or four hours in the burning Indian sun, with its dismal potentialities of fever and sickness, would be the price to be paid for a glimpse of their Prince. As the sun rose higher the spectacle became more and more gorgeous. Every vessel in the magnificent harbour, from His Majesty's ships of war and the French gun boat D'Estrees, down to homely dredgers, were gay with bunting. Dazzling sunshine sparkled upon the water in myriad diamond reflections, and, landward, played almost as brilliantly upon the bright clothing of the thickly gathered crowds. The Apollo Bunder itself presented an appearance well worthy of the great occasion. From the sea, the creamy brown of the unfinished Gateway of India stood out strongly against the gay white and gold Moorish pavilion, in which the presentation of the Indian Princes was to take place. Running between the reception pavilion and the Royal dais in the amphitheatre, was a broad processional way, flanked by white columns surmounted each by a golden lion. Both the pavilion and the dais were gorgeously carpeted, and their deep shadow presented a pleasing contrast with the glitter and glare without. As one looked landward towards the amphitheatre from the reception pavilion, the dais, surmounted by its Crown topped canopy gleamed like a jewel against the dark green semicircle of the spectators' benches. By degrees, as the distinguished visitors arrived in greater and greater numbers, the background became more variegated if less vivid. Head-dresses of every conceivable shape and kind, from the tall hat of orthodoxy and the topee of convenience to the helmets of the officials and the gorgeous turban cloths of Indian gentlemen, constituted a shifting sea of many colours. Beyond the amphitheatre the darker buildings of the Yacht Club Chambers and of Green's Hotel, every window and every balcony crowded with spectators, formed an ultimate setting for the whole scene.

Before long, the attention of the crowds was engaged by the arrival of the Viceroy, who, accompanied by the Commander in Chief and the Ruling Princes attached to His Royal Highness' staff, left for the "Renown" shortly after 9 o'clock. The Naval Commander in Chief and the Indian Staff of the Prince of Wales, had arrived on board some time previously. A few minutes afterwards there also came the Governor

of Bombay and his staff, accompanied by the President of the Legislative Council, the Chief Justice, the Bishop of Bombay, the Ministers and the Members of the Bombay Government. After little more than an hour the Viceroy and the Governor together with their staffs and the staff of His Royal Highness were once more upon the Apollo Bunder awaiting the arrival of the Prince. At a quarter past ten a burst of cheering from the "Renown" announced the departure of His Royal Highness. The Prince's launch, accompanied by three others, passed close to the ships of the East India Squadron in the harbour, the crews of each marking their appreciation of the act by protracted cheering. Then amidst thunderous salutes from all the war ships in the harbour, the Prince's launch headed direct for the quay. His Royal Highness stepped ashore alone and was received at the Gateway of India by the Viceroy and the Governor of Bombay. Some introductions having been made, the procession moved off to the pavilion where the Ruling Chiefs, who had come to Bombay to pay their respects to the Royal visitor, were assembled in all the grandeur of their ceremonial dress. When the presentations were concluded, the procession reformed and emerged from the pavilion. The first appearance of His Royal Highness was the signal for a great outburst of cheering on the part of the spectators in the amphitheatre, and the crowd at the end of Esplanade Road. The cheering continued while His Royal Highness inspected the Guard of Honour and broke out with renewed volume when he approached to take his seat on the dais. The large and brilliantly uniformed staff accompanying him proceeded in parallel lines between the pavilion and the dais, halting when its head reached the steps in order to allow the Viceroy, the Prince of Wales and the Governor of Bombay to ascend to their places.

The principal feature of the ceremony in the amphitheatre was to have been the presentation by the Bombay Municipal Corporation of an address enclosed in a magnificent casket, but to the surprise of the majority of spectators, His Royal Highness, whose Naval Captain's uniform lent a distinctive note to the little group on the dais, stepped forward and read in a clear voice a message from his Royal Father —

"I have a message to deliver from His Majesty the King Emperor. It is this —

"On this day, when my son lands for the first time upon your shores, I wish to send through him my greetings to you, the Princes and peoples of India. His coming is a token and a renewal of the pledges of affection which it has been the heritage of our house to re-affirm to you. My father, when the Prince of Wales,

counted it his privilege to see and, seeing, to understand the great Empire in the East over which it was to be his destiny to rule, and I recall with thankfulness and pride that when he was called to the Throne, it fell to me to follow his illustrious example. With this same hope and in this same spirit my son is with you to day. The thought of his arrival brings with a welcome vividness to my mind the happy memories I have stored of what I myself have learned in India, its charm and beauty, its immemorial history, its noble monuments, and above all, the devotion of India's faithful people, since proved, as if by fire, in their response to the Empire's call in the hour of its greatest need. These memories will ever be with me as I trace his steps. My heart is with him as he moves amongst you, and, with mine, the heart of the Queen Empress, whose love for India is no less than my own. To friends whose loyalty we and our fathers have treasured, he brings this message of trust and hope. My sympathy in all that passes in your lives is unabating. During recent years my thoughts have been yet more constantly with you. Throughout the civilised world the foundations of social order have been tested by war and change. Wherever citizenship exists, it has had to meet the test, and India, like other countries, has been called on to face new and special problems of her own. For this task her armoury is in the new powers and new responsibilities with which she has been equipped. That with the help of those, aided by the ready guidance of my Government and its Officers, you will bring those problems to an issue worthy of your historic past and happiness for your future, that all disquiet will vanish in well ordered progress, is my earnest wish and my confident belief. Your anxieties and your rejoicings are my own. In all that may touch your happiness, in all that gives you hope and promotes your welfare, I feel with you in the spirit of sympathy. My son has followed from afar your fortunes. It is now his ambition by his coming among you, to ripen good will into a yet fuller understanding. I trust and believe when he leaves your shores, your hearts will follow him and his will stay with you and that one link the more will be added to the golden chain of sympathy which for these many years has held my Throne to India. And it is my warmest prayer that wisdom and contentment growing hand in hand will lead India into increasing national greatness within a free Empire—the Empire for which I labour and for which, if it be the Divine Will, my son shall labour after me.”

The outburst of enthusiasm among the spectators in the amphitheatre was spontaneous. Regardless of the limitations of etiquette, hats were waved and arms raised high in the air, while choruses of cheers from spectators of both sexes and all races conveyed to the crowds in the street that His Royal Highness had already begun to win the heart of India. After the conclusion of the speech, Sir Sassoon David, the President of the Municipality, stepped forward and in a clear resonant voice read the address of welcome. He touched, with pride upon the past achievements of the city and its future hopes, upon the schemes of development which are in progress, and upon the honour which His Royal Highness was conferring by selecting it as his port of arrival. The Prince read his reply in a voice which could be heard to the very outskirts of the great amphitheatre, and with the felicity that

distinguishes all his public utterances, struck at once the note of which his whole tour was to be the echo

"Let me first thank you for the very warm welcome which you have extended to me. I need not tell you that I have been looking forward to my visit and have been eagerly awaiting the opportunity of seeing India and making friends there. I want to appreciate at first hand all that India is and has done and can do. I want to grasp your difficulties and to understand your aspirations. I want you to know me and I want to know you. Coming from the West to the East, as a young man and a stranger to this ancient and vast country, I feel some awe at the difficulty which I may experience in getting to know India but I am fortified by the thought that sympathy begets knowledge and my sympathy with India has been aroused since my childhood. I was brought up in the tradition of the great love which Queen Victoria bore to this land and its peoples."

He then paid a graceful tribute to the enterprise of Bombay, and to the special claims of the city upon the esteem and gratitude of the Empire for its services in the War, concluding with an assurance of his most sympathetic interest.

The simple grace of his message completed the favourable impression which was made upon the host of spectators by his dignified and attractive demeanour. Long before the ceremony was completed, there remained not a vestige of doubt in the hearts of even the most pessimistic that the Prince of Wales in his first encounter with the people of India had aroused in them an enthusiasm in no respect inferior to that which had hitherto greeted him in his travels throughout the British Empire.

After the presentation of members of the Corporation had been completed, His Royal Highness left the dais and entered the Royal barouche. Accompanied by his staff preceded by his escort, and followed by several squadrons of Indian cavalry, he made his way along the processional route. When his *cortege* had disappeared the enthusiasm of the spectators could no longer be restrained. Hundreds of Hindus rushed to the dais to pay their reverence to the throne upon which Royalty had sat. Aged men stooped to gather the dust his feet had pressed. So great was the rush that the police had to restrain the eager throngs, lest the gorgeous brocade of the royal carpets should suffer.

It was quite obvious by this time that the apprehensions of those who feared for the Prince's welcome were entirely unjustified. The impression produced by gay decorations on the processional way was entirely dominated by the sense of vast and enthusiastic crowds. Every yard of the route, which was more than four miles long, was thronged

with spectators, wherever a spot of shade offered itself, the density increased. At the lowest computation there must have been over 200,000 people assembled to witness the passage of the Prince. The city was in holiday mood. Gaily decorated streets, closely packed with even more gaily decorated men, women and children, lent a note of colour to the whole reception which certainly could not be matched outside India. Parsi gentlemen in their dignified businesslike dress, Parsi ladies in their gracefully draped *saris*, the red turbaned Marathas, the gold turbaned Borahs, Muhammadans in gorgeous *Achkans*, Hindus in gaily bordered *dhoties*—such were some of the elements of the crowd which thronged the streets on the morning of the great day. And children were everywhere! Disciplined children under the charge of a schoolteacher, plainly on their best behaviour, but breaking into impressible outbursts of cheering and flag waving as the procession passed, undisciplined children, in the gayest silks and satins, running round the legs of their elders, and every moment changing their place like so many pieces of quicksilver. It was certainly a children's day as much as it was a day for their parents, and the spirit of youthful gaiety reigned everywhere. One single thought seemed to dominate the long miles of people stretching from the Apollo Bunder to Government House, and that was to see the Prince. Gone was all discontent for the moment, forgotten were the troubles of business or the differences of politics. These things sank into the background in the presence of the Prince who is above all politics, but who can share none the less the joys and sorrows of his people. Behind the impassive figures of the police and soldiers, strung beadlike at rare intervals upon the living cord which bordered the streets, stood concentrated, as it were, into a small compass, the faces of the People. Faces young and old, grave and gay, of every race and every creed whose presence authorises Bombay to claim the title of the most cosmopolitan city of India. The great gathering, so orderly, so good tempered, so gay, quickly succumbed to the genial magic of the Prince's personality. Enthusiasm spread like wildfire, when once the long avenue of people caught its first sight of the "Prince of Hearts." The cheering rose wave on wave, each deeper and more heart-felt than the last. In proportion as the procession penetrated into the densely populated districts so did the warmth and volume of the welcome increase yard by yard. Through all the miles of procession route, there was no spot which was not packed with the citizens of Bombay. Poor as well as rich, men, women and children, turned out, thousands upon thousands until the eye wearied of their myriads, to do honour to the

Prince Thus it is that Bombay welcomed her honoured visitor—"a right royal welcome" in the fullest sense of the term

But unfortunately there was another side to the picture The efforts of the non co operating party, being such as we have described, had not failed to inoculate the more turbulent elements of the population with a determination to break the peace Mr Gandhi had made a final desperate effort to secure the boycott of the visit by announcing that, simultaneously with the Prince's landing, he would hold a large gathering in the compound of the Elphinstone Mill at Parel for the purpose of destroying by fire a large quantity of foreign cloth But the counter attractions which he and his followers held out proved inadequate In place of the hundreds of thousands whom his followers boast he can gather by his single word, a few meagre hundreds, largely consisting of the poorer and more disorderly elements of the population, made their appearance To these he addressed a speech of proud congratulation upon their abstention from all violence in respect of what he termed "the provocation of the authorities" He little knew that at that very moment the hooligan element which exists in Bombay as in all large cities was attempting to terrorise other elements of the population who desired to welcome the Prince In the Parel and Byculla areas Parsi and European passers by were severely assaulted by mobs armed with bludgeons and several casualties occurred Tramcars were damaged, rails torn up, motor cars destroyed and liquor shops set on fire Partly no doubt owing to the withdrawal of numbers of police and military to the processional route, the disorder developed rapidly But as soon as the forces of order arrived on the scene the situation became more quiet Numerous arrests were made, and on several occasions fire had to be opened upon violent mobs Too late Mr Gandhi did his best to stop the disturbance by personal appeals, accused his followers in uncompromising terms of responsibility for violence and intimidation, and issued a series of abject proclamations in which he stated that the outbreak of mob violence had convinced him that his hopes of reviving mass civil disobedience were illusory He appealed to all communities to exercise forgiveness and forbearance But the time for such appeals was past As a result of the agitation of the non-co-operators, racial hatreds of twenty years standing had been revived On the 18th and on the 19th, the Parsees and the Indian Christians who had suffered severely on the first day at the hands of Hindus and Musulmans, organised themselves against the hooliganism of the other side and began to picket their localities with bludgeon men to protect their women and



children. A series of street fights began between the contending factions. Police and military were forthcoming in larger numbers and the scene of disturbance was gradually localised. But the crowds were by this time out of control. On the appearance of the military they hastily broke up into small bands dispersing only to re assemble later bent on fresh mischief. By the 20th however the affected area was very much quieter, the energetic efforts of the authorities for the restoration of order having proved successful.

Too much must not be made of these disturbances. As we have already seen, the atmosphere of Bombay has for long been highly charged. The large and heterogeneous population, living as it does in fairly compact sections, favours the rapid growth of disorder when once a mob has formed. The fact that the trouble took the form of hooliganism and looting is of itself sufficient to show that it cannot be considered political in character. It is much to be regretted that it should have taken place at the time of His Royal Highness' visit, but no one who was in Bombay at the time can believe that it affected the warmth of Bombay's welcome or that it deserves to be dignified by the title of a "protest". The localities which witnessed it had for months past been the scene of recurrent trouble, and now, as on previous occasions, the rest of the city pursued unmoved its chosen avocations.

On November 18th the Prince spent a busy day, which began with interviews accorded to certain Indian Princes, followed by a reception of the ruling Princes and Chiefs of the Bombay Presidency. He visited the Willingdon Sports Club in the afternoon and attended a garden party given by the President of the Bombay Municipality at the Malabar Hill gardens. Here he was received with very great enthusiasm by a large gathering, which included all the most eminent citizens of Bombay with their wives and families. That same evening after a dance at Government House, the Prince left Bombay for Poona.

Poona, the seat and centre of Maratha tradition, witnessed one of the most impressive functions in which the Prince participated during his tour through Western India. In all the pride of its historic memories of the great Maratha Confederacy, the power which from small beginnings at length overshadowed the Great Mughals and seriously disputed with the British for predominance, Poona was now to welcome the Heir to an Empire greater even than that united India of which Shivaji Maharaj had dreamed. He it was who in the seventeenth century of our era checked the victorious tide of Muslim supremacy and revived the martial ardour of Hinduism. In him was personified the impulse which

found the Marathas a tribe, and left them a nation Throughout the War, it was with his name upon their lips that the British recruiting parties enrolled the sturdy peasants of Maharashtra to fight for King and country—while on many a stricken field the cry of “Shivaji” struck terror into the foe And now the Prince of Wales himself was to honour the memory of the great nation-builder Nothing, it is safe to say, could have brought the Royal House of Windsor more intimately in touch with the Maratha people than the presence of the Prince as the principal figure in functions which appealed so strongly to their national pride

Perhaps of all the signs of a new era in India, there is none more significant than this visit of the Heir Apparent to the seat of the Maratha Empire Scarcely a decade ago, the cult of Shivaji was branded as seditious by the Indian Administration A few years before, and this cult had been made the pretext for anarchic crimes which filled India with horror All has changed with the new orientation of British policy The national aspirations of Maharashtra their pride in the past and their hope for the future are no longer taboo to the authorities Within the compass of the British Commonwealth, they can find their consummation in the fabric of a united India The craving for national self expression which under the guidance of the late Bal Gangadhar Tilak sometimes assumed a form both anti British and anti Western, now occupies its own place of pride in the new conception of India as a self governing member of the Empire For the people of Maharashtra the war did much It vindicated once more the valour of their ancient race, it restored their pride in the prowess of the past, it confirmed their aspiration for glory in the future Upon many a battlefield the sons of Shivaji laid down their lives, glad only that they had been true to the traditions of the founder of their race From those men, besieged in Kut, who begged that they might be allowed to die charging upon the enemy, down to the newest recruit whom the Armistice surprised with his training just commenced, the sons of Maharashtra played their part like men

The tidings that His Royal Highness had consented to visit Poona, and to lay the foundations, not merely of the Maratha War Memorial, but also of the Shivaji Memorial, sent a thrill throughout the whole Deccan From great Princes like the Maharaja Scindia and the Maharaja of Kolhapur, down to the sturdy, hardheaded tiller of the soil, all alike rejoiced that their future ruler had deigned to honour Maratha glory in the War and Maratha greatness in history. From far and near

came the men of Maharashtra in their thousands to do their homage to their Prince Rulers with salutes of many guns, princelings in the pride of lofty lineage, lords of ancient name, squires and yeomanry whose ancestors fought shoulder to shoulder with Shivaji in his famous victories, peasants whose forefathers rode in the terrible light cavalry of Maharashtra, high and low, rich and poor, poured into Poona in readiness for the day which was to set seal upon the glory of their race In the face of this outburst of national rejoicing the efforts of the non-co-operators sustained miserable defeat They hid their heads in terror, well knowing that terrible would be the wrath of the Marathas if any untoward incident marred the harmony of the great day

Travelling swiftly through the passes of the Ghauts the Prince reached the neighbourhood of Poona shortly after daybreak of the 19th November The whole countryside was united to honour him The night through, men with flambeaux stood on either side of the rails along which the *Yuvaraj* should pass, lest the forces of evil should in their time of power do him a mischief To the right hand and the left men had constructed with loving care arches and bowers, bearing inscriptions of heartfelt loyalty That the Prince passed far beyond them mattered nothing to these simple folk They had done their duty in displaying the love that filled their heart Perchance the Prince might cast a glance upon their handiwork, and the message of loyalty might reach him ! At least, they could do no more

The Prince, after inspecting the Guard of Honour of British Infantry drawn up opposite the porch of Poona Station, entered the Royal Barouche, and drove off escorted by Gwalior Imperial Lancers, Kolhapur Lancers, and wild looking Maratha Irregular horsemen in ancient trappings The escort was under the command of the Maharaja Scindia, to whose enterprise the Poona episode owed much assisted by the Maharaja of Kolhapur, descendant of the great Shivaji

The streets of Poona through which the Royal procession was to pass were ablaze with colour The red turban of Maharashtra was dominant It rippled in anticipation, it rustled in expectancy Beneath triumphal arches and street-wide banners of welcome, the human sea stirred and shifted And when at last the first riders of the escort made their appearance, a roar of welcome arose Peal upon peal rang out as the Royal barouche passed and the young Prince saluting and smiling came for the first time within sight of the people whose most sacred memories he was there to honour Along the whole length of the route, the outburst of enthusiasm never faltered Varied indeed were the scenes which

greeted him, scenes such as India alone can show. Here a street of prosperous shops, there a humble bazar of tiny booths, a row of stately elephants, their foreheads emblazoned with designs of good omen, the delineation of which must have occupied many anxious hours, a happy group of peasants sitting in the country cart which had conveyed them many miles all through the long night, townspeople in their best attire, soldiers in their well brushed uniforms. All were there with one single desire, to see and to honour the young Prince.

The first ceremony of the day was the presentation of an address by the suburban municipality of Poona. To this His Royal Highness made a brief reply, after which he drove through walls of brightly coloured, cheering masses to Shanwar Wada, the old palace of the Peshwas, where he laid the foundation stone of the Maratha War Memorial. The inscription which the Memorial is to bear is worthy of record in this place.

"In Memory for all Time of those men of Maharashtra who true to the traditions of their Fathers gloriously laid down their lives throughout the world during the Great War 1914-18. This monument has been erected by the officers and men of the regiments to which they belonged and by the Princes and Rulers and People of their Race. And their name liveth for evermore."

This stone was laid by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on November 19th, 1921, in the presence of the Maratha Regiments.

A picturesque feature of the ceremony was the pronouncement of a Sanskrit blessing by the Swami of Chafal, descendant of Ramdas, the famous spiritual adviser of Shivaji. The Prince's speech was exactly fitting to the occasion, and, read in a clear resonant voice, drew deep applause.

"This ceremony appeals to me with particular interest because this is the first War Memorial to men of the Indian Army of which it has been my privilege to lay the foundation stone in India."

This Memorial is not confined to any caste or creed, Mahrattas and Muhammedans, Mahars, Berads, Bandaris, all will find in it a common object of enduring pride.

It is right that this memorial should stand in the hill country of the Western Ghats—the cradle of the fighting races of the Bombay Presidency. Poona is the home of Shivaji's boyhood, who not only founded an Empire but created a Nation. By . . . of . . . and . . .

The echoes of the great crisis, in which the latest descendants of these races gave the highest proof of their manhood, have only lately died away, and we are assembled here to-day to lay the stone of a memorial which enshrines a great tradition of valour worthily maintained.

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of valour worthily maintained.

Many countries and continents saw the brave deeds and hold the remains of the brave men whose memory we perpetuate here. In unknown countries and amid the horrors of modern warfare and the rigours of alien climates these men remained true to their salt even to death. They upheld the honour of the army in which they served and the race from which they sprung. May the pillar which will be erected here, stand to inspire future generations with their courage and devotion.

But the principal event of the day was the foundation of the Shivaji Memorial in the village of Bhamburda, a suburb of Poona. Thither His Royal Highness after examining with great interest the historic palace of Shanwar Wada proceeded. The site of the ceremony was a great canopied quadrangle gaily decorated with flags and festoons. Three sides of this accommodated eight thousand privileged spectators, while the fourth side towards which the Royal Pavilion directly faced was formed by two lofty gates and a curtain wall of typical Maratha architecture which is reminiscent of Languedoc. Within was a gorgeous parterre of colour. There were contingents of retainers from the Maratha States, in all the glory of their best attire. There were representatives of the various sections of the Maratha population from the country side for miles round. There were Indian and English ladies and children. Prominent among the throng were the descendants of the great statesmen and warriors of Shivaji's Empire—proud Princes in wonderful flaming coats covered with embroidery with collarettes of priceless jewels vambraces of gold arabesque and sword hilts encrusted with gems. These men were no carpet knights but lords of feudal strongholds showing in their bearing such lofty pride as characterises the Highland Chiefs. Between the masses of spectators and the central plot where the Memorial stone was to be laid were stationed Khaki clad men from the 79th Karnatic Regiment and the Kolhapur troops. Great had been the competition to form the guard of honour, and no fewer than 4 000 men had eagerly competed for the privilege.

At length the Prince arrived with his escort of Gwalior Lancers under the command of the Maharaja Scindia. Following his carriage there came a troop of great nobles splendidly mounted and caparisoned in the ancient Maratha fashion. Amidst roars of applause from the delighted crowd His Royal Highness inspected the Guard of Honour and after a fanfare of trumpets advanced placed. The ceremony began. Maharajah of Kolhapur which rashtra on this great occasion

"We welcome Your Royal Highness in a double capacity as the Heir Apparent to the glorious British Throne, and as a brother soldier. The one thing that a Maratha will never forget nor the historian will ever fail to do justice to, is the fact that Your Royal Highness fought shoulder to shoulder with the Maratha soldiers. This is a unique honour which will ever remain fresh in our minds and in the memory of the generations to come.

Your Royal Highness can well imagine the intensity of feeling of reverence and pride with which Marathas cherish the memory of the great Shivaji who has immortalised the name Maratha in the pages of history and who has instilled into them the soldierly qualities which were manifested in the great World War. Your Royal Highness cannot fail to admire the strength of character of this statesman and warrior, who was also a bold religious reformer and who combated bravely the prejudices of his times. With all his zeal for the Hindu Religion he had, like the Great Akbar, the same toleration for all castes and creeds. As Your Royal Highness is aware the Marathas have been warriors since the birth of the race. To this day the great Maratha ditch at Calcutta stands a silent witness to their prowess.

It was not, however, until the Great War, with its acid test of the loyalty and the fighting values of the various peoples of the Empire, that the Maratha has come into his own, and we believe that we have now won the right to a place in the Empire's battle line with the best and the bravest of the fighting races. It now rests with us to take full advantage of the educational opportunities and the equality which all peoples of whatever religion enjoy as their birth right under the paternal rule of our revered and beloved King Emperor. And now we must leave no stone unturned to fit ourselves for our place not only in the field, but in the Council Chamber and to dedicate to the service of the Empire not only our sword but our pen."

To this His Royal Highness replied in one of those speeches which, for their entire harmony with the occasion, arouse the admiration of all who have the privilege of hearing them.

"It gives me great pleasure to lay the foundation stone of this Memorial to one of India's greatest soldiers and statesmen. A few minutes ago I laid the foundation stone of a Memorial to the Maratha soldiers who laid down their lives in the Great War, men who proved that the spirit which animated the armies of Shivaji still burns bright and clear. From this spot the statue of the founder of Maratha greatness will look with pride at the pillar across the river which commemorates the latest exploits of the abiding valour of his people. And what could be more fitting than that these monuments of the glory of the past and of to-day should be inaugurated in the presence not only of the representative of the house of Shivaji but also of those Princes and Chiefs who are descended from the soldiers and statesmen of the Empire which he founded."

This speech was greeted with tremendous applause by all who comprehended it. But the loudest burst of enthusiasm was aroused when its translation into Marathi was read by the Maharaja of Dhar, a Maratha Prince from Central India attached to His Royal Highness' staff. The



shrill tones, penetrating into every corner of the great arena were heard with rapt enthusiasm. As the meaning of His Royal Highness' words reached the understanding of the sturdy men of Maharashtra, deafening shouts were raised of "Prince ki Jai," "Yuvaraja ki Jai," "Shivaji Maharaj ki Jai." These shouts continued unabated for several minutes, increasing rather than diminishing in volume as His Royal Highness advanced from the dais, accompanied by the Maharajahs of Gwalior and of Kolhapur, to the wide tripod from which the stone was suspended. Amidst triumphant shouts he tapped the stone in its place and returned to the dais for the concluding ceremony of the presentation of *pan*, *str*, and tribute. Then to the unbounded pleasure of all present, instead of immediately taking his place in the Royal Barouche, he walked round three sides of the enclosure, and shook hands with all the notables who formed the first rank of the spectators. Shout after shout of sheer delight rang forth, those who could not reach to touch the Prince threw showers of gold and silver coin so that the Royal feet might tread upon them. His Royal Highness then entered his carriage to drive to the Parade Ground where 4,000 veterans had been drawn up in readiness for him. As he passed out of the enclosure where he had honoured the memory of Shivaji the Great, he came into sight of an enormous overflow meeting which had been formed from 18,000 disappointed applicants for admission to the main enclosure. They had patiently waited for hours in the burning sun in order to catch a single glimpse of the Heir Apparent. When at last his procession came in sight their enthusiasm knew no bounds. Great as had been the volume of cheering in the enclosure, it was as nothing to that which went up from the mass of spectators grouped outside. Shouts of victory, Maratha battle cries, blessing upon the Prince's head and invocations of victory to his sword, combined in a volume of sound which was well nigh deafening.

Thus speeded on his way His Royal Highness arrived at the Maidan where he was received by the Governor and a distinguished company. Amidst a burst of lusty cheering, the Prince walked round the three sides of a great quadrangle of soldiers. His gallant bearing and air of gracious comradeship went straight to the hearts of veterans, whose pleasure when he addressed them in Hindustani was unbounded. No assemblage of British troops could have given lustier or more hearty cheering in honour of the Heir Apparent. It was a fitting termination to the most memorable day in the lives of these faithful servants of the Crown when the Maharaja of Dhar generously provided them with funds for a special feast in the Prince's honour.

After lunching at the Soldiers Club with the Stewards of the Western India Turf Club, the Prince attended the races, driving up the course in State to the accompaniment of an uproarious welcome. His Royal Highness remained on the race course for a couple of hours, during which time he performed one of those gracious acts which have endeared him to the hearts of his future subjects throughout the Empire. Leaving his place in the Royal Box, he walked through all the enclosures, to the immense delight of the huge crowd which flocked to the inside barriers. As he moved the crowd followed him bodily, shouting in an ecstasy of enthusiasm. When at length he regained the Royal Box he had firmly established himself as the idol of that great assembly. That he had won the heart of the Indian Army was apparent from what occurred afterwards. When he drove back through Poona to Kirkee, his route was "officially" guarded by Police only, all the troops being off duty after their heavy morning. But of their own accord the men of the units of the Indian Army stationed both in Poona and in Kirkee, turned out and lined the road, giving the Prince a wildly enthusiastic reception. Later in the evening, when he left Government House to drive to Kirkee station, the soldiers again turned out, this time with torches, to speed him on his way. This touching and spontaneous tribute of affectionate loyalty from the Indian Army was a fitting climax to the scenes which the day had witnessed.

The visit of the Prince to Poona was a striking personal triumph. The whole population of Maharashtra was moved to a genuine and spontaneous outburst of popular loyalty the like of which no man living can remember.

His Royal Highness' personal triumph at Poona, following so quickly as it did upon that of Bombay, made a great impression throughout India. If there had been doubt remaining in the minds of any as to the success of the Royal Visit, it was quickly resolved by what they heard of the enthusiasm of Maharashtra. Particularly noticeable during the remaining portion of the Prince's stay in Bombay was the fact that wherever he was due to pass, crowds began to collect at street corners to greet him as he came. More significant still, these crowds, which like all assemblies of Indians, are not much inclined to be vocal, began from this point forward to cheer with a heartiness which is generally regarded as characteristic of the English.

The Prince's Sunday was devoted to a number of engagements. After lunching with Members of the Orient Club and visiting the Seamen's Institute he took tea with the Members of the Bombay Royal

**Yacht Club** Here it was noticeable that the Jetty, from which the lawn of the Yacht Club is overlooked, was crowded with Indian spectators of every description hours before the Prince was due to make his appearance. When he took his seat at the table on the lawn, the crowd gave him a welcome which drowned even the cheers of the English Members of the Yacht Club. From the Yacht Club the Prince proceeded direct to the Cathedral where Divine service terminated his engagements.

November 21st was a particularly important day. As originally planned, it should have commenced with a gathering of some thousands of schoolchildren, all eagerly expectant to catch a glimpse of their future King. But the disturbed situation resulting from Mr. Gandhi's activities decided the authorities to abandon the gathering rather than expose even one single child to the risk of violence which undoubtedly existed. The Prince himself was as much disappointed as were the children, and he sent them a special message expressing his regret. Indeed, it is a significant commentary upon the efforts of the non-cooperators that the sole and single function which they were successful in preventing was one intended to give enjoyment of the most innocent kind to a class of the community guiltless of participation in politics—the children.

Even without this function, the day was heavy. The new Legislative Council of Bombay presented His Royal Highness with an address, which was read by the President Sir Narayan Chandavarkar. Referring in appreciative terms to the Prince's war service, the address dwelt upon the gracious sympathy with which the English Royal Family has always lived lives of Royal duty for the good of India as well as of other parts of the British Commonwealth. Particular pleasure was caused by the admirable tact distinguishing His Royal Highness' reply. He made no attempt to judge the work of the Bombay Legislators from his short acquaintance with Indian conditions, but contented himself with giving them the conclusions, to which he had arrived as a result of his own experience in the world war, regarding the necessity for harmony, perseverance and co-operation.

"You have mentioned my experiences in the War. If I tell you something of the impressions which I took away from that struggle I think it may have a bearing on your task. My comrades in the Great War came from many diverse parts of the Empire but they had only one aim. They fought to vindicate Justice and Right and to secure freedom, happiness and peace in the world for their fellow citizens in the Empire. For this cause they were prepared to make any sacrifice and even to lay down their lives. They trusted each other, they worked with each other. Personal considerations and feelings, likes and dislikes, were laid aside,

they all laboured together with patience and endurance, one single purpose guiding them to a single goal. The sacrifices which these men made were not in vain. The cause for which they worked prevailed. They won freedom, happiness and peace for their fellow men in the Empire.

The days of peace have now come. The work which lies before you is instinct with a no less noble aim than that for which the comrades in the Great War fought and fell. Your efforts to secure your aim will call for the same qualities of unselfishness and sacrifice, of patience and endurance and of mutual trust which helped those men to make good. May you be fortified by their example and may your work for the welfare of the people of this Presidency be crowned like theirs with success."

Immediately afterwards came another address from the Parsi Panchayat of Bombay, representing the community which perhaps of all others in India has prospered most noticeably through the peace, order, and impartial justice of British rule.

To this address the Prince made a brief reply, referring in highly appreciative terms to the public spirit, business enterprise, and intellectual leadership which distinguishes the community.

"You have, I know, been largely responsible for the growth and prosperity of this great city and of those parts of this Presidency which you have made your country by adoption. You have produced some of the greatest among those who have, from time to time, led the political life of the country. Men like Dadabhai Naoroji, so aptly termed the grand old man of India and Sir Phirozeshah Mehta are an honour to any race and community. It is with pleasure that I learn that you are to day treading the path which they marked out, that you are intent on combining the growth of political freedom with that respect for law and order which is the mark of those nations which have contributed most to the evolution of successful self government. No less than you I am convinced that British rule in India stands and has stood for even handed justice and I regard it as a matter full of hope that a race so cosmopolitan and so distinguished for moderation and commonsense as the Parsis should stand firm in loyalty and devotion and should look forward to taking an increasing share in the business of the great Empire of which India is so important a member. I thank you again for your good wishes and I shall gladly convey to Their Majesties your expressions of loyalty."

In the afternoon the Prince came to watch the cricket at the Gymkhana. Cricket long ago won for itself the position of the national game of Bombay, and great interest is always excited by the series of quadrangular matches between Muhammadan, Hindu, Parsi and English teams. This year, as usual, enormous crowds, largely Indian, had attended day by day, despite the appeals of the non co-operators that the games should be boycotted. On the afternoon when His Royal Highness was present this crowd was very largely augmented. His appearance at the Gymkhana Club was the signal for a great popular welcome. Indians and English

alike cheered him frantically ; and when the Prince walked out into the middle of the field and received a couple of balls himself from a Parsi bowler, the delight of the spectators knew no bounds. But perhaps the most impressive tribute of popular enthusiasm which the Prince received in Bombay was given him at the stadium, where some 25,000 men, women and children, principally Indian, had assembled to watch a Naval and Military display. The enthusiasm which greeted His Royal Highness came as a revelation to many who thought that they had gauged the temperament of an Indian crowd. After watching with great interest some marvellous trick riding, a display by Naval Gun teams, an artillery ride and a musical ride by the Governor's Bodyguard, the Prince was much entertained by an ingeniously staged "frontier episode"—the story of the rise and fall of the robber stronghold "*Scallywag-ar*." Through close on a couple of hours the Prince witnessed the display, and finally drove slowly round the stadium in his car. The whole great mass of spectators rose in their seats, waved hands and hats in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, and cheered him to the echo. When he stood up in his car and waved in response to the cheering, popular delight knew no bounds. No one who witnessed this spectacle can possibly entertain the theory that Indian crowds are not vocal. At the exit hundreds of young men and boys surged round his car cheering him madly. Nothing like this scene has ever been witnessed in Bombay before, and no doubt remained in the heart of any one who saw it that the Prince's conquest of the great city was complete. Next day, there came a further series of triumphs for His Royal Highness. Larger and larger knots of people gathered to watch for his carriage. At the university he received a great welcome from a hall packed with students and professors, although, owing to mismanagement on the part of the University authorities, the *slamiana* where the favoured students who were to meet him had gathered, was barely half full. The Prince made a graceful reply to the address presented to him, displaying to the full that sympathy with the outlook of his own contemporaries which has endeared him to the student world throughout the whole Empire.

"In my journeys about the Empire it has been my special desire to meet and mingle with the youth of each country. I want to understand what is passing in their mind. I want to know to what they are looking forward. I should like them also to have some insight into the ideals which I hold in reverence.

As years advance experience enlarges and greater practical responsibilities fall on our shoulders. It is important that we should know enough about one another

to be able to march together in sympathy towards a common goal, and that we should have a mutual understanding as to what we hold to be honourable and true.

It is a privilege of youth to be able to some extent to mould the future. Let us make a beginning here now and see that, as years go on, the ardour of youth is preserved and sustained in the practice of these high qualities. Let us keep undimmed our love of learning, hard work, discipline and order and friendly co-operation. Let us have our bond of brotherhood in our common enthusiasm to serve our country and our King.

The crowd which witnessed his next engagement, a review of the ex-Servicemen, was equally enthusiastic. Popular imagination was touched by his deep and manifest sympathy with the bereaved families of constables who had been killed in the execution of their duty—a pathetic group sitting humbly upon the ground. The rally of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of all communities, under the direction of the Scout Commissioner of Bombay, Mr Jamnadas Dwarkadas, was next inspected, and there was no doubt of the enthusiasm which the Prince's presence evoked. The picturesque ceremony of the presentation of colours to the 7th Rajputs was again an opportunity for a remarkable demonstration of popular delight. At the polo finals at the Willingdon Club the most distinguished residents of Bombay made the arrival of the Prince the occasion for a great welcome.

That same evening, after a dinner at Government House, the Prince left for Baroda, the first Indian State which he was to visit. Large crowds were present in the streets to watch him pass as he drove rapidly from Malabar Hill to Colaba to witness the elaborate illuminations. The streets, the public buildings, the warships in the harbour, gleamed with golden radiance effectively displaying the wonderful panoramic vistas of sea, city, and mountains of which Bombay is so justly proud. When he reached the furthest point on his route, the Gateway of India, the crowds began to close in upon him wild with enthusiasm. From the Apollo Bunder to the Victoria Terminus, the populace brushed aside the police cordon and took charge of the situation itself. The Prince's car forced its way at a foot pace through great masses of cheering, shouting people, in reply to whose greetings he stood upon the seat, gaily waving his hat. At length he reached the railway station, itself the most glorious spectacle of all where he had a great reception. Just when his train was about to depart he signified his desire that the crowd should be let through the barriers. At once an enormous number of people poured on to the platform cheering and shouting frantically, and, when the train had started, running beside his carriage so long as the limitations of the platform allowed.

The Prince's visit to Bombay had been a series of increasing triumphs. On the first day, the welcome which he received from the major portion of the population had been striking and impressive. But from that time forward, every occasion which brought him in contact with the people served merely to increase their enthusiastic appreciation of his personality. The outbreak of hooliganism in certain parts of the town in no way detracted from the genuine character of his welcome even on the first day, and with the restoration of order, there was nothing which marred in any way the harmony of future occasions. Too much praise can hardly be given to the care and forethought devoted by the Bombay authorities to the organisation of the Prince's programme. Every possible opportunity was given for him to get into touch with the masses. From the first moment when this was accomplished, his triumph was a foregone conclusion. The People of Bombay took him to their hearts, and it can safely be said that his visit has immeasurably strengthened and revived those ties which bind to the Royal Throne the first of English cities in the Orient.

## CHAPTER II.

### The Land of Swords.

Rather more than one third of the Indian land and, rather less than one third of the Indian people are not directly subject to the Crown at all, but are administered by Ruling Princes and Chiefs of Indian race. Nowhere else in the Commonwealth is there any parallel to the Indian States, unique alike in their peculiar relation to the Government and their traditional loyalty to the Throne. A product of the centrifugal forces which broke up the Mughal Empire they have been preserved in their present shape by the imposition of the British raj. Our interference with the process of natural selection which would have led few to dominance and many to extinction, has allowed a phase of flux to crystallise into permanence. In consequence the number of these States is very large, while they vary greatly in size and importance. The precise nature of the legal tie which binds each ruler to the Empire depends upon the particular circumstances in which his state entered the fold, but each and all from great princes to petty chiefs have one common characteristic, which is intense devotion to the British Throne and to the Person of the reigning sovereign. This is largely a result of the policy which has for the last sixty years governed their relations with the Indian Administration. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, there was great reluctance on the part of Government to admit Indian princes to the benefits of British protection and until Queen Victoria's proclamation of 1853 they were regarded with jealous suspicion. Since that time, a policy of trust and co-operation has triumphantly vindicated the faith of those responsible for it. The Princes of India have been encouraged to regard themselves as bulwarks of the Throne, with great responsibilities alike to the King Emperor and to their own subjects. To-day the Empire has no stauncher defenders. Throughout the Great War, they placed their swords and their treasure ungrudgingly at the service of the King Emperor, proud in the conscious-ness that they were bearing their full share of the burden which the struggle imposed alike on high and low. And now that the



conflict had triumphantly terminated, all eagerly welcomed the coming of the Prince who was at once the heir of their Liege Lord and their own comrade in arms. Some of the greatest were to act as his hosts, others, to whom this privilege was not available, were anxious to demonstrate their loyalty in person to their future Emperor.

It would be a great mistake to underestimate the importance of the work which awaited His Royal Highness in the Indian States. The superficial observer conscious only of the gorgeous ceremonial and lavish hospitality which marked the Royal visit, might easily fail to realise how vital to the progress of the country is the establishment of friendly personal relations between the future Head of the British Empire and the mightiest individuals therein. Only a member of the House of Windsor can evoke the same feeling of devotion alike from the Indian States and from British India, can bring home to the one and to the other the inner meaning of the loyalty which binds both into a common whole. Only the willing co-operation which springs from the consciousness of this unity, can at length lead the India of the States and the India of the Provinces to nationhood. With that relaxation of control from England which must accompany the progress of India towards responsible Government, the share taken by the Indian Princes in shaping the destiny of the country cannot but be great, and the strengthening of the ties which link them to the Throne is a matter of the gravest moment both to the Empire in general and to India in particular. For which reasons it may well appear that those who decided that the Prince should spend a considerable proportion of his Indian tour in the States, judged very wisely.

The city of Baroda which was the scene of the Prince's next triumph, is the capital of one of the great Maratha Princes. Nearly the size of Switzerland, Baroda State has a population of more than two millions. Like all the Maratha polities it is a fairly modern creation having been carved with blood and iron out of the old Mughal viceroyalty of Gujerat by Pilaji Rao Gackwad and his freelance comrades at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Since the succession of the present ruler, Sir Sayajirao, in 1875, the administration has been singularly enlightened and progressive. Primary education is free and compulsory, there are training schools, a technical institute and a fine college. And while the battle against ignorance is not yet won, the 1921 census shows that during the last decade the increase in literacy amounts to nearly 33 per cent as against an increase of population of less than 5 per cent. To supplement the efforts of the schools there

is an elaborate system of circulating libraries which brings knowledge to the very doors of the rural population. Sanitation is particularly good, the system of local self government is liberal and enlightened. The capital is distinguished for fine public buildings, for a vigorous municipal life and an energetic Improvement Trust. The Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement flourishes exceedingly, a museum and a library, both ably conducted and popularly appreciated, are symptomatic of the alert modernity which characterises the State. It would have been difficult to select for His Royal Highness introduction to non British India a more favourable example of a thoroughly progressive administration.

The Prince arriving early in the morning was met at the station by His Highness the Maharaja and the Resident. He drove to the Laxmi Vilas Palace, the highly modernised residence of the Gaekwad, through a route  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length lined with cheering crowds. At intervals along the roadway were stationed the picturesque state troops in their uniform reminiscent of the Napoleonic wars and the smart, well set State Police. The scheme of decorations was both elaborate and successfully executed. The triumphal arch near the Railway Station struck no note of originality but the pylons bearing paintings representing subjects from the childhood of Krishna and incidents of common Indian life were a delightful variant from the conventional. The designs had been copied with great skill from the valuable collection of Indian pictures in the State Picture Gallery and as forms of street decoration were extremely effective. At intervals along the route were to be seen spectacles such as only India can show. In front of the fine modern Temple of Justice standing in solemn dignity were a number of elephants wonderfully decorated. The immense beasts were glittering with cloth of gold and cloth of silver trappings. Every visible inch of hide was covered with fantastic decorations in brilliant colour. The Gaekwad's own State elephant was conspicuous for a lifelike representation of a tiger crouching upon the trunk, delineated in such a fashion that the eye of the living elephant became the eye of the painted tiger—a vivid and singular effect of life being thus imparted to the picture. In another place were pairs of great white bullocks with jewelled trappings harnessed to gold and silver guns—a curious example of the lavishness with which in bygone days the rulers of Baroda expended the treasure of generations. Throughout the route everywhere the people had gathered in large numbers. Loyal mottoes made their appearance every few yards, and the enthusiastic demeanour of the

populace showed that these mottoes were no empty formality. Everywhere too were schoolchildren cheering and shouting their greetings as the Prince passed.

The morning was occupied with the usual ceremonial of visits and return visits diversified on this occasion by the exhibition of some of His Highness the Gaekwar's wonderful jewels. In a small room at the Nazar Bagh Palace, whither the Prince proceeded to return the Maharaja's visit, two plain cases were filled with men's and women's ornaments composed of diamonds and pearls of almost unbelievable splendour. A rough estimate from the jewellers' valuation appended to each individual ornament showed that the total value of the jewellery there displayed was something over five million sterling.

In the afternoon after lunching at the Residency His Royal Highness and the Gaekwad attended a great popular garden party at the Moti Bagh. Here were gathered groups of Indian musicians, both professionals and amateurs trained in the Gaekwad's school of Indian music, clever performing parrots, Indian jugglers, and more interesting than all, a representation of scenes from the domestic life of rural Kathiawad. His Royal Highness, accompanied by the Gaekwar, after inspecting the boy scouts and girl guides spent a few minutes visiting these "side shows" and tea being over returned to the Laxmi Vilas Palace. That same evening the whole city was a dream of splendour. All the main streets and public buildings were outlined in shimmering light, which turned Baroda into a dwelling for the fairies. The humble Indian *chiragh*, a saucer of oil in which a wick floats, when employed by the hundred thousand under unerring Indian guidance, produces an illumination which since it is soft and tremulous, far surpasses the hard metallic sheen of the electric bulb. In the gorgeous Durbar Hall of the Laxmi Vilas Palace, a State Banquet was given to more than 200 persons. His Highness the Maharaja after proposing the health of the King Emperor then toasted the Prince of Wales in a felicitous speech, laying stress upon the intimacy of the ties which bound the Princes of India to the Imperial Throne. The Prince's reply, happy as usual, was particularly distinguished by his mention of the news which he had received that day of the betrothal of Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary. The large audience was enthusiastic in its congratulations, and plainly desired to convince the Prince of its warm participation in his own pleasure. Indeed, that day was a happy one for all the visitors to Baroda, for in addition to the pleasing intelligence of the engagement of Her Royal Highness there also came to them

another piece of news of great significance. This was the conclusion, after many disappointments, of a definitive treaty with Afghanistan. Those who were most closely in touch with the Indian situation fully realised the great importance of Sir Henry Dobbs' achievement, which in conjunction with the triumphal commencement of His Royal Highness' tour, seemed to promise the inauguration of that happier atmosphere in Indian politics which for many months has been the dream of those who have the interests of the country most at heart.

Within the confines even of India it would be difficult to discover a contrast more remarkable than that witnessed by the Prince when he passed from Baroda to Udaipur. In the first he had seen the progressiveness of a State in form essentially Indian, yet permeated with the culture of the West. In the second he was to see the old world charm and dignity of the heart of Rajputana, which like some gracious relic of the past, preserves its own life in dignified seclusion from the hurrying current of modern progress.

Rajputana, the land of Princes, is the home of those gallant clans who long and bitterly disputed with Muhammadan invaders for domination over India. Frequently defeated, but enduring in their hostility, the Rajput Princes were a constant menace to Muslim supremacy. From the 8th to the 13th century, they stemmed the tide of foreign invasion, many of their best and bravest falling, like the gallant Prithwi Raj, the Lion Heart of Hindu India, in knightly death against the foreigner. Even when the Sultans of Delhi consolidated their hold upon Hindustan and the Deccan, Rajputana remained indomitable in its proud isolation. Fierce and terrible was the fighting which raged around its rugged peaks and through its fortress-guarded defiles. Every foot of ground is hallowed with the blood of heroes, shed freely in defence of tribal independence. Time after time great strongholds like Chitor and Rintambhor fell before the superior might and compacted unity of Islam. Time after time the desperate defenders, after slaying their wives and children, rushed out, saffron-clad, to seek their death upon the swords of the enemy. Yet the spirit of Rajputana was never broken. That fierce independence and yet fiercer pride which ever frustrated the efforts of soldier-statesmen like Rana Sangram Singh to weld the forces of the Rajputs into a single disciplined whole, served to maintain intact the courage of the race. None the less little by little, won sometimes by force of arms, sometimes by generous conciliation, State after State consented to alliance with the Moghuls. Mewar alone refused to

bow to the yoke, never stooping to alliance with the Muhammadan Emperors, and never giving a daughter in marriage to the paramount Lords of Delhi. Yet the decline of the Moghul Empire saw the Rajput Princes in evil case. They were terrorised by the Marathas, they were overrun by bandit hordes. For long the East India Company, ever reluctant to increase its liabilities, turned a deaf ear to their appeals for protection against intolerable anarchy. The more enlightened of the British Administrators protested strongly at this refusal of their masters to undertake a clear and obvious duty. In 1814 the Marquess of Hastings wrote in his private journal —

The unfortunate Rajput States of Jaipur Jodhpur Udaipur mercilessly wasted by Sindhia Holkar Amir Khan Mohamed Shah Khan and the Pindaris have assailed me with repeated petitions to take them under protection as feudatories to the British Government. The inexplicable treaty by which Sir G. Barlow without receiving any consideration for the pledge bound this Government in an engagement with Sindhia and Holkar, renders it a direct breach of public faith were we to take a step equally counselled by a generous humanity and by an unquestionable interest.

But the final Maratha War brought relief. The Rajput States entered into alliance with us and reaped the benefit of British protection. From that time forward they have been among the most trusted of the British Crown and in war as in peace, their loyalty and their generosity have been without stint and without question.

It was into this ancient and famous land that His Royal Highness, after breaking journey for a few hours at Rutlam to dine informally with the Maharaja, passed on the night of November 24th. Early the next morning the Royal Train was steaming slowly by the lofty fort of Chitor, renowned in legend as the guardian of Mewar. Then it followed in the footsteps of Maharana Udai Singh of old, who, flying from Chitor on its capture by Akbar in 1567, betook himself to the hill encircled tract where he founded his new capital of Udaipur, the City of Sunrise. The Royal Party passed through a narrow defile—even now guarded by heavy iron gates which can be closed across the line—and emerged into the very heart of Rajputana. All around fortress crowned heights and curtain walls zig zagging across the skyline, told of many desperate struggles to keep inviolate this valley, the last home of an ancient clan. The railway is not suffered to approach too close, lest the jealously guarded isolation should be broken down, but is kept at arm's length, as it were, from the city itself.

Some days before he left for Udaipur the Prince of Wales had received distressing intelligence of the illness of the Maharana His Highness Sir Fateh Singh Ji, premier Rajput Prince of India, direct descendant of the God man Rama, vice regent of the great God Shriv, is now over 70 years of age, and has lately given powers of administration to his capable Heir, Sir Bhūpal Singh, but so great was his eagerness to welcome the Prince, that he had pleaded earnestly, despite his own sickness for the execution of the full programme Being unable to receive His Royal Highness at the Station he had deputed Sir Bhūpal Singh to take his place

The Prince's train steamed along the little platform The Maharaj Kumar, who is lame, advanced upon the arm of a courtier, to the door of the Royal carriage, his keen face lighting up with a brilliant smile of welcome The Prince, after inspecting the state troops forming the guard of honour, advanced to the small group of "first class" sardars who awaited presentation Clad in simple white robes, with bucklers and swords these 'Children of the Sun' bore themselves with conscious pride Well might they do so for their privileges are unique in India Each maintains within his own estate pomp and dignity well nigh equal to those of the Maharana himself Never do they follow in their Chieftain's train save upon high ceremonial occasions In full durbar, they take precedence even over the Heir Apparent, and on their entrance the entire court rises to its feet These proud nobles made their reverence one by one to the Son of the Great King

After further presentations His Royal Highness entered the State barouche and drove some three miles towards the city All along the road were gathered the people of Udaipur while at short intervals wild looking horsemen with kettle drums sounded staccato beats of honour as the procession passed On each side was to be seen spectacle after spectacle of absorbing interest Nobles, surrounded by their mail clad retainers, were stationed at various points Groups of pikemen, of swordsmen, of horsemen, fierce, wild, undisciplined, burst into deep throated cries of welcome as the Prince passed When the procession approached the city the crowd grew thicker if less picturesque Poor as the people obviously were, they had all striven to put on such gay clothes as they could afford They welcomed the Prince, with joyful fervour, as some powerful Being at whose coming their barren country might bear food for all

Skirting a great machicolated wall, above which towered pinnacle upon pinnacle, sacred shrines and battlemented leaps, the Royal proces-

sion passed outside the city into the Residency grounds. Scarcely had the Prince arrived before he sent his own physician to enquire after the Maharana's health, an act of gracious courtesy which was much appreciated. Despite the unfavourable opinion of the Doctors, Sir Fateh Singh, in old world fashion, insisted on rising from his bed to call informally upon his Royal visitor.

In the cool of the afternoon the Prince left the Residency and embarked in a petrol launch upon the narrow northern arm of the mountain girdled Pichola Lake—one of the three great sheets of artificial water which are the glories of Udaipur. From the Sarup Sagar ghat, he passed between sheer battlemented walls and terraces of bathing steps to the beautiful Turpolia the three fold water gate of the Maharana's palace, at which point the lake proper begins. The scene was of surpassing beauty. To the left, massively dominant the white mountain wall of the palace cut sharply into the brilliant sky. To the right, beyond a ribbon of blue water, were the low, creamy buildings of the city, the outline of which was broken here and there by temple spires and castle turrets. In front stretched the waters of the lake, a brilliant blue plain within an amphitheatre of green, fortress crowned hills. Here and there like gems upon azure velvet, were many hued islands. From some rose palaces of marble, from others tiny tracered pavilions gleaming like ivory, yet others, covered with green foliage owed nothing to the hand of man. But of all the jewels of the lake's bosom the most splendid is Jagmandir Island, to which the Prince's launch was hastening. This spot may well stand as a symbol of the sacred and inviolable hospitality of Udaipur. Here it was that Rana Jagat Singh of old time built a stately palace for his guest Prince Khurram, then a fugitive from the wrath of his Imperial sire, but afterwards for ever memorable as the Emperor Shah Jahan, constructor of the Taj Mahal. Here in later times, English men and women, fugitives from Neemuch in the dark days of the Mutiny, were kept safe from harm by the gallant Maharana Sarup Singh. With restless feet they paced the secluded enclosures built for Prince Khurram's ladies, and from the shrine of the Muslim Saint Pir Gafur turned anxious eyes to the mainland while they waited for the news of the rise or fall of English power. On this isle, with its historic memories of human vicissitudes, the Prince landed, and after spending some moments in the beautiful pavilion and cool retiring rooms re-embarked for the Maharana's shooting box Khar Odi, a few hundred yards away. Here he was received by the Maharaj

Kumar, and together the two watched from the terrace the feeding of the herds of wild boars which daily gather below from far and near at the cry of "Ao! ao!" (come hither!) from the attendants. It is a curious sight to see the half clad men moving fearlessly among the great savage beasts, which not even the elephant or the tiger will willingly face, scattering maize among them and going hither and thither unnoticed and unharmed. The Prince stayed for a long time interested in the spectacle, and only when darkness fell did he return to the city by automobile along the road that skirts the lake.

Shortly after eight that evening he left the Residency for the Palace, proceeding by water as before. Countless thousands of small lamps, softly reflected in the gleaming water, turned the lofty buildings on either hand into walls of shimmering fire between which the Prince's launch swept upon an inky path. Remote and unsubstantial, poised upon invisible heights, the guardian fortresses of Mewar glimmered in mid air like bale fires, whose pale gleam was eerily mirrored in the lake below. The whole city was a fairyland of fire for baron had vied with baron in weaving upon his ward a lace work of glowing light. Soon the dark bulk of His Highness' palace, fire-fringed yet black against the velvet sky, loomed above the Royal launch. Disembarking at the foot of the steps, the Prince was borne in an antique chair, up a long steep ramp between lines of red clad retainers whose high held torches cast a fantastic glow upon him. At the top of the ascent he was received by the indomitable Maharana determined, despite all the doctors, that no sickness should hinder the payment of the prescribed honours to his illustrious guest. Side by side the two representatives of historic dynasties moved slowly towards the reception room where the guests awaited them. The venerable Rajput Prince, his white beard parted and upward curling to his ears after the fashion of his race bore himself erect for all his seventy years and feeble health, while the Prince, radiant with strength and vigour, moved by careful courtesy at his host's slow pace. They seated themselves on a great golden couch and remained for a moment in conversation. To thoughtful spectator the scene called up many reflections. Here for the first time the Prince, the very incarnation of the spirit of Western civilization, with its ideals, its aspirations, its hopes for the future welfare of mankind was confronted by the real India of olden times, by its ancient traditions, old world chivalry, and rigid conservatism. His Royal Highness and the aged Maharana met and clasped each other's hands across the gulf of centuries, and few who watched the spectacle of their meeting could fail to realise



anew the wonder of that British Commonwealth which could include them both in its bosom

The Maharana being an orthodox Hindu was not present throughout the banquet but entered afterwards to propose the health of his guest. The toast of the King Emperor having been drunk in the accustomed form His Highness' speech was read for him in English. It breathed the very spirit of feudal loyalty referring to the Prince's war service, and quaintly enough plying him not to risk a life so dear to his subjects by indulging in dangerous recreation. To this His Royal Highness gave a gracious reply.

It is a source of pride to me to feel that I am on the soil where the flower of chivalry sprang to life and that I am to night a guest of the successor of Bappa Pawal and of Rana Partap—to mention only two of the many heroes of Rajput chivalry. I know enough of history to appreciate the significance of the battlements which crown your rocky hills from the fortress of Chitor which I passed this morning to the walls encircling your ancient city. They tell silently of many grim and glorious deeds. They are a monument to the patriotism the fortitude and the magnanimity which made Your Highness' ancestors leaders of men. Further I meet for the first time in a Rajput State the acknowledged leader of those loyal Rajput States who since 1818 have repeatedly proved themselves staunch friends and allies under the protection of the British Crown. During this long connection with the British Government, the Rulers of Mewar have responded to the calls of friendship whenever occasion demanded in a manner worthy of their traditions and their race. In sight of the hall in which we are now banqueting lies the island where in the days of the Mutiny the Maharana of Udaipur kept a number of my fellow countrymen in safety and preserved them from an imminent death. I need not recount in detail the services rendered by Your Highness during the Great War which has recently been brought to a victorious issue, but I cannot forego the mention of a contribution by your State of over 21 lakhs of rupees of which Your Highness may justly be proud. For the rest Your Highness bears on your breast the token of what your services have been and of the esteem in which the King Emperor has held them.

After the banqueting ceremony was concluded, the Prince and the Maharana went together to the terrace and for some time watched a display of fireworks arranged upon the opposite side of the lake. Below them and to the left stretched the dark waters and still darker hills, while to the right the myriad lamps of the city glowed warmly as they slumbered in the night air. After the presentation of garlands, *pan* and *str*, the Prince took his leave.

The next day, which was spent quietly formed a welcome relief from the heavy list of official engagements that had marked His Royal Highness' first ten days in India. A ride a long tramp and a quiet

dinner made up the tale of his doings. After dinner he delighted the quaint drum and fife band of the Residency Guard, a regiment made up from the Bhil aboriginals, by ordering them to play in the Drawing Room, and afterwards with one of those graceful gestures that endear him to all himself went to the Maharana's State band, also in attendance, to thank the men for their efforts, lest their feelings should be hurt by his appreciation of their picturesque rivals.

On Sunday after Divine Service, the Prince left for Ajmere, having first received informal visits of farewell from the Maharana and the Maharaj Kumar. The Udaipur visit had been all too short, but the quiet beauty of that surpassingly lovely spot had refreshed every member of the Royal party.

If the spirit of Udaipur, in its proud isolation, is purely of old time Ajmere, the city the Prince was next to visit, stands for a perpetual, ever shifting compromise between the past and the present, a microcosmic epitome of the fortunes of India. Situated on the crest of the Rajputana water shed, dominating hill and plain for many miles, it was for long a bone of contention between Hindu and Muslim. In the days when the Rajput clans ruled all Hindustan, Ajmere was the home of the famous Chauhans. From its great fort of Taragarh, chieftain after chieftain rode forth to battle at the head of his mail clad kin. Most famous of them all was the great Prithvi Raj, hero of a thousand exploits of knightly valour, for long years India's bulwark against the might of the fierce Turkoman invaders who beat upon the Gates of the North. When his heroic death at the hands of Shahabud Din of the House of Ghor eclipsed the glory of the Chauhan Empire, Ajmere passed into the keeping of the Slave Sultans of Delhi. To its great strategical importance was now added an even greater sanctity, since in 1193 came Khwaja Muinud Din Chisti, foremost of the Muslim saints of India, to lay his bones in the spot where his splendid shrine now stands. But if Ajmere became henceforth a name of power in the annals of Muslim hagiology, Islam was not to remain for long in its undisputed possession. Two centuries after its first conquest, it fell once more from the nerveless hands of Turk-shattered Delhi into those of Rajput Princes who were then once again competing for the mastery of Hindustan. Had it not been for the Mughal invasion of 1526 and the supreme military genius of the founder of the Mughal Dynasty, Ajmere might once more have been the centre of a Hindu Empire. But the Rajput confederacy was shattered in 1527 on the bloody field of Khanwa; and its glories Ajmere among them passed to the Mughal

House of Babur, Akbar and his line held the city dear, they embellished it with noble palaces and dainty pavilions, they honoured it with their Imperial presence and for years together made it their capital. In the dark anarchy of the 18<sup>th</sup> century Ajmere withered and decayed, but with the establishment of British Rule, its latest epoch of prosperity began, and it is now the watch tower of official diplomacy with the States of Rajputana surrounding it.

Halting for one moment at the cantonment of Nasirabad, the garrison and population of which had turned out *en masse* to welcome him, the Prince passed on to Ajmere. After the usual presentations, he entered the Royal Barouche, and drove through gaily decorated streets towards the Residency. The crowds were fairly large, for the non-co operators had been active, and had succeeded in enforcing a *hartal* or general shop shutting, with the natural result that many persons who would otherwise have been engaged upon their business gathered at street corners to "see the show". His Royal Highness halted at the beautiful Baradari of Shah Jahan, a series of marble pavilions in a shady park on the bank of the dried-up Ana Sagar lake. Here was gathered a picturesque assembly of Ranas, Raos, Thakurs and gentry of Rajputana. Fiercely whiskered, girt with shawls through which were thrust small armouries of daggers, carrying their long swords with the easy nonchalance that denotes invariable habit, these noble men of Rajputana paced the marble terraces and the latticed pavilions in the keen morning air. Here and there, intermingled with civil and military officers in blue and scarlet, were great rulers who had come for long miles to pay their homage—the Maharao of Bundi in ancient Rajput splendour, the Maharaja of Bharatpur in the blue grey and silver of his Household Troops, the Mehtar of Chitral with simple homespun robe, the Nawab of Tonk in brown velvet. Under the trees near by were gathered a large number of Indian and English spectators. Blue turbaned school boys, white clad school girls, boy scouts and girl guides in the glory of khaki.

The Prince on his arrival inspected the Guard of Honour and mounted the steps leading to the white marble dome of the centre pavilion, where the aristocracy of Rajputana was gathered to welcome him. After the presentations had been made he received an address from the Ajmere municipality to which he made a brief reply, regretting the shortness of his stay in Ajmere, and recalling the visit of Her Majesty the Queen when she was last in India. The Boy Scouts were then inspected, a

series of brief chats drew happy smiles from the Girl Guides and His Royal Highness moved towards his carriage. Just as he was entering it, a little English girl came forward courtesied gravely, and handed him a bouquet. Smiling the Prince stooped and shook hands with her. Overwhelmed by the unexpected honour, the little girl solemnly backed for a few yards, and then ran away to her companions.

After a quiet morning the Prince left the Residency to inspect a large assembly of war veterans. The tale of his gracious bearing and affable demeanour had already gone through the bazars and the crowds that greeted him along the road were both larger and more enthusiastic than those which had witnessed his arrival. The Prince received an illuminated address in Urdu from the veterans, and afterwards walked slowly between their ranks, stopping here and there to talk to a man, who was delighted to find his future King addressing him in Hindustani. Thence he motored to the Mayo College the most aristocratic educational institution in all India. Its beautiful buildings, which do not suffer by comparison even with the masterpieces of Mughal architecture in the same town, stand in wide well-cultivated grounds at the foot of low hills. Here are educated the Princes and the Heirs apparent of many of the greatest Houses of India. Here they are taught the discipline, the self-restraint and the love of athletics which go to make up the *esprit de corps* of a public school. Indeed it is no idle boast that the Mayo College boys can be distinguished in any assemblage by their soldierly and gallant bearing. His Royal Highness at the entrance to the grounds inspected the Guard of Honour of Imperial Cadets magnificent in their long white tunics, gold embroidered collars and multi-coloured turbans with lofty aigrettes. Each cadet a scion of some great family, proud in the consciousness of rank and wealth, the whole guard presented a notable appearance. His Royal Highness entered the college hall and seated himself upon the dais while the Guard of Honour took their seats round him in a semi-circle. The enthusiasm which marked His Royal Highness' entry was great and sustained. The Principal of the College read a short address in which he emphasized the gratitude both of masters and of boys for the honour which had been done to them. After distributing the prizes, the Prince expressed his pleasure at seeing the college which had turned out so many good sportsmen. He then walked round the college buildings and attended a garden party in the grounds. Here he saw an interesting relic—nothing less than the railway carriage which his Grandfather had used in his own Indian Tour, brought thither for his inspection.

The Prince returned to the Residency. He dined quietly and entered the Royal Train about midnight on his journey to Marwar.

The Rathor Princes of Marwar have been known from the earliest times as hard riding hard fighting men of action. While possessing to the full the traditional dignity of the Rajputs they have never been too proud to play their part in the world. Passing through more vicissitudes than have fallen to the lot of many ruling clans in India, they have none the less succeeded even at the moment when their fortune seemed lowest in retrieving sufficient from the wreck to enable them to build up their power anew. The early seat of their race was the Deccan where they fought fiercely with other Rajput clans of foreign blood but at the time when the Sons of Kings ruled Hindustan, the Rathor Kingdom centred round Kanaur and Benares. Here it was that Jai Chand of old held his splendid courts, and here it was that the knightly Prithvi Raj abducted his not unwilling daughter. Like his son in law Jai Chand fell before the Muslim onslaught, and after the establishment of the Sultanate of Delhi, the remnants of the Rathors migrated to Rajputana. Struggling through the Great Indian Desert they came at last to the country named Marwar or "The Land of Death" by many a despairing enemy. Gradually they carved out wide domains for themselves with the sword expelling the aboriginal dynasties of *Gonds* and *Bhils* who had held sway from time immemorial. Throughout the tangled politics of the centuries Marwar played a great part. The policy of its rulers was on a level with the characteristics of their race. Shrewd yet gallant, politic yet chivalrous they ever contrived to make their honour and their interest run hand in hand. While they took a prominent part in the formation of the great Rajput confederacy which menaced the Mughals, while they fought hard and gallantly to retain their independence they were yet among the earliest of the Rajput clans to enter into an alliance at once politic and honourable, with the Delhi Court. Many a foeman admitted their might, the great Shur Shah confessed that he had "nigh lost Hindustan for a handful of barley" in invading Marwar. Akbar himself fought long and vainly until in the end he offered worthy terms. But though secured by their desert fastnesses from danger of attack, the Rathors refused to remain in isolation. From the time of Akbar down to the very end of the glorious Mughal Empire, they continued to preserve a peculiar position as trusted allies of the Delhi Court. Only with the decline of the Empire and the rise of the merciless Maratha Confederacy, did Jodhpur fall upon evil days. From this time of confusion and anarchy

its rulers emerged triumphantly as a result of their alliance with the British and Rathors and Englishmen have ever since intermingled with mutual esteem and amity.

Early in the morning of November 29th the Prince arrived at Jodhpur. The small station was decorated with a magnificent gold-embroidered canopy while outside there waited an escort of those famous Jodhpur Lancers who rendered such conspicuous service on many fields during the War. No one who remembers their brilliant charge at Haifa in the course of Lord Allenby's campaign when they captured a fortified city, made 1200 prisoners and killed more than twice their own number, can fail to retain in his heart a warm affection for the very name of Jodhpur. But now that victory has come, the State sustains its fame in the more peaceful but not less manly spheres of polo and pig sticking for which it is famous through all India. On the platform there waited to receive His Royal Highness the Maharaja Regent the gallant Sir Partab Singh veteran of many campaigns. Full of years as he was the Great War found him in France, tirelessly pursuing his cherished ambition of death upon the field of battle. Younger brother of a former Maharaja of Jodhpur Sir Partab some time ago abdicated the *gadi* of Idar in order that he might guide the fortunes of his parent State during successive minorities. His ward, the young Maharaja who waited with him to receive the Prince, is still a minor, who will shortly receive his ruling powers at the age of eighteen.

His Royal Highness after cordially greeting his friend Sir Partab and the young Maharaja, inspected the Guard of Honour, and entered the Royal Barouche. The whole town of Jodhpur was brilliantly decorated. Along a processional route several miles in length, the entire population seemed to be gathered. Prosperous citizens, merry school children, khaki clad veterans mailed warriors of a bygone day, stood cheek by jowl all along the broad, clean streets. At short intervals were triumphal arches the gifts of communities like the Oswals, Muslims, and Kavasths—graceful and effective tokens of loyalty. From the great fort, which overshadows the town as a lion the mouse between its paws, heavy guns thundered in salute. Through all its long history, since the day when the gallant Raja was voluntarily interred alive to ensure impregnability, its walls can never have looked down upon a more joyous or a more enthusiastic scene. The crowds, cheerful and gay-hued as only Rajput crowds can be, cheered the Prince lustily as he passed, with his gallant escort, to the Rattanagar Palace, the extensive

grounds of which had been turned into a veritable city of canvas for the accommodation of his staff and retinue.

After the usual ceremonial visits, doubled by reason of the presence of the Maharaja Regent, the Prince spent the day quietly until the cool of the afternoon made polo possible. Next morning, to the keen delight of that gallant sportsman Sir Partab, His Royal Highness got his first "pig." The afternoon saw a review of the Imperial Service Troops, whose smart bearing caused the Prince to congratulate personally the Maharaja and his officers, while in the evening Indians and English gathered together for the State Banquet. Very impressive was the scene in the great marquee, more than a hundred and fifty feet long, where the banquet was held. The Prince and his Staff, the two Maharajas, and all the chief nobles of Marwar, met upon the common footing of sportsmanship, which bridges in ample fashion the gulf between West and East. The young Maharaja, in toasting the Prince referred to the devotion of the Rathor House to the Imperial throne, to the inspiration which he, at the threshold of his career as a ruler, was deriving from the example of his Royal Highness' Imperial activities, and to that comradeship in arms and in sports which united Rajputs and Englishmen. His Royal Highness, in a reply which evoked great applause, paid a graceful tribute to his hosts.

"Before I came here, I began to study the history of Jodhpur in the Imperial Gazetteer. I have a quarrel with the author of that work who records that 'Jodhpur as its other name Marwar or the region of death implies, is an inhospitable tract.' Your Highness has however taken care that I should see a good deal of life at Jodhpur and enjoy the most unbounded hospitality, and, whatever the learned author of the volume in question may say, I shall take away with me from Marwar nothing but the kindest recollections. It has been a great pleasure to me to visit the premier Rathor State in Rajputana. The Rathors from the days of Asoka have never been among those who are content to sit still and wait on opportunities and events. Through the centuries they have acted on the belief, that *men with stout hearts strong swords and swift steeds can make history and have carved their names, in characters which can never be effaced, in the annals of the Deccan and of Rajputana*.

I am deeply gratified to have Your Highness the Ruler of this State and the heir to these great traditions, attached to my staff during my Indian tour. I congratulate Your Highness on your recent Gazette as an honorary Captain in our forces. *I much enjoyed seeing your famous Rasals with you this afternoon. I know that they will keep up their reputation under Your Highness' leadership.* I also meet here to night an old and trusted friend of my family His Highness Maharaja Sir Partab Singh. His Highness gave up his own *gallo* to watch and guide the fortunes of Jodhpur during successive minorities and to lead its Rulers in those

traditions of Rajput loyalty and gallantry in which he holds so high a place himself. Few men can hope to place behind them so many years honourably spent in the exercise of those high qualities. I need not assure you Sir Partab, what a very real pleasure it is to meet you once more.

On the 1st of December the Royal Party reluctantly bade farewell to Jodhpur, carrying away with them the recollection of a hospitality as tactful as it was princely. Throughout the night the train traversed mile upon mile of desert as it bore the Prince along the road of that Rao Bikaji who in the 15th century left the parent house of Jodhpur to found a new kingdom for himself in Bikaner. Indeed, the two States bear even to day all the marks of common stock and common origin. The ruling families of both are alike in chivalry, in love of manly sports, in loyalty to the Empire and in distinction won in its service. Family quarrels there have been, as there always must be where men are high-spirited and lovers of the sword rather than of the pen. But throughout their whole long history the ruling families of Jodhpur and of Bikaner have displayed the same tenacity of purpose, the same gallant enterprise, and the same traditions of loyal and devoted service. Both States appreciate rather than despise the advantages of Western civilization. Both pursue a policy of enlightened care for their subjects, coupled with the development of material resources. It is only fair to mention that much of the prosperity is due to the people of Marwar themselves, who have won the reputation of sharp shrewd dealing business men. The commercial classes amass immense fortunes in British India—fortunes which they retire to Jodhpur and Bikaner to enjoy and to spend with great liberality. As is natural the people of both States present a prosperous and a happy appearance which is the more remarkable from the contrast it affords with the condition of the population of many other States to whom Nature herself has been no whit less generous.

Of all the Indian Princes there is none better known throughout the Empire than the Maharaja of Bikaner. His distinguished services to India and to the Empire in war and peace as soldier and as statesman need no recapitulation in this place. As hereditary ruler of 600 000 people, his record as an administrator is equally distinguished. Since his accession to full powers at the beginning of this century, he has remodelled every branch of the State machinery, liberalised the methods of government, and conducted a vigorous campaign against corruption oppression and intrigue. Expert advisers have been brought in, financial reforms effected, and the seeds of representative government sown.



Perhaps the most striking impression which one carries away from Bikaner is that of the broad streets and the handsome stone buildings which distinguish the capital. Through these streets and past these buildings, all gaily decorated, His Royal Highness drove after his arrival on the morning of December 2nd. Here as in Jodhpur, no one could escape the infection of popular enthusiasm. Everywhere was rejoicing, everywhere were great crowds who greeted the Royal carriage with songs and cries of welcome. Under triumphal arches, escorted by the famous Camel Corps whose record of service is second not even to that of the Jodhpur lancers, the Royal procession passed. Very remarkable was the combination of fine public buildings, of well kept roads, of a general air of modernity, with the pageant like bravery of mail clad horsemen and sumptuously caparisoned elephants. But of one thing there could be no possible doubt. Bikaner's welcome to the Prince was the welcome not only of a ruler, but of his people as well. So great had been the eagerness to greet His Royal Highness, that three wealthy merchants, of the type whose shrewd commercial instinct is a by word in India, having missed the ordinary train, actually chartered a "special" between them so that they might arrive in time to participate in the rejoicings.

The formal interchange of visits between His Royal Highness and the Maharaja occupied most of the morning. The Prince's return visit was paid in the magnificent sandstone Durbar Hall of the old palace—a Hall the walls of which are so intricately carved as to present the appearance of sandal wood. Here the great nobles of Bikaner and its merchant princes came with their tribute of gold mohurs, that His Royal Highness might "touch and remit." Three low obeisances, three times repeated, did each man pay to his future Emperor, and very great was the satisfaction when it was observed that at each repetition the Prince acknowledged the salutation in Indian fashion.

The afternoon saw a review of the Bikaner State troops. Reviews in general are much alike, save to the expert, but on this occasion a touch of variety which much appealed even to the lay mind was provided by the famous Camel Corps. The stately beasts, admirably dressed, and with none of that shambling slouch which distinguishes the ordinary camel first marched, then trotted, past the saluting point, carrying their riders with an air of pride. The cavalry and infantry, admirable in their bearing, contributed their due share to the total impression. After the review, the Prince said a few words of congratulation to His Highness and to the Officers, and proceeded, when he had

inspected the newly raised but promising Boy Scout troop, to visit several hundred veterans drawn up a little distance away

That night the State Banquet was held in the same Hall which had witnessed the morning's Durbar. It was notable for the admirable speech of the Maharaja, and for the Prince's not less admirable reply. The following passages may be selected as typical of both orations. His Highness the Maharaja said —

“Sixteen years ago almost to a day Their Imperial Majesties Your Royal Highness august Parents and our beloved King Emperor and Queen Empress did me the supreme honour of a visit to my State. I then had the privilege in this very hall of proposing Their Imperial Majesties health and of giving assurances of the steadfast and staunch loyalty of myself and my House and of my people to the British Crown. Sir there have been many changes in the world since then. The transformations that have taken place in India are no less important and far reaching than elsewhere and no man can think for a moment that we are in sight of the end of them yet. But I want to assure Your Royal Highness and to request you Sir on Your Royal Highness return to England to convey with my humble duty my assurances to His Imperial Majesty the King Emperor that one thing has not altered and will never alter one whit and that is the loyalty and affection of myself and of all Bikaneris to His Imperial Majesty's Person and Throne.

Your Royal Highness visit is going to do us all a world of good. We all of us in India are I think inclined at times to take a gloomy view of some of the problems which face us which will really only become dangerous if we sit meditating over them. What is wanted to day is a mutual warming of hearts a spirit of optimism and a more cheerful atmosphere of friendliness and good will. The charm of Your Royal Highness personality we are confident can and will bring this about. Your Royal Highness besides being the Heir to the greatest Throne in the world comes to us above all as the embodiment of friendliness and good will and India only needs inoculation with these feelings for its difficulties to be seen in their true proportion and to disappear. Sir your frank appeal—I want to grasp your difficulties and to understand your aspirations. I want you to know me and I want to know you—went straight to our hearts and is in itself a happy augury for the unqualified success of Your Royal Highness tour in India and of the lasting good which we devoutly hope will result therefrom both to India as well as to the Empire.

To this His Royal Highness replied —

The services rendered by the Bikaner State and its Rulers are too well known to you all to need embellishment at my hands. Time disintegrates most things, but while the treaty which began our connection has passed its centenary the friendly relations which it established defy time and still flourish with the pulse of a vigorous and lively youth and thank God as the years go on the ties which bind us show no signs of slackening but draw us closer together.

We are now passing through a period when the problems of resettlement seem almost as complex and dangerous as those of the struggle from which we have

successfully emerged. At such a time I am happy in the thought that we may place our trust in Your Highness' support and rely unflinchingly on the high qualities which you possess as a statesman and an administrator.

Your Highness may look with satisfaction in the part which you played in the establishment of the Chamber of Princes of which you were the first Chancellor, and on your work on the Princes' Committee for the codification of political practice and the improvement of our relations with the States. In these matters Your Highness has characteristically taken the long view and is alive to the immense importance of our identity of interests. Each of us has a single aim—the improvement of our country, the strengthening of the Empire and the progress of humanity and civilization in the World. The war has taught us that no unit in modern conditions can hope to stand alone and that it is only by close association in a united effort to promote these aims that we can hope for their realization.

The banquet was followed by a spectacle of fascinating strangeness. First came a fire dance in the dark of the main courtyard. Amidst the wail of wild music and the drone of incantations, half clad men emerged from the surrounding night and strode through the fiercely glowing embers of a great charcoal fire, scattering the live coals with their naked feet, carrying them in their mouths, and lifting them with their hands. The Prince, much interested, moved as close as the heat of the fire would allow, whereupon the strange worshippers crowded round him, and invited him to see for himself that their limbs were cool and uninjured by the flames. Immediately afterwards, the Prince and the Maharaja, followed by their staffs returned out of the darkness into the Palace. A startling sight met their eyes. What was by day a quiet loggia, marble paved, of pigeon haunted colonnades bearing balconies of fretted stone, had assumed an unearthly splendour before which might have paled a dream from the Arabian Nights. On every side lofty walls flamed to half their height with emerald, violet and dusky red, while rainbow fountain sprays flashed into cascades of living gems as they rose from a marble tank which mirrored the radiance around. The Prince and the Maharaja ascended to their seats in a gallery. Overhead, softly white against a velvet sky, pigeons fluttered across a gulf of darkness in protest at the violation of their repose. Beneath, dancing girls, blazing in crimson, gold and orange, bent in obeisance before the balcony from which the Prince looked down. Cold print cannot convey the fantastic, scintillating splendour upon which he gazed. Like some jewel hoard of the jinn, glittering with fairy fire in the bowels of the earth, the courtyard flashed up its lambent radiance of many hues. Then began an entertainment which harmonised perfectly even with this its most marvellous setting. From time to time the dancing girls sang strange, high piping songs,

while their gorgeous crinolines, stiff with gold, swayed through intricate measures to the clash of cymbals and the jingling of anklets. Shril, triumphant, fantastic above all, was a Song of Victory, commemorating the heroic deeds of a former ruler of Bikaner, Raja Karam Singhji, who as commander of the forces of the Great Mughal, reduced to submission in 1656 the farfamed city of Golconda. Next, a half ecstatic individual danced weirdly with naked, unscathed feet upon brimming bowls, razor keen swords and close set lance points. A Marwari version of the National Anthem, specially composed for the occasion, terminated a most fascinating spectacle.

The next three days were spent by His Royal Highness at the Maharaja's shooting box at Gujner, where he enjoyed a brief rest, broken only by excellent bags of the duck and Imperial sandgrouse for which this spot is revered by sportsmen the world over. On December 4th the Prince drove to Bikaner where he lunched with the Maharaj Kumar, and played polo, to the applause of an enthusiastic Indian audience. All too soon, the very pleasant Bikaner visit came to a close, and on December 6th the Royal party, saying a regretful farewell to that Prince of sportsmen the Maharaja, left for Bharatpur amid great demonstrations of popular feeling.

In comparison with the great Rajput States which the Prince had hitherto visited, Bharatpur is not large. But throughout the whole of Rajputana, there are no better fighters than the sturdy Jats, who have inscribed their mark bloodred upon the scroll of fame. The present ruling House claims descent from the Tomara Rajputs, rulers of Delhi till the Muslims overthrew them. It did not emerge into prominence until the seventeenth century when Rajah Brij incurred the wrath of Aurangzeb by his fearless freebooting. The anarchy which followed the break up of the Mughal Empire served the Jats well. They occupied and reconstructed the two great forts of Dig and Bharatpur, bulwarks of the state, they sacked Delhi and Agra time after time, braving the wrath of the Maratha power successfully and dauntlessly. With the advent of the British in the course of the second Maratha War, the rulers of Bharatpur were the first of Rajput States to perceive where safety lay, but in 1801 Maharaja Ranjit Singh was so unwise as to break his engagements and ally himself with the defeated Holkar. Lord Lake besieged Dig and stormed it, but fell back baffled before the mighty walls of Bharatpur. The lesson was however sufficient, and the Maharaja entered into an alliance with the British, which his House has ever since loyally observed. Twenty years later, a usurpation compelled armed inter-

vention, and this time, Bharatpur fell, as a result of which the claim of the ancestor of the present Ruler was triumphantly vindicated. The martial ardour of the Jats has not declined with the coming of the British peace, for no State performed more devoted service to the Empire in the Great War. During the minority of the present Maharaja the reins of government were ably handled by his Mother, who assisted her son to throw himself with enthusiasm into the prosecution of the struggle. Four companies of Imperial Service Infantry, and the famous Transport Corps, proceeded on active Service, while generous contributions were made towards all War Funds.

The ceremony of His Royal Highness' arrival was performed in a manner worthy of Jat tradition. Shortly after 9.30 A.M. on December 7th the Prince was met at the station by the Maharaja, and after inspecting the Guard of Honour, entered the State Barouche. Drawn up outside the gaily decorated station were the cavalry of the Body-guard, magnificent in their blue and silver uniforms, but the characteristic note of the scene was struck by a hovering aeroplane of the Bharatpur Flying school and by the array of splendid automobiles, testimonies to the highly cultivated mechanical tastes of the Maharaja. The Royal procession made its way slowly from the station, through a gate set in massive walls into the streets of the picturesque old town, the escorting aeroplane circling overhead with its heavy drone. Scarcely a face glanced upwards for the crowds were intent upon their Prince. No scene could have been more animated. Both sides of the street were gay with booths, erected by leading merchants, by the local bar, by different sections of the community. At intervals were groups of elephants, fighting rams, hunting cheetahs and other paraphernalia of an Indian Court. Here a tame lion stood upon his carriage, there a religious devotee, glorious in gala dress of grotesque paint, blessed the party from his elephant with benignant wavings of a peacock feather whisk. Happy crowds, men and boys predominating, lined the whole route, which led across two hundred feet of moat to the citadel itself. The grim walls, which have defied so many besiegers, seemed to take upon themselves a cheerful air, with the triumphal approach of a Prince, to whom all doors stand welcoming. Leaving the Fort behind, the procession passed along wide pleasant avenues to the Moti Mahal, where His Royal Highness was to stay. Here he reviewed the Escort, inspected the pensioned officers drawn up to receive him, and shook hands warmly with an aged Mutiny veteran, whom his kindness overwhelmed with pride and joy.

After an interval of an hour or so the Maharaja came to escort the Prince to Dig, where lunch was to be eaten. His Royal Highness himself took the wheel of the Maharaja's automobile and drove his host swiftly over the twenty three miles of road separating the summer palace from the capital. Passing through the mighty earthworks of Kumbhar, scene of a great victory over the Marathas in 1751, the Royal Party soon came in sight of the ancient fortress. They passed on under the wall, and entered the beautiful Gopal Bhawan palace which shares with the Taj the reputation of exhibiting in supreme perfection the capacity of sandstone in the hands of master craftsmen. Here in the cool shade of hewn marble, the old rulers of Bharatpur were wont to spend the months of drought, moderating the breathless air with the spray of plashing waters. In a great fountain filled with pleasure, under a marble canopy walled with rainbow mist, they rested from the labours of arduous campaigns. But now the elaborate waterworks are unused save on great occasions, for the electric fan has made the hot weather bearable at Bharatpur itself. The palaces and the old world garden at Dig remain things of beauty rather than of utility.

After lunch His Royal Highness motored back to Bharatpur, and played polo. A quiet dinner followed. At 9 P.M. the Royal Party left for Akhad, some three miles off, where the Maharaja had personally arranged and tirelessly rehearsed a pageant which for sheer skill of staging was among the most remarkable spectacles of the whole tour. On an ancient earthwork overlooking a stretch of level ground, a large *shamiana* had been pitched for spectators. In front stood the Royal pavilion, beyond that darkness, broken only by the rare glimmer of a lamp or two in the far distance. To all appearance, the plain was deserted. But on the arrival of the Prince, a band struck up, and his Crest, two hundred yards wide and as many deep, flamed across a stretch of rising hill. A few seconds afterwards a furlong line of hooded lamps lent to the ground in front of the Royal box the brilliance of a proscenium. Along this glowing strip of light, thrown by 20,000 candle-power, moved a succession of picturesque figures, figures of every age and century, dwarfed to the size of pygmies by the vast blackness beyond them, curvetting horses, stately elephants, supercilious camels, all as brilliantly defined against the dark background of night as though they had been viewed through a stereoscope. State infantry, cavalry of the bodyguard, artillery, transport, emerged as though from the earth, moved in stately wise across the brilliance of that mighty stage, saluted the Royal Box with the precision of clockwork toys, and disappeared

into the outer darkness. Signallers spelt out loyal messages, cadets marched past proudly, tractors pulled strings of guns, splendid automobiles moved in ordered squadrons. Most dramatic spectacle of all, the Mutiny veteran white-bearded, stooping with the weight of years almost to the saddlebows of the led horse he bestrode, came slowly by in solitary dignity, carrying his sword gallantly upright. The spectators watched fascinated. Never was lighting more effectively employed than in this ingenious fashion, which turned the bare plain into the very foot boards of a theatre, and lent to men and to animals the glamour which invests a gallant show. After a musical ride and the rhythmic swinging of particoloured torches, the entertainment terminated.

On December 8th after a day of duck shooting on the famous lake, the Prince drove through brilliantly illuminated streets to the old fort, in which the banquet was to be held. Within the Kamra Khas, a strange rambling palace full of Early Victorian furniture and ancient prints, a large number of guests both Indian and European had assembled. The Maharaja being orthodox did not dine with His Royal Highness, but came in afterwards to propose the Prince's health. His speech was excellent, relieved by a rare touch of humour, when he spoke of the devotion of the "ever loyal duck of Bharatpur," who can always be relied upon to show sport to Royal Visitors. In his reply the Prince as usual spoke very effectively, paying high tribute to the gallantry and devotion of the Jats of Bharatpur, complimenting His Highness and his Mother on the War services of the State, and in conclusion modestly deprecating his own skill as a shot in comparison with that of his host and of the Maharana of Dholpur. His speech was warmly applauded. After dinner the Prince left Bharatpur for Lucknow.

## CHAPTER III.

### The Cradle of Hinduism.

For nearly three weeks the Royal Party had been travelling through the territory of Indian Princes. Now once more they were to enter British India. Throughout the round of stately ceremonial with which India of old time had welcomed the Prince, there had been little to recall the problems which bulk so largely in the minds of the Indian *intelligentsia*. In point of fact during the time which His Royal Highness had spent in Rajputana, events had moved rapidly in the arena of Indian politics.

The outbreak of hooliganism in Bombay which had accompanied the activities of the non co operating party did not stand alone. On the day the Prince landed, bands of Khulafat and Congress "Volunteers"—an all embracing title which covered school boys, roughs, and even notorious bad characters—intimidated private persons in many towns into suspending their business. These tactics though not novel, were on this occasion carried in various places to lengths so intolerable that they provoked a reaction. In Calcutta, where intimidation had been particularly flagrant, a large number of leading citizens, both Indian and English, decided to form a Civil Guard, with the object of securing relief from social and physical tyranny. Nor were Government slow to express their views upon the question. So long as "non-co operation" remained orderly, the avowed policy of the authorities had been to treat it as a political movement pure and simple. But when the outbreak in Bombay synchronised with hooliganism in other parts of India, Government was forced to intervene. Accordingly, Lord Reading, in replying to an Address presented by the Punjab Chamber of Commerce, emphasised his determination to put a stop to the terrorism which in some parts of the country was making the lives of peaceful citizens a burden. Lord Ronaldshay, the Governor of Bengal, in his speech of the opening of the Bengal Council, spoke very much to the same effect.

As the sinister character of the Khulafat and Congress "volunteer" organization had become manifest, Government determined that their



existence could no longer be tolerated. There was the agency through which picketing had been accomplished, social boycott enforced and intimidation practised. Accordingly in rapid succession the various Provincial Governments of India declared the Congress and the Khilafat Volunteers to be "illegal associations" under the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1908. The non co operators were not prepared so readily to abandon their principal weapon. In various places, leaders defied the Government orders, publicly asserted that the proscription of these organizations was unjustifiable, repudiated the charge of intimidation, and called upon "volunteers" to enrol in large numbers. Further in defiance of the Seditious Meetings Act, which had been put into operation in various Provinces meetings continued to be held for the purpose of supporting the non co operation movement. This being a direct challenge to Government, the issue was clear. Within a few days, such notable leaders of the movement as Lala Lajpat Rai, Pandit Moti Lal Nehru and Mr C R Das were arrested and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment not for participating in the non-co operation movement, but for breaking the law.

Lucknow, the city which His Royal Highness was next to visit, happened to be somewhat of a stronghold of the Congress and Khilafat movements. Accordingly attempts were made to damp popular enthusiasm in various ways—none of them successful. The railway men, who were on the point of "coming out," declined to listen to the arguments of agitators, stoutly evincing their determination to "see the Prince's visit through." The drivers of hackney carriages were, indeed, persuaded to strike, but a service of motor lorries, organised by the local authorities preserved the public from inconvenience. Indeed, it did more. A large number of villagers from the surrounding districts called down blessings upon the Government which, by providing "air carriages" for their transport, brought them face to face with the Prince they longed to see. On the morning of December 9th the Prince arrived at Lucknow Station and was received on the platform by His Excellency Sir Harcourt Butler and by the high Military and Civil Officials. After inspecting the Guard of Honour he came into the entrance hall which had been ingeniously decorated by the railway authorities with specimens of the produce of their manufacturing factories. Glittering pipes of copper and brass, models of locomotives, mottoes ingeniously constructed from the raw material of the workshop, combined to give a most curious and interesting effect. In this hall His Royal Highness received the Municipal address—a warm and

loyal welcome to Lucknow—to which he gave a brief reply. Entering the Royal Barouche, he drove in procession across the brown barren plain which separates the Railway Station from the city. All along the road dense crowds were gathered so thickly that they could not find standing room on the ground, but filled every tier of the stands provided, so that the Prince frequently passed between high walls of people, eager to see him.

Lucknow, fairest of Indian cities, displayed her charms to full advantage under the morning sun. Outlined against a green background of park and pasture were the quaint pinnacles, long façades, and gilded umbrellas of palaces and tombs, relics of the old Kings of Oudh. Debased—meretricious—tawdry—such are some of the adjectives employed by architectural purists, not without reason, to characterise these structures. But when darkness or distance lend kindly aid, their brick and stucco composition is lost in the general effect of sumptuous line and florid fantasy, which has won for Lucknow her fame as a City of Palaces. Others may outdo her in wealth, in population, in noble antiquity, but Lucknow, with her historic memories of the Mutiny, her reputation for polite learning, the natural beauty of her situation, possesses an individual charm that is unique and without peer.

To the largest of her palaces, the Kaisar Bagh, the Royal procession made its way, through masses of sightseers lining a heavily decorated route. On close approach, the Kaisar Bagh reveals itself as a tasteless and gaudy structure, with every possible defect to be found in a hybrid imitation of Western architecture. Perpetrated by Wajid Ali Shah, the last king of Oudh, a monarch dethroned for misgovernment in 1856, it has lately for the first time been turned to useful purposes. The great quadrangle which once sheltered his innumerable harem has been placed at the disposal of the barons of Oudh, who use the buildings as town residences. The central structure, for some time utilised as a museum, at present temporarily houses the Legislative Council. Here His Royal Highness, driving between lines of Boy Scouts and spectators, halted for a few minutes to receive an address from the Members, to which he replied in terms as happy as those which he had employed at Bombay.

“In thanking you for your loyal welcome, I can wish you no better wish than this, that you may be successful in advancing the lot of millions of your fellow-citizens whose well being and happiness are under Providence entrusted to your care.”

The Prince then drove through spacious thoroughfares, lined by pensioners and veterans, who received him enthusiastically. Arriving at Government House he granted interviews after a short period of rest, to His Highness the Nawab of Rampur, His Highness the Raja of Tehri, and to representatives of the leading baronial houses of Oudh. This concluded the business of the morning.

It was plain from the demeanour of the crowds that forenoon that many among the large concourse of sightseers had been attracted rather by respectful interest than by any warmer sentiment. Here, as in Bombay, the Prince's demeanour and bearing served of themselves to convert what was at first a welcome of respect into an impressive demonstration of popular enthusiasm. In the afternoon His Royal Highness took part in an American Polo Tournament, and to the immense delight of a large number of spectators, his team was successful in winning the cup presented by the Raja of Jahangirabad. Great crowds had come from the city, attracted by what they had heard of the Prince. They cheered him enthusiastically when his team won, for it is thoroughly in accordance with Indian traditions that puissant Princes should take the part in manly games, and should exhibit their prowess before the eyes of their subjects. His Royal Highness' riding attracted great attention on the part of Indian spectators themselves no mean judges of equestrian pluck and skill, they admired his sportsmanship, they were charmed by his manliness, and from that afternoon forward there was never any doubt that his stay in Lucknow would be a triumphant success.

Next morning there was a military parade, in which the 4th Cavalry Brigade and the 19th Indian Infantry Brigade took part. A large concourse of people gathered at the parade ground despite the fact that it is situated at a distance of several miles from the city, and again gave His Royal Highness a great reception. From the parade ground the Prince motored to King George's Medical College, where the athletic sports of the University of Lucknow were being held. This function was of unusual interest, for Lucknow University is one of the first of the new centralised residential institutions which the University Commission recently prescribed as a panacea for India's educational ailments. It is quite a recent creation and the athletic meeting which the Prince was to honour, was the first to be held. Students attended in large numbers and while at first they maintained the respectful silence which is the traditional Indian attitude in the presence of royalty, their enthusiasm before long got the better of them.

and they cheered the Prince lustily. The kindly manner in which he spoke a few words to each one of the successful competitors attracted a great deal of notice and the fine manly speech which he delivered in reply to the address of welcome by the Vice Chancellor was cheered to the echo

"You rightly dwell, Mr Vice Chancellor, on the importance of sport in the formation of a gentleman. Games played in the right way develop those very qualities which we most closely associate with the term. No one will succeed at games unless he works hard, no one can play games properly if he is selfish or jealous or inconsiderate or is not prepared to join with others and to sink his own preferences in order to bring success to his side. Lastly the delicate combination of points in the character of the true sportsman must be seasoned with the spice of determination and courage. These qualities produce an *esprit de corps*—a spirit which helped the Empire to win the war and which will carry us through many of the difficulties of life. For this reason I gladly consent to the association of my name with the shield for sports by which you are kindly commemorating my visit

I need not remind you that Lucknow University is not only an important centre of learning. It is in addition a crucible in which the character of a nation is receiving its alloy

I pray that all the metal, which your University sends forth into the world, may ring true. I wish the students of the University all success in work and play "

When he left the scene, the students there gathered applauded him tumultuously

In the afternoon came another triumph. To the immense delight of all Lucknow, Indians and Englishmen alike, His Royal Highness rode himself in four gymkhana races. He came in first in two events—one being an extremely close thing—amidst frantic cheers, and he rode second in two others. The heart of the people was captured outright by his sportsmanship, his obvious keenness, and his pleasure in the approbation of his future subjects

If final proof were needed of the Prince's popularity in Lucknow it was provided by the events of that evening. The Taluqdars, the landed baronage of Oudh, had arranged a reception in the Kaisar Bagh at which His Royal Highness was to be present. The main quadrangle and the central buildings had been transformed by skilful illumination from tawdry stucco into lambent flame. Within the main hall was a large crowd of invited guests, but the most interesting feature of the occasion was the tremendous concourse of people who had gathered outside to welcome the Prince and to witness the fireworks display. Through entire quarters of the city, the streets were wholly deserted,

their inhabitants having gone *en masse* to see the Shahzada. As he drove from Government House through the principal thoroughfares, all gaily illuminated he was heartily cheered by great crowds. But his warmest welcome came when he reached the Kaiser Bagh. Thronging masses of people greeted him with frantic enthusiasm. Leaving his car he entered the great hall and received a loyal address from the Taluqdars. They referred to the privilege they had enjoyed of entertaining his Father and Grandfather, to his own distinguished services, and to the traditional loyalty of Oudh. The Prince replied in his usual felicitous manner.

' I have long ago heard of the loyalty of the Taluqdars. I am gratified to find that time has brought no change to those feelings and you have again given voice to them to night with a nobility of sentiment characteristic of the high position occupied by your class in these provinces. I must also thank you for the beautiful entertainment which you are giving me in this palace of lights which rivals the wonders of the Arabian Nights. The splendours which pass before my eyes cannot easily be forgotten. Your class has great position and great responsibilities. May what the future has in store for you in no way fall short of your glorious past. I am convinced that you will discharge the burden of your obligations in a manner worthy of your status and of your class. I trust that you will devote yourselves with increasing energy to the development of your resources and to the promotion of the welfare of your tenantry and the people of your estates on whose prosperity your position, wealth and influence depend.

His Royal Highness stayed until a late hour witnessing the fire works and then drove back to Government House through crowds even larger than those which had greeted him on his arrival.

It was now in fact quite plain that the Prince had won the hearts of the people of Lucknow. All attempts at boycott on the part of non-cooperators had ended in dismal failure. At first these efforts, depending as they did upon the intimidation of a large number of people by a few determined men, had been frustrated by the care of the local Government. But long before the time came for the Prince to leave Lucknow, it had become unnecessary for the local officials to adopt any such precautions. The people of Lucknow were determined to see their Prince. There was no stopping them.

The Prince's last day in Lucknow was spent quietly. In the morning he attended the parade service and presented new colours to the 3rd Battalion Worcestershire Regiment, with its glorious war record of the battles of the Marne and the Aisne, Ypres, Vimy Ridge, the Somme and Messines. Again large crowds of people came from great distances.

to see him, and heartily cheered him all along the route as he passed. He then drove to the Pensioners' camp where he shook hands with all the officers, and then walked round three sides of a great square of men, stopping here and there to chat. These gallant veterans, many of them in ancient uniforms of a type long discarded, were a brave spectacle, as they stood stiffly erect, for all their years, to honour the Prince. Very moving was their pleasure and their pride when the Shahzada himself, the Heir of that Throne they had served so long and so faithfully, addressed a few words to them, or touched the sword hilts hallowed by spotless service which they extended in token of fealty. It was a fitting termination to a great day in the lives of these gallant greybeards that the Maharaj Kumar of Bikaner, who was attached to His Royal Highness' staff during the Lucknow visit, kindly arranged to give all of them a feast.

After lunch, the Prince went to the Victoria Park where great crowds of the poorest people in Lucknow were made happy by a distribution of food and blankets in honour of his visit. Returning from this pleasant scene, the Prince came to the Residency that spot renowned above all others in India where the English tongue is spoken. At rest in a green park as peaceful as it is lovely, stretch the grey scarred walls which Henry Lawrence and his gallant few fought and died to hold. All around, great trees throw their quiet shadows across turf once red-dened with the blood of the brave and where carnage raged most fiercely, the stately peacock walks secure and unafraid. High above, from the battered tower, still floats the English flag which those noble comrades in arms, staunch Indians and sturdy English, defended shoulder to shoulder for weary months—a perpetual tribute to the valour which conquers death itself. Fancy cannot frame a worthier memorial to brave men, for the magic of the spot casts its spell upon all. Few there must be but feel their heart beat faster as they trace the half obliterated lines of the defences or pay their tribute of respect to the heroic dead who hallow the little graveyard close at hand. The Prince himself experienced the enchantment of the Residency, he spent long in examining the model which enables the incidents of the siege to be reconstructed so vividly in the mind's eye, he visited the grave of Sir Henry Lawrence upon which rested a wreath he had himself commanded to be laid, he paused before the tablet on which Earl Canning expressed his admiration of the marvellous defence. It was only after a considerable time that he returned to Government House, to spend the remainder of the day quietly.

In the course of his Lucknow visit a pathetic incident occurred of the kind which has served to endear His Royal Highness to the hearts of his future subjects. A letter was written to him by a cripple boy of Unao stating that he was of the same age as the Prince that he had been a college student, but that he was now bed ridden with hip disease. Would it be possible for the Prince to see him or if not could some message be sent to help him to health? His Royal Highness on learning of the matter at once evinced the kindest interest in the unfortunate boy. He gave orders that a photograph should be despatched at once with a personal message from himself to the effect that he was grieved to hear that one of his own age was bed ridden and that he wished him a speedy recovery and freedom from all pain.

On the night of December 11th His Royal Highness left Lucknow privately. Large crowds lined the route and the enthusiasm of the people was once more refreshingly apparent.

Early in the morning of December 12th he arrived at the historic city of Allahabad a spot sacred to all Hindus as the junction of three rivers, the Ganges the Jamna and the mysterious Sariswati which fertilise the sacred life of Hindustan. A centre of political activity, a rival with Lucknow for the headship of the United Provinces Allahabad had been selected only after some opposition as the recipient of the honour of a visit from the Prince. For some time it seemed that the apprehensions of those who disliked the idea of the Allahabad visit would be unjustified. The students were reported as enthusiastic the local landholders were anxious to arrange an entertainment. But the arrest of Pandit Moti Lal Nehru for reasons already mentioned, on the eve of the Royal visit produced a distressing change in the political atmosphere. The efforts of the non co operators to prevent popular participation in the rejoicings were successful. The Royal route indeed lay at a distance of some miles from the city proper and the arrival being private and informal, there was little to attract the sightseer. But even so the gatherings which assembled to greet His Royal Highness as he motored from Prayag station to the University and from the University to the High Court were wretchedly thin. Fortunately the body of students assembled to witness the presentation of an album of views to His Royal Highness by the Vice-Chancellor of the University if small was enthusiastic while at the High Court, His Royal Highness received a warm welcome from the Judges from members of the local Bar, and from representatives of the educated community.

Proceeding thence to Government House amidst the cheers many school children who were obviously unaffected by the non operation movement he received the Municipal address to which replied in terms which evoked applause from the assembly gathered to meet him. Several of the prominent land holders of the Province of Agra were then presented to him and he also exchanged a few words with a group of veteran soldiers each one of whom extended his arm to be touched in token of fealty. After a quiet lunch at Government House His Royal Highness went to the Polo ground where a large crowd was waiting to receive him. He received a great ovation from the present when he arrived and when he left.

That same evening the Prince departed for Benares arriving there on the morning of December 13th. He was received at the station by His Highness the Maharaja of Benares whose guest he was to be for the brief period of his stay. Escorted by State troops he drove through a short stretch of decorated streets to Nandesar House, his residence which the Maharajah uses for the entertainment of distinguished visitors. Despite the early hour and the simple informality which characterises a private arrival there were a good many people in the streets, and the Prince was warmly greeted. After breakfast the customary ceremonial of visits and return visits took place when when it came to the turn of His Royal Highness involved a drive of several miles to the beautiful palace fort of Ramnagar. Built in the middle of the eighteenth century by Maharaja Balwant Singh an ancestor of the present owner it stands on the bank of the Ganges commanding the stream. It contains many notable trophies of the Maharaja's extraordinary skill with the rifle which has passed almost into legend with his brother princes but is otherwise remarkable rather for its situation than for its architecture. The view from the river front is superb and includes the whole sweeping crescentic shrine fringed of the sacred Ganges. After the ceremonies of the visit were completed, His Royal Highness left Ramnagar by water crossing in the State Barge to a spot on the opposite bank, whence he drove to the site of the University.

The Hindu University of Benares, though of recent creation, claims to be regarded as but the latest manifestation of a learned tradition which stretches far beyond the limits of the Christian era. Through all the centuries since the dawn of Indian history, Benares has been the home of Hindu culture, the centre to which students flocked from all parts of India attracted by the fame of saints, scholars and sages.



To the Buddhist as well as to the Brahman, it stood, while dynasties rose and fell, as the shrine of all learning, sacred and profane. In the days of the Company, it was naturally selected as the site of the famous Sanscrit College, which still exists. At the beginning of the present century, reformers who sought for a new national ideal in education found in Benares their most suitable centre. From the small beginnings of the Central Hindu College, established by the zeal and energy of Mrs Besant, there has grown in some twenty years a great institution, which, when completed, should rank among the leading Universities of the world. Many fine buildings, combining Western facilities with Eastern inspiration, have already been constructed through the munificence of the princes and the rich men of India.

The Prince drove in state to the University, and was received by the Chancellor, His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, and the Vice Chancellor, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya—to whose enthusiasm and self sacrifice the University owes so much. After inspecting the Guard of Honour, and greeting the Boy Scouts he was conducted to the dais on which were gathered the Fellows and other distinguished members of the University staff. He took his seat facing a great amphitheatre filled with several thousands of spectators. Contrary to expectation, students were few. Doubtless as at Allahabad, this was a result of the activities of the non-co operators who had succeeded in producing a fairly complete *kartal* in the city but it was obvious that their efforts had exercised no effect upon other sections of the community, for the whole seating accommodation of the covered portion of the amphitheatre was fully occupied. The proceedings opened with a Sanscrit prayer from the Vice Chancellor, after which the Chancellor read an address warmly welcoming the Prince. The Maharaja alluded to the Prince's distinguished services to the Empire, and happily characterised his visit to India at the present juncture as but one more token of the unflinching affection and solicitude manifested by the House of Windsor towards the Indian people. To this His Royal Highness replied in a striking speech, in which as an alumnus of one of the great English universities, he described what College life had meant to him and to his fellow students:

"As the terms went by, we undergraduates began to feel the unseen presence of those who had left our college and made good in the world. Their influence was with us in our daily round—hundreds of them—men who had been undergraduates like ourselves, who had played in the same parks, who had rowed on the same river, who had attended the same lecture halls, who had worshipped

in the same chapel. They had left the college and the Varsity. They had gone out into the world to become great statesmen or soldiers, poets or painters, writers or divines, men of science or learning, pioneers in industry or commerce. These were the men who had helped to make the Empire and helped to make us proud of it. This goodly company spurred us on. We made up our minds that no act or omission of ours should lower those great traditions. We knew that not everyone can be good at books or good at games or popular as a leader in the college; but we also knew that every one can try his best to be or do all or some of these things; and we resolved that one who tried should be honoured and respected by his fellows, whatever their tastes, because he was keeping up the traditions of the college and the University. We went further and determined that men who did not try, were of no use to their college or the University. I think that this self-imposed standard which we had inherited from countless previous generations of undergraduates, enabled us to get the best out of University life. I believe that it is these influences which give a distinction defying time or change to a training at the older Universities.

You students of this University are to day making the traditions of to morrow. I trust that you may be able to feel about your University what I felt about mine; and that this feeling may be a source of strength and comfort to you in your lives and help to place your University among the great Universities of the world."

The speech was enthusiastically received, but the warmest demonstrations were reserved for the moment when the Prince, after an Honorary Doctorate had been conferred upon him by the Chancellor, donned his yellow and scarlet robe with the orange *pagri*. This was the first time which His Royal Highness had worn the Indian head dress in public, and the delight of the spectators was obvious. From the University, he returned to Ramnagar where a State Luncheon was held. The Maharaja of Benares in his speech declared that India was proud of the Prince who had distinguished himself in so many spheres, that despite an occasional show of discontent, which no country could escape, the heart of India beats sound. Both as a Ruling Prince and as an Indian, he assured His Royal Highness of the whole hearted attachment of the nation to the throne and person of His Majesty. The Prince in reply referred to his pleasure in visiting the sacred soil of Benares which was a source of inspiration to so many millions of people. He thanked the Maharaja for his welcome, and congratulated him upon the zeal, benevolence and charity with which his obligations both as a ruler and as a landowner were discharged.

After lunch, the Prince took boat from Ramnagar, and went down the stream. Curving before him was the magnificent vista of fretted temples, clustering shrines and stately bathing steps which is the river-front of Benares. From the dark and teeming labyrinth of the city, where sacred bulls of Shiva jostle the press of clamorous mendicants

and pious pilgrims while the holy apes of Hanuman leap chattering from roof to balcony, terrace upon terrace of massive buildings stretches down to the stream every structure venerable in the eyes of countless millions for its own peculiar sanctity. Here is the site where so tradition affirms the great Horse Sacrifice most holy of all Hindu rites had been ten times performed by Emperors long dead there the glittering spire of Visweswarnath the temple of Siva the very nucleus from which radiates the sanctity transfusing the whole city. Beyond lies the Burning Ghat frequented by millions of pilgrims eager only to secure release from the curse of rebirth by cremation in that holy place. Towering proudly above the surrounding buildings fit embodiment of the victorious might of Islam stands the Mosq ie which Aurangzeb in haughty contempt of the most sacred instincts of his Hindu subjects constructed from the fragments of a violated temple. The whole of this matchless river front is at certain times of the day crowded with throngs of pilgrims from every part of India whose variety of costume and absorbed devotion present a spectacle of infinite attraction of the thoughtful spectator. At the hour when the Prince passed the bathing ghats would in the ordinary way have been almost deserted. But contrary to expectation they were crowded with people anxious to catch a glimpse of the Royal visitor. As is well known Hinduism enjoins as a sacred duty the performance of homage to Kings and all along the river front ash smeared saints salmon robed holy men and wild haired devotees chanted songs of welcome scattering temple marigolds into the water to honour the Prince as he passed. Landing near the Dufferin Bridge he found large crowds gathered to greet him from whom he received an enthusiastic reception. He then drove to the Pensioners Camp where some thousand veterans had been assembled and entertained in honour of his visit. After spending some time in chatting to them he returned to Nandesar House cheered by considerable crowds which had collected near the gates to see him pass. That same evening he left Benares for Nepal.

Nepal known throughout the Empire as the home of the gallant Gurkhas is an independent kingdom on the southern ranges of the Himalayas beyond the boundaries of British India. A hill people who conquered in the eighteenth century the ancient Rajput dynasties ruling the historically famed Khatmandu valley the Gurkhas form a military aristocracy whose relations with the British are based upon mutual esteem and respect. Two years of hard fighting between 1814 and 1816 laid the foundation of a friendship which seems merely to grow stronger as the years pass. Again and again have

the Gurkhas shown practical proof of their worth as trusted allies. In the days of the Mutiny, the great Prime Minister, Jung Bahadur—who wielded all the power of State, since the Ruler himself was then, as now, too holy to be troubled with mundane affairs—promptly declared in favour of the British, and sent down a contingent of troops to their aid. In peace as in war, the Indian Army relies much upon the friendship of Nepal for there are no fewer than twenty battalions of Gurkhas upon its strength. Since 1914 the ruling house has given renewed proofs of its friendship. The present Prime Minister and Marshal of Nepal General His Highness Maharaja Sir Chandra Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana GCB, GCSI, GCMG, GCVO, DCL, assisted the British Government untiringly and effectively. The maintenance of the twenty Gurkha battalions, the raising of fourteen more, as well as of two companies for the Guides infantry, entailed the recruitment of some sixty thousand men out of a total population of under six million. Further, ten battalions of State troops came to India in 1915, and remained there until 1919 constituting a most valuable asset for purposes of internal security at a time when the country was largely depleted of British troops. The whole cost of these troops was borne by the Nepalese Government and their administration was in the capable hands of Generals Sir Padma Shumshere Jung, GBE, KCIE and Tej Shumshere Jung KCIE, KBE, with General Sir Baber Shumshere Jung GBE, KCSI, KCIE, His Highness the Maharaja's second son who was attached to the Staff of H. E. the Commander in Chief as Inspecting Officer and confidential adviser for the Contingent. The generous services of these members of the ruling Family of Nepal were gratefully acknowledged both by Lord Chelmsford himself and by successive Commanders in Chief. Sir Baber Shumshere Jung and 2 battalions of the Nepalese Contingent took part in the Waziristan Campaign of 1917, in the course of which the gallantry of the Mahindradal regiment was especially brought to notice, and Sir Baber himself mentioned in despatches. Afterwards, in 1919, the same General helped in the Afghan War. In fact, whenever and wherever there has been need of their assistance, our gallant allies have proffered it unstintingly.

For many reasons, the Royal party looked forward to the Nepal visit with feelings of no ordinary pleasure. There was first the prospect of meeting good and trusty friends, whose services to the Empire had been great—friends, moreover, whose warm hearts, cordiality, and

good sportsmanship appeal strongly to the English temperament. With this was joined a sense of the exhilaration which comes from leaving the beaten path for Nepal is *terra incognita*—a land visited by few save the British Envoy and his staff. Finally, there was the certainty that sport such as is to be found in few other places the world over would be forthcoming since the jungles which cover the Himalayan foothills are preserves in which tiger, leopard, rhinoceros and bear breed securely.

Early on the morning of the fourteenth of December, the Prince left the Royal Train at the little station of Bhikna Thori, where he was received by the Prime Minister of Nepal with several distinguished members of his Family and by the British Envoy. The scene was picturesque. Stretching around like a green amphitheatre were the thickly wooded foothills of the Nepal Terai in front of which meandered the small stream shrunk to a mere trickle in its broad stony bed, which marks the frontier between Nepal and India. On the other bank was a mass of brilliant colour resolving itself when approached more closely into a red coated Guard of Honour, a triumphal arch, and a number of elephants. The Prince accompanied by the Prime Minister motored across the river bed and was received across the frontier by attendants who scattered rice flowers and vermillion powder in the ancient Hindu fashion. After inspecting the Guard of Honour the Prince drove up a steep slope on to the rising ground where his luxuriously appointed camp was situated.

The seven days that followed were entirely delightful. Save for Sunday, every morning saw the organisation of a number of hunting parties which set out sometimes in cars sometimes on pad elephants, to the places where big game had been marked down. The most elaborate arrangements under the personal supervision of the Maharaja Marshal had been made to ensure sport fit for a Prince. During the preceding six weeks—prior to which malaria would have made the work impossible—ten thousand men had been employed in the various preparations. Far into the hills, motor roads had been opened up. More than five hundred elephants had been collected to aid in the hunting. The camps for the trackers and beaters, which lay at some distance around the spot where His Royal Highness was living were all connected by telephone in such a manner as to enable early warning to be given of a kill. Each party set out with the certainty that quarry awaited it. Once arrived, the guns mounted their shooting elephants, and, if the game were tiger, took their places in a great ring of elephants which

enclosed the beast. As the circle steadily narrowed, the tiger broke out from the thick scrub, and charged from point to point, seeking to pierce the ring until one of the guns secured a fair shot. It was in this fashion that the Prince, on the very morning of his arrival, bagged his first tiger—a fine animal measuring over nine feet. The pursuit of rhinoceros was more difficult, and at the same time more dangerous, since the great beast has to be followed up through thick jungle, while no elephant will face his charge. In this also the Prince was successful, securing an excellent specimen of the species two days before he left. It may be remarked in passing that both the tiger and the rhinoceros are abhorred by cultivators, the former for its attacks upon draught cattle, the latter from the damage it inflicts upon the crops. And while the days were occupied with truly Royal sport, the evenings were equally pleasant. The excellent band of the Nepalese Army played every night while parties of Gurkhas performed graceful folk dances.

The Nepal week came to a close too soon for everyone. Nothing could have exceeded the kindly thoughtfulness of the hosts, whose care for the comfort of the whole party extended to the minutest details. In accordance with the traditional custom of Nepal everyone, from His Royal Highness downwards, received curious and interesting souvenirs of the visit. The Prince was particularly delighted by a collection of the typical birds and beasts of Nepal, ranging in size and species from an elephant calf and a baby rhinoceros to a tiny partridge. Of the sport which the party enjoyed it is sufficient to say that the total bag secured at the minimum of exertion, was eighteen tigers, eight rhinos, two panthers and two bears.

Taking a reluctant leave of their kindly hosts, the Royal party departed on December 21st, amidst cordial farewells from His Highness the Prime Minister and his sons. Early the next morning the Prince left his train and embarked upon the steamer which carried him across the river to Patna, where he was once more in touch with British India, its problems and its difficulties.

## CHAPTER IV.

### The Old and the New.

During the visit of the Prince to Nepal, the steady enforcement of the law against "volunteer" organisations had produced a change in the political atmosphere of India. Intimidation slackened, and loyal citizens breathed more freely. But in various parts of the country Indian leaders, ever ready to take alarm at the slightest suspicion of repression, began to demand a "round table conference" of all parties which, on the analogy of the recent negotiations between His Majesty's Government and the Irish Leaders might, they hoped, result in a satisfactory compromise. As a result of a considerable amount of negotiation between various sections of opinion, a deputation of Moderate leaders waited upon His Excellency the Viceroy in Calcutta with a request that he would be pleased at an early date to summon a conference and meanwhile to order the release of those persons arrested under the Criminal Law (Amendment) Act. Lord Reading while showing himself willing to meet all reasonable suggestions for the improvement of the political atmosphere, firmly replied that no conference could possibly be summoned so long as the tactics of *hartal*, boycott and intimidation were continued. Any other course, he pointed out, in effect implied that Government should divest itself of all powers of dealing with the situation while at the same time allowing the non-co-operators to pursue their machinations unhindered. However, His Excellency's desire for a satisfactory settlement produced a great impression. Many even of the professed adherents of non co operation expressed themselves as profoundly disappointed when the leader of the movement showed no such statesmanlike moderation. Mr Gandhi, apparently under the impression that his projected civil disobedience would paralyse Government, turned a deaf ear to all representations on the part of his followers and had the effrontery to declare that any talk of a conference was hopeless unless Government retraced its steps and reversed its policy.

Matters were in this situation when His Royal Highness came to Patna on December the 22nd. Crossing the broad flood of the Ganges,

which has seen so many Empires rise and fall, he arrived at length at the ancient capital. Like Allahabad, the site seems at first to have been chosen from its strategic position at the junction of two rivers. Now that the course of the Son and Ganges has shifted, leaving Patna some twelve miles below the confluence its importance is less obvious. The Indian city is a straggling bazar which follows irregularly the banks of the Ganges for a distance of nearly a dozen miles, but the new capital of Bihar and Orissa situated above it is well laid out with fine public buildings, broad parks and ample thoroughfares. This new administrative headquarters is but the last of a series of Imperial capitals. In the time of Alexander, Pataliputra was already great. It shortly blossomed into the centre of that despotism, curiously modern in its efficiency, terribly Prussian in its harshness, which was so vividly described by Megasthenes Ambassador at the court of the mighty Chandragupta. The Mauryan Empire extended far and wide under its fierce rulers until the gentle Asoka apostle of Buddhism greatest of propagandists put an end alike to its terror and to its vitality. Barbarian invaders then enfolded it in a nightmare of chaos. Though sacked and burned until its historic buildings were blotted out it never lost the early magic of its name. Phoenix like it rose to glory once more under the Guptas, who swayed from it all India north of the Deccan. But a fresh wave of barbarism broke over India about the time that our King Arthur was smiting the Saxons. Pataliputra was once more engulfed with its fine Sanskrit culture its poets its playwrights its warriors. Utterly destroyed by the Hun invasions it rose once more by slow degrees under Muhammadan rule to something like its original splendour. Its character, however changed. From henceforward its importance was commercial rather than political, and it was as the leading emporium of the mid-Ganges that Patna became known to the East India Company's traders. But with the provincial reorganization which followed the reversal of the partition of Bengal Patna has again come to be the headquarters of a great administrative machine. As capital of the new Province of Bihar and Orissa it is now the seat of Government, with a High Court and an important university. Fittingly enough this new Province the nucleus of so many Indian Empires, was selected as the first to be ruled over by an Indian statesman. Sir Satyendra Prasanna Sinha after a distinguished career had been chosen to represent India in the Imperial Conferences and the Peace Delegation. Elevated with the title of Baron Sinha of Raipur to the English peerage—the first Indian to attain this honour—he was for some



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time Under Secretary of State for India. The culmination of his remarkable career was reached when he was selected by His Majesty to be the first Indian Governor. Unfortunately, the arduous work and the heavy responsibilities proved too much for a constitution already severely taxed by labours of no ordinary magnitude. Lord Sinha, whose health had for long been poor, found himself reluctantly compelled to resign a few weeks previous to the arrival of His Royal Highness. The Prince had manifested much concern when the first news of Lord Sinha's indisposition came to his notice, and it was with keen disappointment he learned that the distinguished Indian diplomat would no longer be at the head of Bihar and Orissa at the time of his visit.

His Royal Highness arrived at Commissioner's Ghat and was there met by Mr. (now Sir Haviland) Le Mesurier, the Acting Governor, and other distinguished officials. He then drove in State to the Maidan where he was to receive an address of welcome from the people of the Province. The decorations which lined the streets were admirable both in taste and execution. Particularly effective was the colour scheme at the Maidan where a lofty pavilion surmounted by the Royal Crown was fronted by a broad amphitheatre, the white columns of which were admirably set off by masses of bunting in well chosen hues. In the amphitheatre which was filled to its utmost capacity, were some three thousand spectators, while beyond it was an earthen ramp accommodating at least as many more. The front rows of the amphitheatre were occupied by Feudatory Chiefs, gorgeous in many coloured robes of heavy velvet hung with resplendent jewels. Among the thousands of spectators was to be seen a most remarkable variety of head dresses whose bright colours of every shade and hue lent to the massed crescent shaped crowd the likeness of a blossoming bed of flowers. Further back still, beyond the railing which encircled the main area was a good sprinkling of less privileged spectators. His Royal Highness arrived and after inspecting the Guard of Honour, mounted the dais where the address of welcome was read to him by the Hon'ble Mr. Sachchidananda Sinha, president of the Legislative Council. The address referred briefly to the ancient historic importance of Patna, and to the revival of that importance as a result of the command of His Majesty the King Emperor. It also referred to the material resources of Bihar and Orissa and to the efforts now being made by the new popular Government to develop them. To this His Royal Highness briefly replied, expressing his pleasure at visiting Patna and his regret that he did not find Lord Sinha still at the head of the admin-

istration He paid a warm tribute to Lord Sinha's services to the Empire, congratulating the Province of Bihar and Orissa upon its good fortune in having him as its first Indian Governor Both the address and the reply were received with rapt attention by the audience, who from the moment that the Prince had arrived remained in awed and respectful silence But before His Royal Highness left the dais his frank and friendly bearing had dispelled the atmosphere of shyness, and when some irrepressible spirit among the audience called for "three cheers for His Royal Highness," the response was instinctive and tremendous As the Prince left, crowds of people outside the Maidan rushed to catch a glimpse of him as he passed, and the air was filled with cries of "victory to the Prince" and sentiments equally loyal From the Maidan, the Prince drove to Government House The thoroughfares he traversed were decorated with rare artistry In essentials, there was nothing unusual—masts, festoons, triumphal arches garlands, such as had been seen in many other places But the tasteful and effective colour scheme governing the whole, the lightness and freedom which consorted so well with the broad open expanses of the new capital—these imparted a touch of distinction which argued genius in the designer. It was, moreover, a felicitous thought to have grouped caparisoned elephants round the War Memorial which dominates the Place fronting Government House

After a quiet lunch the Prince proceeded to the Polo ground Despite the fact that the ground is several miles from the city large numbers of people were observed hours before the game began making their way across country towards it The crowd upon the ground was extremely large—very nearly as large as that which had watched the Polo at Lucknow And considering the fact that the population of Patna is smaller, and moreover that Polo as a game is far less familiar to it, the size of the crowd must be considered as a remarkable tribute to His Royal Highness

A very enjoyable afternoon having terminated the Prince returned to Government House That evening there was a dinner party and a reception, at which large numbers of local notables, both Indian and English, were presented Next morning came a parade of Police and veterans The Prince inspected the Police Parade, presented the King's Police Medal to an officer, and then inspected the retired officers of the Indian Army who were drawn up to the right of the main parade After spending some time in chatting to them His Royal Highness left the ground.

Three hearty cheers were given, in which a crowd of spectators joined.

In the afternoon of the 23rd the landed magnates of Bihar and Orissa gave a Garden Party in the Hardinge Park in honour of His Royal Highness. His Royal Highness moved about freely and informally among hosts and guests meeting large numbers of the most important people in the province. After a quiet dinner at Government House he left for Calcutta.

The success of the Patna visit was not only great of itself, but was the more noticeable in view of the efforts which had been made by the non-co-operating party to cast a gloom over the occasion. By dint of much misrepresentation its adherents had succeeded in inducing the majority of the tradespeople to close their shops and they had also produced a strike among the drivers of public conveyances. But any hopes they might have cherished that their tactics would spoil the welcome were doomed to speedy disappointment. The shopkeepers carefully kept their back doors open for the convenience of their customers and of their own accord furnished supplies for the functions to which His Royal Highness was invited while refusing to accept any payment for the goods they gave. The strike of the drivers resulted only in pecuniary loss to themselves since as in Lucknow the administration provided a large proportion of those who desired to see His Royal Highness with full facilities in the shape of a service of motor lorries.

Calcutta fondly termed by its devotees the "London of the East," is remarkable among the world's cities for the rapidity of its growth. It owes its very origin to a seventeenth century dispute concerning customs duties between English settlers on the Hugli and the Moghul Governor of Bengal. The upshot of this dispute was a comic opera war between a handful of East India Company traders on the one side and the whole might of the Moghul Empire on the other, as a natural result of which the English were obliged in 1688 to abandon their trading settlement in Bengal. Two years later, since their depredations upon the local shipping were inconvenient to the Emperor Aurangzeb, a peace was patched up and they returned. On August 21st 1690, stout Job Charnock hoisted the English flag over a miasmatic mud flat, upon which in the next few months, he constructed with indomitable hope and courage a few humble huts. Thus in face of sickness, destitution and hostility was founded the great city of Calcutta. Time was ample to vindicate the foresight of Charnock, who died worn out two years later. "Always

a faithful man to the Company," the Directors wrote of him, but the foundation of Calcutta, his principal title to fame, was an act less of fidelity than of genius. A small fortress named after William III, became by degrees the keystone of British influence in Northern India, for down the great Ganges the principal highway of the age, came a stream of valuable merchandise which nourished the little settlement into life. At first, the existence of early Calcutta was precarious but through many shoals and shallows no whit less perilous than those of the ever shifting Hugli its fortunes were borne triumphant upon the tide of the Bengal trade. With Calcutta as his base and its resources as his mainstay, Clive laid firm and sure the foundations of British power. After the battle of Plassey the town achieved pre-eminence among Indian cities. From the time of Warren Hastings onward throughout the 19th century, it continued to be the headquarters of the Government in India. More and more did Calcutta draw to itself the most active, the most keen-witted, the most public-spirited inhabitants of the Province of Bengal. Its wealth, its resources, its population, steadily increased, while decade after decade added to its civic heritage of stately buildings, of pleasant parks, of magnificent memorials to valour, sagacity, and benevolence. Small wonder that in this environment, stimulated by the bracing atmosphere of Western effort and Western achievement, were evolved the germs of Indian Nationalism. Towards this evolution the High Court, with its unswerving insistence upon the supremacy of law over caprice, of order over license, powerfully contributed. The foundation of a great university, which became famous throughout all India as the fount of Western learning, nurtured the seed. From Calcutta hailed most of those stalwarts who founded the Indian National Congress and in Calcutta there grew up the first systematic beginnings of political activities. Before the 19th century came to a close, the boast that "Calcutta leads Bengal and Bengal leads India" had become simple truth.

A generation after, Bengal was the stoutest upholder of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, and, aided by its political experience, has shown itself among the provinces most fitted for further advance. Yet during the last two years, it has not been exempt from the wave of crude extremism which swept over India. Its large student population—the largest in the world—after resisting for some time the attractions of the non-co-operation movement, finally succumbed in a large measure to the magic of Mr Gandhi's personality. Particularly during the later phases of the campaign, the position in Calcutta had been complicated. The

presence in the city of large numbers of up countrymen, ill educated and prone to violence, facilitated the employment of terrorism against the peaceful Bengali mercantile classes. On the day when the Prince landed in Bombay there was a *hartal* of unexampled completeness. The indignities to which private individuals were subjected led, here as elsewhere, to a reaction. The authorities stepped in to protect law abiding citizens from molestation and the civic pride of Calcutta, always jealous for the honour of the great metropolis, expressed itself in the constitution of a Civil Guard, recruited from among the principal citizens both English and Indian. This body performed valuable services before the visit assisting the police and patrolling the streets. While His Royal Highness was in Calcutta, it effectively prevented any breach of the peace by hooligans at such times as the police were occupied in guarding the royal route and shepherding the crowds of sightseers gathered to welcome him.

Mr Gandhi's refusal to abate a jot of his extravagant pretensions, while it had alarmed and offended all reasonable people, encouraged the extremer element among his followers to surpass themselves. In anticipation of the Prince's arrival, the non co-operators proclaimed a programme of unexampled magnitude. They announced that they would boycott all the ceremonies, they would precipitate a strike among private servants and public employes in such a way as to put out of action hotels, taxi cabs, trams and even race horses. Processions of 'volunteers' endeavoured day by day to excite the apprehensions of the public, and on the very eve of the Prince's arrival, several hundred mill hands marched into Calcutta, and by obstruction and turbulence compelled the Police to arrest them. In short, the non co operators left no stone unturned to cast a gloom over Calcutta's welcome. But, as will shortly be seen, their efforts were futile.

Meanwhile active preparations for the visit were being made by the loyal Indian and English people constituting the preponderance of Calcutta's population. Dalhousie Square, with its quadrangle of lofty buildings, forgot its spartan simplicity and indulged in an orgy of colour. Clive street, Hastings street, Old Court House street, and many other hallowed fanes of Commerce caught the prevailing fever of joyful anticipation. Lining all the great arteries of the town were coloured masts festooned with garlands of flowers and draped with many hued bunting. The stately structures of Chowringhee flanking Calcutta's famous Maidan blossomed into a wall of glowing decoration. The beautiful avenue which leads from Government House to the Victoria Memorial, known in

part as the Red Road and in part as Casuarina Avenue, was dignified by an impressive colonnade—Corinthian and Ionic pillars crowned with the lotus, the swastika, the mace, the wheel, and other emblems symbolical of power and good fortune flanked the Royal route. Inscriptions in Sanskrit, in Bengali, in Persian and in Urdu invoked blessings upon the Prince's head, while above all towered in serene dignity the marble dome of the Victoria Memorial—which the Prince was to open—a magnificent expression of the romantic loyalty which counts no cost. At night, the city was a parterre of rainbow flame. Every residence along the main thoroughfares, every palace of commerce, every public building vied each with the other in sumptuous splendour. In lavish brilliance of display Calcutta's welcome to the Prince marked an epoch in the history of the royal tour. Furthermore, careful preparations were made to bring the Prince in touch with the people, to afford every one from infant to grey beard the opportunity of setting eyes upon the face of his future monarch. All along the principal routes stands were erected for the particular benefit of schoolchildren. No opportunity was lost for giving expression to His Royal Highness' own desire: "I want you to know me and I want to know you."

When on the morning of December 21st the Royal Train steamed into Howrah station, the Prince was received by the Governor of Bengal, who presented to him the Governor of Assam, the Commander-in-Chief, and the principal officials of the Bengal Government. The platform was brilliantly decorated with flowers and drapery of many colours, while the spot where the presentations took place had been transformed into the likeness of a palm court. After inspecting the Guard of Honour the Prince drove past tiers of seats closely packed with wildly-cheering Railway employees to the station entrance. Here a great throng of Indians had gathered, who cheered him heartily. Calcutta presented herself before the Prince's eyes—Calcutta, second city in the Empire, greatest of British colonies in the East. Immediately before him stretched the broad stream of the Hugly, crowded with shipping. Every mast was gay with bunting which fluttered in a gentle breeze. Beyond lay the waterfront—a long line of public buildings, wharfs, and bathing steps—for the Hugly combines sanctity with commerce—shading off on either hand into green gardens while behind all lay the Indian business quarters, dingy and sordid to outward appearance, yet housing wealth such as the Mughals never saw. The long procession, brilliant scarlet of the Governor's Bodyguard, sober Khaki of Field Artillery, Hussars,



Calcutta Light Horse, and Indian Cavalry, passed slowly over Howrah Bridge and crossed the end of Harrison Road, one of the main arteries of the Indian city. Here a very large crowd, which had not been able to traverse the bridge, was assembled. The whole street, to a depth of several hundred yards, was close packed with humanity, only the first few ranks of whom can have seen anything of the procession. The roofs and verandahs of adjacent houses were crowded to their utmost capacity. As the Prince passed, a shout of welcome rose. He drove on through the main British business quarters of the city, which on account of the declaration of a public holiday, bore an appearance less animated than usual. Along the whole route the pavements were lined with people, and even on the sunny side there were numerous knots of cheering spectators. Of the projected *hartal* it was difficult to perceive signs. Very appropriately the Prince was to receive the address of the Calcutta Municipal Corporation in Dalhousie Square, which represents the heart of oldest Calcutta. Adjacent to this pleasant park once stood the old Fort William, scene of the Black Hole tragedy so vividly described by bold if bombastic Holwell, with its warehouses, its offices, its lodgings for the Company's servants. Of these buildings no trace remains. But Dalhousie Square still continues to be the centre of civic life. Round it are ranged magnificent public buildings—the Post Office, the Secretariat, the Customs House, which speak eloquently of the wealth and dignity of Calcutta. The crowd was very thick. At no London pageant could one have found humanity more densely packed than on the shady east side of the Square as certain enterprising journalists, who attempted to make their way on foot through the multitudes, soon found to their embarrassment. The Prince entered the Square, where, fronting the famous tank round which the life of the early settlement flourished, there stood a dais surmounted by the Royal Crown. When he came in sight of the spectators gathered to welcome him, a thunder of cheering broke out. The Chairman of the Corporation, Mr C. Payne, read the address of welcome, which, after extending a hearty welcome to His Royal Highness, dwelt upon the ties of affectionate loyalty which bound Calcutta to the British throne. It referred briefly to the difficulties of the Corporation's task in administering an area so large and so complex as that covered by the city, and ended by expressing the hope that His Royal Highness would bear away pleasant recollections of India and its people. His Royal Highness thanked the Corporation for their welcome, expressing his special interest in a city which had played so great a part in the history of India. He complimented them upon the

efficiency with which they discharged their numerous heavy responsibilities, and continued :—

“ With the great schemes still before you to lead through to a successful issue and the vast projects of the Port Trust, public life in Calcutta offers a fascinating field indeed to those who are ready to devote their energies to the improvement of the welfare of their fellow citizens.

That the citizens of Calcutta of various races and creeds have worked together in this Corporation in the past with such harmony and efficiency and shown such admirable results is a bright augury for British India as a whole. If the gradual development of self governing institutions in India is attended and inspired by as happy a spirit of united effort to secure the well being of the people, as animates your Corporation in Municipal affairs, the future is indeed full of hope.”

The speech was greeted with sustained applause. Each member of the Corporation was then presented to the Prince, who amidst even louder cheers than before, left the Square to enter his barouche.

He then drove through crowded streets to Government House where a large and distinguished company had gathered. A number of ladies and gentlemen, both Indian and English, were presented to him, and the formal function of the arrival was over. In the afternoon the Prince attended a race meeting of which the principal attraction was a six furlong event for the cup he had himself presented. As soon as His Royal Highness arrived on the ground, he received a hearty welcome from very large crowds there assembled. The enthusiasm displayed was most notable, the volume of cheering tremendous. The Indian stands were packed to the uttermost, and the outer rail of the course was thickly lined with spectators. The Prince stayed for the entire racing programme, the freedom with which he moved about the Turf Club enclosure, chatting to friends and looking at horses, causing the most pleasurable surprise to those who saw him for the first time. Before he left, he presented the cups to the owners of successful steeds. The Prince's own cup fell to that well known Calcutta sportsman, Mr Galstaun—who subsequently made over all his winnings to a charity selected by His Royal Highness. The Prince received a splendid “ send-off ” from the crowd when he left the course. He then returned to Government House where a quiet dinner terminated his day.

It had been a complete success. Anxious officials wiped their brows and, like thousands of their fellow subjects, paid fervent tribute to the compelling charm of the Prince which had once more won the heart of a people. Within a few hours of his arrival, the tension had relaxed as though by magic. “ The whole atmosphere has changed ” remarked the enthusiastic ; and indeed it was sober fact that from that day forward

Calcutta forgot political differences and gave itself whole heartedly to the task of welcoming the Royal visitor. The non-co operation party was discredited, many even of the "volunteers" posted to picket shops and streets that the loyal might be dissuaded from attending popular functions of welcome, succumbed to the wide spread interest and affection which the Prince evoked.

Christmas Day was spent quietly. In the morning His Royal Highness received the good wishes of his Indian staff and retinue, and accepted from the former the Christmas present of a polo pony. Afterwards he attended Divine service at the Cathedral, his route being lined by cheering crowds. Throughout the whole of the day, large numbers of people were constantly on the watch outside Government House to catch a glimpse of him as he went by. Popular enthusiasm grew steadily with every hour. When Monday morning broke, the crowds in the streets were still denser. His Royal Highness played polo early and afterwards gave interviews to their Highnesses the Maharajas of Cooch Behar and of Manipur. He then lunched with the Governor of Assam on board the launch "Sonamukhee" and in reply to the speech of welcome by the Governor, expressed his appreciation of the loyalty of that Province and his disappointment that the shortness of his Indian tour prevented him from visiting it.

The afternoon witnessed a semi state attendance at the races, the great event of which was the Viceroy's cup. Long before the Prince was due to arrive, the stands which had been placed on either side of the route for the convenience of the public were thickly crowded. The Prince escorted by the Governor's Bodyguard drove in the Royal Barouche down the Red Road, and so on to the race course. Wherever he passed, Indians in holiday attire cheered him warmly. Thousands of school-children waved flags and shouted their welcome, rivalling their elders in their demonstration of loyalty. On the race course itself the reception was thunderous. Indian and English people apparently vying with one another as to who could cheer most loudly. The crowds were even larger than on Saturday, the spirit of the occasion even more gay. To crown all, the Viceroy's cup was won once more by Mr Gokaldas' gallant Roubart, beloved of all Calcutta turf goers after a glorious race. The Prince once more warmed all hearts by his frank and friendly demeanour, and when the time of his departure arrived, human lungs were taxed to the uttermost. That same evening a dance was held.

The next morning the Prince rode in a paper chase, to witness which an immense number of spectators, travelling in every conceivable des-

cription of vehicle, had journeyed for several miles. The field was a small one, but the chase proved most enjoyable, marred only by a slight accident to one member of the staff. After breakfast, His Royal Highness met for the first time in an official capacity the great University of Calcutta.

The ceremonial conferment of an honorary degree upon the Prince was originally planned to take place in the Senate Hall, which stands in the heart of the town. But in view of the political situation the Bengal authorities decided that the venue of the function had better be changed to Government House. As a matter of fact this was a source of great disappointment to many students, who found themselves unable to obtain a place in the comparatively limited accommodation of the Hall and the Throne Room. Long after every available seat had been allotted, the number of those who were perforce turned away augmented hour by hour. Despite the agitation which had disturbed the minds of the student community, there can be no doubt whatever as to the anxiety entertained by a very large proportion to see the Prince of whose personality and charm all Calcutta was then speaking.

Although the ceremony was conducted on a scale smaller than that originally planned, the scene inside Government House was most impressive. The Throne room and the hall leading to it were filled to the uttermost capacity by students, professors and fellows. Every conceivable variety of cap, hood and gown mingled with the particoloured costumes of many Indian nationalities produced even in the subdued light of an interior a most impressive effect. When the appointed hour arrived His Royal Highness was met at the entrance to the Throne room by Lord Ronaldshay, the Chancellor, and conducted to the dais. The convocation was then opened and a speech of welcome was read by Sir Ashutosh Mukerjee, Vice Chancellor of the University, a judge of the High Court, and a prominent figure in the public life of Bengal. Sir Ashutosh recalled the previous occasions on which members of the Royal Family had been the recipients of degrees, and alluded to the fact that he himself as a little boy, had been present 46 years ago when an Honorary Degree was first given to a Prince of Wales. He paid an impressive tribute to the Prince's service to the Empire and to the personality which was the secret of his great success. Amid hearty applause he voiced India's need for sympathy and comradeship from England—the strong, progressive country to which by beneficent decree India, with her intellectual and spiritual culture had been so closely linked. It was, he said, the noblest achievement of the British race to have roused India from

the slumber of years to regain for herself her position among the leading nations of the earth. The Prince, robed in Doctor's gown and hood, then signed the Register of Graduates amidst much enthusiasm. Replying, he expressed his appreciation of the honour conferred upon him and his gratification that the desires of the King Emperor for the promotion of education in India, as expressed by him on the occasion of a similar ceremony in 1906, had been so worthily discharged by the University of Calcutta. In felicitous words, which won the hearts of the student community, His Royal Highness concluded by expressing his confidence that the honorary degree of which he had been the recipient would form a real bond of union between himself and the University of Calcutta.

After lunching with the Members of the United Service Club the Prince prepared to attend the greatest of the popular functions with which his visit to Calcutta was celebrated. On the beautiful park like Maidan an immense circular enclosure had been marked out, with seating accommodation for scores of thousands. An Indian entertainment had been arranged under the supervision of a Committee presided over by Sir Rajendranath Mookerjee, and advantage was taken of His Royal Highness' presence to gather together Members of the Royal Reception Committee, and of the various Committees whose labours found expression in the entertainment of schoolchildren, the fireworks and illuminations, and other details connected with the ceremonial arrangements. His Royal Highness left Government House in semi state soon after half past three and drove to the enclosure upon the Maidan. Huge crowds gathered beside the road, received him rapturously and when he entered the Maidan itself, and drove round the enormous circle, the thunders of applause seemed to strike louder on the ear than any which had hitherto been encountered in India. Halting opposite an impressive dais, which had been constructed by the liberality of a well-known citizen of Calcutta, His Royal Highness was received by Lord Ronaldshay, and the Members of the various Committees were introduced to him. The ceremony began with the intonation of metrical blessings, both Hindu and Mussulman, in honour of the Prince. The officiating Pandits and Maulvis who had been presented, then made him ceremonial offerings on silver platters. Silver cocoanuts, rice, grass, flowers and coin—emblems of fertility and prosperity—were formally presented in accordance with immemorial custom. His Royal Highness was then garlanded with white flowers. Keen pleasure was manifest among the Indian spectators when they saw that the Prince was careful to remain standing while the ancient ceremonial, which occupied

several minutes, was being conducted. The first of the three processions constituting the main entertainment then passed before the Royal dais. A party of devotees in salmon coloured robes marched proudly to the chanting of sonorous Sanskrit hymns, accompanied by strains of old world music. After them came a gorgeous "musical pageant" consisting of thirteen ox drawn carts, bearing tableaux which symbolised first the seven principal notes of Hindu music, and secondly the six principal *Rags* or melody types. The utmost care had been expended in securing meticulous accuracy, according to the best authorities, in the delightfully picturesque groups. These were invariably of a sacred character, representing, amidst surroundings of traditional splendour, the god or goddess whose name was associated with the note or melody. Each waggon was a feast of harmonious colour. Gorgeously dressed, and bearing themselves with the utmost dignity, the men and women who formed the principal figures in these beautiful *tableaux vivants* excited the envy of many spectators, nearly as much, to judge by the comments of the crowd, for the personal charms of the satellites and attendants surrounding them as for the exceptionally good view they enjoyed of the Prince. But group after group as they passed the Royal dais bore themselves with the impassivity of statues, and only here and there did an almost imperceptible movement of some dignified or dainty figure show that human interest in His Royal Highness had momentarily conquered the lofty aloofness appropriate to the Immortals. The whole procession was of singular charm, the more so that the slow gait of the oxen enabled each tableau to be studied until its skilful arrangement was appreciated to the full.

At this point an unrehearsed incident occurred. The crowd on the further side of the great enclosure was overcome by a desire to see the Prince, and to gain a closer view of what was going on around him. Those on the outermost fringes broke the ring and rushed across the ground in order to be nearer the centre of attraction. The Police, after an anxious moment, realised the intention of the crowd, and without difficulty and without force induced the over-eager spectators to resume their places.

The next item upon the programme was a Tibetan dance. Its religious character was emphasized by the presence of Lama who advanced in dignified silence at the head of a strange procession. His retinue consisted of Mandarin robed beings whose faces were marked with the heads of grotesque animals, and of Mongolian warriors bearing grim instruments of torture. Advancing in front of the Royal dais, the cortege

enacted a strange religious play—a dance in which the Lord of Death with all his myrmidons was depicted. The drama symbolised the manner in which the dead on leaving this world meet the terrible denizens of the lower regions, how they are tried and judged and punished, and how they are tortured in accordance with their sins upon the earth. The animal headed figures clad in gorgeous and fantastic raiment, represented the deities who must be satisfied by those who have fallen into the evils of lust, hatred, sloth, spite, pride, envy and covetousness. To the thump of high borne drums and the blaring of ten foot trumpets, the bizarre figures resplendent in gorgeous, peacock hued robes, capered and pirouetted with grotesque energy. The sun flashing upon their nightmare masks and awe inspiring weapons infused the whole spectacle with a strange and incongruous gaiety which delighted the spectators. After the conclusion of the ceremonial the performers, whose exertions had relaxed in no way their solemn dignity, reformed in procession, and, still headed by the stately Lama, moved off to another part of the arena. The performance which followed was delightful in its contrast. A number of little girls, in the stiff golden skirts and dark bodices of Manipur, enacted an elaborate and beautiful masque of the Loves of Krishna. To the tinkling of cymbals and the roar of conches they swayed gracefully through the complicated evolutions of a solemn dance. The little girl who performed the role of Krishna was the centre of attraction on the part of the other maidens and must have been well nigh suffocated by the clouds of red powder—symbolising the fertility of youth,—which were cast upon her by her fellows.

The most attractive item of the whole entertainment was perhaps that which now followed—a New Year's Day procession. Modelled upon those instituted by the Emperor Akbar—who revered Persian tradition—it commemorates the entry of Jamshed "of the Seven Ringed Cup" into the newly founded city of Persepolis. At present the home of the Nawroz celebration in India is Murshidabad, where it is still performed every year in accordance with the ancient ceremonial. His Highness the Nawab himself had personally directed its organisation in Calcutta and, in conjunction with other Princes had lent the various apparatus required for its due celebration. The procession itself was a wonderful Lord Mayor's Show of gold and silver decked elephants, horses, camels, palanquins, ox carts—with mile upon mile of footmen, pikemen, matchlockmen, mail-clad horsemen, sword brandishers and drummers. Each section of men formed a compact block of colour—mauve, purple, red, brown, gold. Strange instruments in the hands of even stranger

musicians gave forth inspiring if barbaric strains. Flaunting banners of every variety, some carried by elephants, some carried by horses, some carried by footmen, completed such a procession as might have passed before Harun ul Rashid in days of old.

Needless to say, the massed spectators received these gorgeous pageants with high delight. The warmth of popular interest mounted as the entertainment drew to a close. But if any doubt remained as to the real centre of attraction, it was quickly resolved when, with the disappearance of the last processional group, the Prince showed signs of taking his leave. At once a wave of spectators from the further side of the amphitheatre swept across the ground, forming a crowd many hundreds deep in front of the Royal dais. With the utmost enthusiasm they cheered the Prince again and again, thronging round the steps so closely that it was with difficulty that his carriage could be brought up. At a conservative estimate there must have been nearly a hundred thousand people present. As time drew on and the hour for taking an airing arrived, this number was multiplied at least by three. Every conceivable variety of conveyance known to the East poured out its human freight upon the Maidan to watch the illuminations, and to catch a glimpse of the Prince. The mere thought of boycott became ludicrous in face of this tremendous concourse. The whole of that afternoon and evening represented yet another triumph of the Prince's personal charm and warm affection for humanity. In vain did small pickets of volunteers attempt to persuade would be spectators to remain at home: their representations were ignored and in very many cases they themselves succumbed to the attraction of curiosity and temporarily forgot their prejudices.

Of December 28th the principal event was the State opening of the Victoria Memorial. This great scheme inaugurated by Lord Curzon as long ago as 1901, is designed to take the form of a Treasure house wherein shall be displayed a collection of pictures, statues, historical documents and other artistic objects relating to Indian history—especially to the history of the Victorian era. A singularly brilliant and impressive design consisting of a central dome flanked by square towers and surrounded by tessellated courts, has been successfully executed in marble of the purest kind—from the very quarries out of which the Taj Mahal itself was hewn. The structure, which has cost from start to finish nearly half a million sterling, represents a worthy tribute to the memory of the Great Queen whose name has passed into a tradition in India and whose death was received with such a sponta-



neous outbreak of profound sorrow Donors by the score, Indian Princes and Nobles, public bodies, private gentlemen, have laid the foundations of a collection which even now is more precious than the wonderful building in which it is housed

The Prince drove from Government House along the Processional Avenue, arriving at the Victoria Memorial shortly after 11 o'clock. An immense concourse of schoolchildren and spectators ranged along the route greeted him enthusiastically as he passed. In front of the Memorial itself were collected several thousands of the distinguished residents of Calcutta, both Indian and English. Continuous cheering accompanied the Prince from Government House to the beautiful marble steps leading to the plinth of the Memorial, where the Governor of Bengal was awaiting him. Lord Ronaldshay briefly outlined the inception and growth of the scheme which has now come to such magnificent fruition. He recalled the fact that in 1906 His Imperial Majesty the King Emperor as Prince of Wales had laid the foundation stone of the Memorial, and he expressed the pride and gratitude with which His Majesty's eldest son, great grandson of the much beloved Sovereign Victoria, was now welcomed. He referred with appreciation to the generosity of the Royal and noble donors who had presented to the Trustees so many objects of historical interest, and gratefully mentioned the devoted labours of those who had designed, supervised and executed the noble structure. He then invited His Royal Highness to declare the Memorial open. His Royal Highness stepped forward amidst loud applause.

"We meet together," he said, "to-day to set the seal on the completion of a great work. Among the many ceremonies, in which I am called upon to take part in India, none can make a closer appeal to me than this ceremony. My father laid the foundation stone of this Memorial, and I feel that it is great privilege to follow in his footsteps, and, as great grandson of the Sovereign whose name and era this beautiful and stately monument so worthily perpetuates, to preside at this opening ceremony and give to posterity an edifice which enshrines her memory and contains works of art and interest peculiarly connected with her reign.

"I should like to recall to your memory some of the words spoken by His Majesty at the inauguration ceremony. His Majesty said —

"It is right and befitting that there should be memorials in all parts of India in memory of one, who, though she was never privileged to see her Indian subjects in

their own country, seemed to have the peculiar power of being in touch and sympathy with all classes in this continent, but it is still more befitting that there should be one memorial in India, a symbol of the unity and concord which came from her all embracing love for her people, and an enduring token of the affection which all, Europeans and Indians, Princes and peasants, felt for Queen Victoria'

"These words are of special interest at the present time. In the two famous proclamations of 1858 and 1876 Queen Victoria, with her keen sympathy for Indian aspirations, announced those principles which have since guided our government in India. I need only recall the following well known words of the former proclamation about the Indian peoples — 'In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward,' and the keynote of the utterance of 1876 which was the unity of the Indian Empire. The most signal expression of the realization of that unity has been given by India's united effort and support to the Empire in the Great War, and the earnest desire of the British Government to secure the contentment of her people has received abundant proof in the recently inaugurated reforms by which they have been directly associated with the work of Government by the gradual development of self governing institutions and have begun their march towards the progressive realization of responsible government within the Empire. It is fitting that this Memorial to the Great Queen Empress should be opened at a time when her dreams for her Indian Empire have come true."

He then complimented the Executive Committee and the Trustees on the worthy manner in which they had discharged the duties imposed upon them, and thanked the donors, whether of money or of exhibits, for the help which had rendered possible the execution of the project. Among them he specifically mentioned the Marquess Curzon. "This magnificent monument owes its inception to that faithful and devoted servant, the last Governor General of Queen Victoria. I know that you realize, as I do, in how great a measure the first beginnings were the result of his unrivalled energy and organizing power. Though he left India before the work could be completed, his vivid interest in the progress of this scheme has never flagged. It will be a pleasure to him to hear that the great monument and its contents, which are the outcome of his artistic and historical sense, have to-day become the heritage of the ages." He concluded "I can assure Your Excellency that I am deeply grateful to you for having been given the opportunity, which I have embraced with thankfulness and pride, of presiding at the opening ceremony of the Memorial to that great Queen, whose venerated

name has been a hallowed memory to me since my childhood I now declare the Victoria Memorial open "

Then, receiving a jewelled key from Sir Rajendranath Mookerjee on behalf of the contracting firm, he opened the door and, with his staff, entered the main building. He spent a few minutes observing the beautiful lunettes, depicting episodes in the age of Queen Victoria, with which the springing of the dome is adorned, examined some of the historic treasures housed in the building and returned to the main entrance.

Shortly afterwards he left the grounds, receiving a great ovation as he passed through the spectators. Before entering his carriage, he inspected troops of boy scouts and girl guides. After lunching at the Calcutta Club the Prince played polo that afternoon. The evening saw a levee in which a large proportion of the most distinguished persons present in Calcutta had the honour of presentation.

On Thursday morning the Prince went on board the SS "Empress Mary" and proceeded to Barrackpur where he was to perform the ceremony of presenting the new colours to the 2nd Battalion, the Royal Scots Fusiliers of which he is the Colonel in Chief. Here an unfortunate *contretemps* occurred in that the new colours by some accident, were not to hand. This however, did not interfere with the impressiveness of the occasion. The Prince addressed to the regiment a few words of informal congratulation upon its splendid record. Then after lunching in the Officers Mess he returned to Calcutta. A notable feature of the return journey was the large crowd of mill hands which lined the road to cheer him as he passed. No clearer proof that the Prince had won his way to the heart of Calcutta could be forthcoming than that provided by the enthusiasm of these men who are among the most "difficult" elements of the population. That same afternoon His Royal Highness attended a garden party in the grounds of Government House. A quiet dinner and dance completed the day.

The principal ceremony of the Prince's last morning in Calcutta was the unveiling of the War Memorial. This, as was carefully explained at the time, does not pretend to commemorate the part which Calcutta took in the Great War. It is simply a monument, erected by the British residents of Calcutta who were engaged in commerce, industry and trade, to the memory of their fellow countrymen who though trained for business and not for war, left their business and became soldiers in answer to the country's call. In the presence of a large crowd of spectators the Prince unveiled the Memorial—an impressive pylon of brown stone

modelled upon the Cenotaph in London—and in a most felicitous speech paid worthy tribute to those who made the supreme sacrifice. Of all his speeches in India, there was perhaps none so moving to the majority of those who heard his words. Speaking straight from his heart, with the sincerity of one who had himself experienced the tribulations of the great struggle, he pronounced it to be right and fitting that there should be a memorial such as this to perpetuate the great tradition of patriotism for which death's dark veil had no terrors. Here men might pause for a while in reverence and take away inspiration to strengthen their lives. His direct and simple appeal to the heart of his audience produced a profound response, and it was with something more than the usual enthusiasm that he was speeded on his way to an exacting round of inspection which occupied him for the remainder of the morning. The first body who had the honour of being inspected were the Police. Amidst great difficulties and for a pecuniary reward which is far from sumptuous they do their duty staunchly. It was a happy thought that they should have been given the opportunity of standing face to face with their Prince, and none who witnessed the reception they gave him could doubt of the loyalty and devotion which animated them. Next came the turn of retired Indian officers, ex service men and pensioners who had been gathered in large numbers in Calcutta for the occasion. The Prince as usual exchanged a few words with the officers, and passed down the line of men. Thence he proceeded to the inspection of the boy scouts and girl guides, who are particularly strong in Calcutta. Here as elsewhere they received the Chief Scout of Wales with a refreshing ebullience of high spirits not even their discipline, of which they are so justly proud proving sufficient to restrain their obvious delight in the presence of the Prince.

After lunching with the members of the Bengal Club His Royal Highness motored to Outram Ghat preparatory to embarking upon the despatch vessel *Pansy*. There he was received by the Governor of Bengal and Lady Ronaldshay together with the principal officials of the Bengal administration. Although the departure was both private, and fixed for an hour which was the reverse of convenient for those who have to earn their livelihood in the city's great industries the crowd was large and warm hearted. The Prince, on leaving Calcutta was given a 'send off' thoroughly in harmony with the enthusiasm of his welcome. Farewells having been said the Prince boarded the "*Pansy*" and proceeded quickly down the river to overtake the R.M.S. "*Dufferin*" which had sailed earlier that day, carrying some of the staff and all the

retinue He was received by Rear Admiral Mawbey, Director of the Royal Indian Marine, who presented the ship's officers

The Royal visit to Calcutta had been a conspicuous success In the midst of the enthusiasm which the great city's welcome aroused over India, the proceedings of the annual Christmas Meetings of the Indian National Congress and of the Muslim League excited unusually little attention Of them it is sufficient to say that while Mr Gandhi was confirmed in his dictatorship, certain recalcitrant elements, mainly Muhammadan, demanded the formal abandonment of the principle of non violence in the conduct of his campaign Their defeat left them dissatisfied The speeches delivered both at Ahmedabad, and elsewhere in the course of the next few weeks, conclusively revealed the difficulty of coming to any understanding with the non co operation party In defiance of the well known facts, Mr Gandhi asserted that Government had, by its policy of "repression," compelled his own followers to embark upon aggressive defiance of authority The crushing retort he received in no way disconcerted him The activities of his followers redoubled, and while Government steadily enforced the law, the tension of the political situation increased rather than diminished The ignorant dupes of Mr Gandhi's propaganda were shortly afterwards led into action which as will later be apparent filled India with horror

The Prince's voyage from Calcutta to Rangoon was pleasant and uneventful Escorted by H M S "Comus" and favoured by perfect weather the "Dufferin" struck across the Bay of Bengal On board, the Prince took his exercise by running round the deck and also by practising polo shots from a wooden horse enclosed in an ingeniously contrived cone of canvas The last hours of the year 1921 drew thus pleasantly to a close At dinner on Saturday night, December 31st, the Prince gave the toast of the King Emperor, and followed it up with the old Navy toast of "Sweethearts and Wives" At midnight he himself struck the 16 bells, eight for the old and eight for the new year, customary on this occasion Amidst warm congratulations and cordial good wishes His Royal Highness began the year 1922.

## CHAPTER V.

### Silks and Sunshine.

Between India and Burma the contrasts are so many and so obvious that the traveller passing from the one to the other feels himself transported to a different world. Historians may prove that the ties between the two countries are intimate and of long standing, that Indian Princes of Buddha's own Mongoloid stock colonised Upper Burma, that the vanished palaces of Pataliputra were the prototype of the Centre of the Universe at Mandalay. But the fact remains that the two countries stand in complete antithesis. In India life is a business, and a hard one at that, in Burma it has the gaiety of child's play. For while India's teeming population ever breeding up to the very subsistence margin, asks and receives no respite from the curse of Adam, the Burmese, a population of twelve millions in a country the size of the German Empire need but to caress the soil of their fertile valleys into smiling crops. To the Indian, religion is a source of crushing obligation or at best, of stern satisfaction, to the Burmese it is a gentle friendly influence irradiating the whole life with its kindly beams. Happy is the country that has no caste, no purdah, no poverty. And these three which together overshadow so much of life in India have but little place in the Burmese scheme of things.

Yet Burma is no Isle of the Blessed. For untold centuries she has been the cockpit of warring nations. Various branches of the Indo-Chinese family—Shin clans, Burman clans, Mon clans—poured into her from the North and fought for supremacy. Now Pagan, now Ava, now Pegu, attained temporary dominion until in the middle of the eighteenth century, a headman of Shwebo who assumed the title of Abungpaya finally established the domination of the Burmans of Ava over the Mons of Pegu. In commemoration of this first great campaign, he founded a village called Yangan—end of war—now known to fame as Rangoon.

We British came first to Burma as to India, in the way of traders, and from the beginning of the eighteenth century onwards had small emporia

at Bassam, Syriam, and Negarais controlled from Madras. Here also, as in India, we found the French our rivals, and followed them along the tempting road to power through local politics. But, as the Portuguese had previously found to their cost, it was a far more dangerous matter to meddle in the affairs of Burma than in those of India. The Burmese monarchs, Burman, Shan or Mon, took their fighting very seriously and woe to the foreigner who was found on the side of the vanquished! More by good fortune, it would seem, than good management, the British espoused the cause of Alaungpaya, while the French who supported his Mon rivals of Pegu shared the penalties of defeat.

Alaungpaya's empire continued to expand under his successors. It soon came into conflict with the British power in India. King Bodawpaya, remembered as the founder of Amarapura and Ava, collector of the vastest pile of brick in the world—material this, for his still unfinished Mingon Pagoda near Mandalay—captured Arakan, and menaced the Bengal frontier. Relations between the Indian Government and the Burmans soon became strained. Before he died in 1819, he had plotted against the British in Assam and Manipur, had claimed Murshidabad, and intrigued with certain Indian Princes, then our enemies. Aggression continued—open hostilities broke out, and as a result of the First Burmese War of 1824-25 Assam, Arakan, and Tenasserim including the portion of the province of Martaban east of the River Salween were ceded. But the supine arrogance of the central government and the high handed oppression of the local officials, who hindered trade and ruined commercial enterprise, led to continual friction. In 1852 the intolerable behaviour of the Rangoon Viceroy precipitated another war, as a result of which the province of Pegu passed into British hands, and the foundation of the present amazing prosperity of Rangoon was laid. But after the death of the wise Mindon Min, who had seized the throne during the trouble of 1852 matters again became difficult. The incompetent Thibaw and his cruel queen Supayalat, tolerated an anarchy in Upper Burma which menaced the security of British subjects. They coquetted with France and Italy, they arbitrarily oppressed British trading interests, they ignored all remonstrances. In 1885 the Third Burmese War extinguished, after the feeblest resistance, the House of Alaungpaya. Then followed the slow redemption of the country from anarchy, and its unexampled prosperity.

Like the rest of the world, Burma, despite its surprising wealth and almost inexhaustible natural resources, has not been free from uneasiness in the years subsequent to the Great War. To the

Burmese, his connection with India seems by no means an unmixed blessing. True, he has now peace and prosperity such as his country has never known, but, on the other hand, he dislikes the large influx of foreigners, who, with their superior industry and business capacity, exploit his easy going habits and beat him on his own ground. A "young Burman" party has grown up, which, wounded in its vanity by the exclusion of Burma—for special investigation of its problems—from the Montagu Chelmsford Reforms, echoes the cry of politically minded India for freedom and self determination. Moreover, a younger generation has sprung up among the ecclesiastics—yellow robed phoongies revered of the people—who in defiance alike of their superiors and of their Rule excite popular feeling against the white foreigner. And among the student community, trouble was recently created by skilful perversion of the scope and intentions of certain projected reforms in the education system.

After a quiet Sunday at sea the 'Dufferin' bearing to Burma the Prince of Wales, rounded Elephant Point about daylight on Monday, January 2nd. By the time the sun was fairly up she was but a few miles from Rangoon. Ahead of her stretched a belt of pearly mist, which effectively concealed all the features of the land. Only the great gold spire of the Shway Dagon Pagoda rising out of the surrounding clouds, sparkled in the sunlight. As the 'Dufferin' made her way up the Rangoon River faint outbursts of cheering were borne on the breeze from the factories and refineries hardly visible through the morning mist on her starboard side. She drew closer and closer to Rangoon. The sun now high in the heavens sparkled gaily upon the wavelets ahead, blazed upon the bunting that floated over lines of decorated shipping and flashed back from the gilded spires of Pagodas. All along the water's edge were gathered deep fringes of people whose brightly coloured silks and gay umbrellas gleamed against the background of verdure like a jewelled necklace upon green velvet. The full glory of Rangoon was now unfolded. The waterfront showed range upon range of handsome buildings stretching off on either side in wharves, warehouses, and docks. Vessels of all kinds, liners, merchantmen, fishing craft, junks and sampans, crowded the harbour. Busy tug-officious conservancy launches, dingy police boats, fussed up and down in an ecstasy of excitement. Long before the 'Dufferin' was tied up, it was plain that Rangoon's welcome to the Prince would be of no ordinary kind. Larger anticipation seemed in the very air, the city quivered with expectancy.



As we slowed down to take on board the Harbour Master, the guns of H M S "Southampton" the flagship of the East India Squadron, roared a salute. The "Dufferin" then passed close in shore to Lewis Street Jetty which was gaily decorated. On the pontoon waited the Lieutenant Governor, Rear Admiral Clinton Baker and the principal officials of the Local Government in readiness to receive His Royal Highness. Just before the "Dufferin" moored a thunder of salutes broke out on all sides of her. Ahead was the "Southampton," astern was the "Comus," on the starboard side was a shore battery.

Emerging with relief from this vortex of deafening noise we tied up by the side of the Jetty. Sir Reginald Craddock then came on board to visit His Royal Highness and after a few minutes the Prince, the Lieutenant Governor and their staffs marched in procession from the Jetty to a large Pandal or circular tent which had been erected for the presentation of the Municipal address. The entrance to the Pandal was formed by a triumphal arch in the traditional Burmese style of architecture, that is to say a tiered spire of diminishing roofs, each with its skirting board of elaborate fretwork, heavily gilded, overtopped by a multiplicity of tiny pagoda shaped pinnacles. As His Royal Highness passed through the archway into the tent the several thousand people who filled it to its utmost capacity rose as one man and burst into a roar of cheering. The white jackets, brilliant scarves, and bright silk *loongies* of the true Burmese formed a most effective contrast with the sober garbed Europeans, the neat Japanese, and the solemn Chinese. There was a noticeably large population of Indians among the Asiatics of the audience, clad for the most part in simple white, with gaily coloured turban. They contributed their full share to the general brilliance of the colour scheme. As setting for it all were the gilded columns and golden roof of the pandal, centering round the gorgeously canopied dais upon which stood the Prince and the Lieutenant Governor, with their staffs grouped behind them. The address of the Municipal Committee was read by the senior Burmese member. Unlike so many of the addresses previously presented, it was brief, effective and to the point. It welcomed the Prince to a city, which, it proudly stated, was achieving a steady and continuous growth in prosperity, in harmony with the development of the natural resources of Burma. The address was enclosed in a particularly beautiful silver casket, the work of a Burmese master craftsman, whereon were engraved scenes depicting the incarnation, the youthful career and the renunciation of Gautama Buddha. His Royal Highness in reply expressed his great pleasure at

visiting Rangoon, the rapid and sustained growth of which constituted, he said, an appropriate testimony to the *pax Britannica*. He paid a tribute to the thriving life of the city, and to the sanctity of the Great Pagoda, one of the oldest of the holy places of the Buddhist religion. The members of the Municipal Committee were then presented to him, after which, amidst an immense volume of cheering he left the Pandal and entered the State brouche. The crowds which packed the streets on every side were beyond question the largest which had greeted the Prince's arrival in any one place since he had landed in Bombay. Throughout the route which was some three miles long, wherever the public were permitted by the Police to stand, there they stood ten, fifteen, and often twenty deep. Every one was in his or her gayest attire. The bright coloured silks, the gay parasols, the flower crowned heads, the animation, the laughter, the spontaneous good humour lent to the crowd that indescribable charm which is characteristic of the locality. Winding its way through the principal business thoroughfares whose handsome solid buildings were brilliant with decorations and crammed with spectators, the Royal procession came to a series of arches and Pandals erected by various sections of the community. At each Pandal His Royal Highness halted for a moment, received a bouquet usually from the hands of a little girl, spoke a few pleasant words and passed on. The first of these arches, the gift of the Burmese community was erected on Fair Street. It took the form of a Royal Pavilion such as tradition prescribed for the Lord of the White Elephant. Towering to its golden roofs, each with its heavy golden fretwork and fantastic finelike ornamentation. Like the arch itself the greeting which His Royal Highness received from the leading members of the community there assembled was royal. Passing on into Dalhousie Street he came in front of the stands which had been erected by the Reception Committee for privileged members of the public. Here the cheering which had been sustained all along the route burst into a deafening roar. The procession then passed through the arch which had been erected by the Trustees of the famous Sule Pagoda. It was particularly noticeable, in view of the fact that Monks are supposed to take no interest in worldly affairs, that the door of the Pagoda not only bore loyal mottoes and a hearty welcome but was thronged with yellow gowned figures. In Montgomerie Street His Royal Highness came to the arch and the Pandal erected by the Chinese community. This was built in the Chinese Palace style and both the Pandal and the surrounding stands were crowded to their utmost

capacity by Chinese men, women and children whose one ambition seemed to be to demonstrate that they were not in any way inferior to other communities in Rangoon in the affection which they bore towards the young Prince. A few hundred yards further was the arch and Pandal erected by the University College. It was thronged with students sprinkled here and there with Professors, and no one who heard and saw the welcome extended to His Royal Highness could fail to realise his popularity with the student community. But of all the sights on the route, perhaps the best and the most wonderful was the arch and the stands which had been erected in Commissioner Road for schoolchildren of all nationalities. Every inch of space available was fully occupied. There were some 16 000 children, of all races and of all creeds, dressed in their gayest holiday attire waving flags, and shouting lustily. No more inspiring welcome had been received by His Royal Highness since the moment when he set foot on Indian soil. Leaving the schoolchildren the Prince passed to the Jewish communities' arch, which was designed in accordance with the traditional architecture of Solomon's Temple. Here he received an enthusiastic and loyal welcome from this influential community. He then traversed in rapid succession the arch and pandal which had been erected by the families of British soldiers and a quaint arch built by the Armenian community, on the model of the Orthodox monastery at Erzerum. Lastly, a few hundred yards before the entrance to Government House grounds he came to the spot reserved for the Karen community, notable among whom were the picturesquely clad Karen girls in their bright bodices. At Government House, the Prince was received by Lady Craddock, and a number of ladies and gentlemen were presented to him.

Throughout the whole of this long route the volume of cheering had been sustained and enthusiastic. There was a warmth, a heartiness, and a spontaneity about Rangoon's welcome to the Prince which were very delightful.

After lunch the Prince went to the University College to meet the students informally. For Rangoon, not to be outdone by other capitals, has recently reorganised her institutions for higher education. In place of her two colleges, dependent upon Calcutta University, she has set up a University of her own in accordance with a plan devised for her own special needs by educational experts. Both in respect of structure and of curriculum, Rangoon University promises to make a notable contribution to higher education in the East. New buildings are about to be erected, but for the present, the University centres in what was

formerly known as the Government College. When the Prince motored from Government House, he found that the whole road was lined with cheering crowds almost as thickly as at the time of his arrival. The Prince dismounted from his car and was received in the gaily decorated grounds by Sir Reginald Craddock and by the Professors of the University. As he entered the grounds a Burmese band, manned by the students of the college, received him with a flourish of drums in the traditional style. After watching the musical performers for some moments the Prince went to a pretty pavilion, glowing in all the colours of the rainbow, which had been erected for him. Here he was presented with an address from the college students, which expressed their firm devotion and loyalty, and concluded by begging him to accept an *Eggin* or panegyric of the kind which in Burmese tradition is given only to Burmese Kings—and in point of fact has never been presented to any one since the fall of Thibaw. This recounted in fifty-four verses of ancient phrase the growth of the Royal House of England and its culmination in the King Emperor and his Heir-Apparent. The Prince cordially voiced his pleasure at meeting the students and his thanks for their welcome, and then, to their delight, walked about the ground chatting informally. He was much interested in the game of *Chin lon*, or Burmese football, and won the hearts of the performers by promptly ordering a supply of the light wicker balls that he might practise the art himself. At length, accompanied by ringing cheers from the students, he entered his car and drove to the beautiful Dalhousie Park and the Royal Lakes, where were gathered to meet him all the ex-Service men in Rangoon. The scene was curiously English. From the dark shade of spreading trees, broad lawns sloped down to what looked for all the world like a back-water on the Upper Thames. As if to complete the illusion, the lake was filled with English river craft of every description, punts, canoes, skiffs, the occupants of which nearly capsize in their enthusiasm as the Prince came through the park gates along the road which winds by the margin of the water. Amid roars of cheering, he was received by the chairman of the local branch of the ex-Services Association. The welcome that followed was such as befitted a soldier Prince meeting his comrades of the Great War. Crowds of ribboned men in mufti, both English and Burmese, rushed to greet him, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to make his way to the place where tea had been prepared. Tea finished, the men were roughly lined up in order to prevent confusion, and His Royal Highness moved freely

among them, chatting and shaking hands. The predominating note of the occasion was its delightful informality, which obviously pleased the Prince as much as it pleased his hosts. When he left, after staying for a couple of hours, the gathering broke into cheer after cheer. Not content with singing "He's a jolly good fellow" once, they sang it time after time, and when at length the Prince escaped into his car from the almost overpowering affection of the assembled multitudes they hastily rushed "across country" to intercept him and give him one more cheer as he passed along the winding road. On his way back to Government House, wherever he passed a Monastery or Pagoda, the yellow clad monks showed themselves sufficiently interested in this world to crowd both doors and windows to catch a glimpse of him.

That same evening there was a dinner at Government House, followed by a reception at which all the most prominent citizens of every community in Rangoon were presented to His Royal Highness.

Early next morning His Royal Highness attended a proclamation parade on the Maidan. To the accompaniment of a Royal Salute and *feux de joie* from the Rangoon Brigade the Prince proceeded to the saluting point. In a voice which could be heard over the whole great plain he called for "three cheers for the King Emperor." A Royal salute was given and the National Anthem was played with due solemnity. The Prince then inspected the Rangoon Brigade, the Police and the Police medalists who were drawn up in a separate company. Then, returning to the saluting point he took the salute as the Rangoon Brigade marched past in column of companies and returned in close column.

The spectacle was a very fine one, not merely from the smartness of the men but also from the very large numbers of spectators of all communities who were gathered together. Old residents of Rangoon said that such a crowd had never been seen within their memory. Ten or fifteen deep, the general public ranged itself along the edge of the Maidan and crowded as close as Military and Police Regulations would permit. The various stands of the Turf Club, which overlooked the Parade ground, were packed to their uttermost capacity with Burmese and English spectators. Nothing seemed to dull the edge of their enthusiasm. The welcome which the Prince received along the road when he returned to Government House was if anything more enthusiastic than that which had greeted him when he first set out.

After spending that morning quietly, His Royal Highness attended a Garden Party which was given by the Lieutenant Governor to some

three thousand people in the afternoon. Here he reviewed the boy scouts and girl guides who cheered him with refreshing abandon. A dramatic performance of the kind known as *yein pue* was given in his honour. Burmese maidens with flower decked hair, clad in the quaint, crinoline like bodices and tight skirts of Royal Princesses, postured and danced to the accompaniment of light, butterfly music. The Prince was interested and stayed for some time to watch the very charming spectacle.

That evening the Prince dined at the well known Pegu Club. This was the first club dinner which he had attended since landing at Bombay, and the atmosphere of frank heartiness which marked the whole occasion was delightful. Before going on to a dance at the Gymkhana Club, the Prince expressed his pleasure at the cordiality of the Club's welcome. Amidst great enthusiasm he stated that the reception given at Rangoon was as hearty as any which had greeted him in the course of his Imperial tours. With one of those kindly touches which are so characteristic of him, he sent a message through those ex Service men who were at the dinner, to those ex Service men who were not expressing his great pleasure at the entertainment which he had received in Dalhousie Park that afternoon.

On the afternoon of January 4th the Prince attended the races. The Prince drove in his car up to the course, alighting and taking his seat in the Royal Box amidst thunderous applause. After witnessing some excellent racing and presenting the cups to the successful owners, he drove round the race course. He received a wonderful ovation. The whole crowd to the number of many thousands was transported with wild enthusiasm. Burmese and Indian women cried shrilly in welcome and waved their hands. Burmese and Indian men paid His Royal Highness the ultimate compliments of removing their silk "gaung-baungs" (headcloths) and flourishing them in the air.

When the Prince's motor car turned out of the course, immense numbers of people ran after it, in a well meant if futile endeavour to escort it home. That same evening after dining quietly at Government House he entered the Royal Train for Mandalay.

The departure was private and there were no illuminations. None the less, large numbers of people were content to stand in darkness for several hours on the mere chance of catching a glimpse of their Prince. Long before he was due to arrive at the station crowds had collected from every quarter. When His Royal Highness approached, the enthusiasm rose to indescribable heights. Men cheered, shouted and

waved continuously, never relaxing their efforts for an instant so long as the Royal Train was in sight. As many as could possibly crowd on the platform were allowed by the Prince's special request, to enter the gates. Only when the rear lights of his train had vanished in the dark did the cheering cease.

All through the night the Royal party traversed the rich plain of the Sittang River, which constitutes the eastern portion of the Irrawaddy basin. On each side of the line were men with flambeaux, while in the stations themselves knots of people were collected merely for the purpose of watching the Royal Train flash through. When morning heralded the passage from Lower to Upper Burma, we saw that the picturesque, well tended little stations were all gaily decorated with flowers and bunting. But the prettiest and the gayest decoration of all was provided by the people themselves. Tiny schoolchildren in white jackets and bright coloured silk lungis, flowers in their hair and flags in their hands, crowded and shouted with delight as the Prince passed. Their elders with bright, translucent parasols and brilliant silk headcloths, were equally enthusiastic. Everywhere was the care free gaiety of a popular rejoicing, and at every station large or small, there was the same rank and unaffected delight at the Prince's presence.

Amidst the blazing splendour of the morning and the early afternoon, the train proceeded through green fertile plains flanked to the east by the steep buttress of the Shan Hills, the ridges and valleys of which stretch right up to the borders of Yun Nan, Siam, and Indo China. The Shans or Pai, who people this region, are members of the Siamese Chinese sub family. They thrust themselves down into Burma from South Western China, on top of the preceding waves of Tibeto-Burmese and Mon Hkmer. Some remained in the uplands between the Irrawaddy and the Mekong, where they preserved their independence, others, wandering west of the Irrawaddy, mingled with the other Burmese communities and played a great part in politics until their power was finally broken by Alaungpaya. When Burma became part of the Indian Empire, the upland Shans also entered the fold. Administratively, they are controlled by their own chiefs, subject to the general supervision of British Officers, and they have always displayed in full measure that loyalty to the Throne which characterises the States of India. Thanks to the forethought of the Burma Government, many of these interesting and picturesque hillmen were given the opportunity of paying their homage to the Prince at Mandalay, once the seat of

their former conquerors the Alaungmyas, but now the headquarters of British administration

The capital of Upper Burma, to which the Prince's train was now hastening is in actual fact a creation of yesterday, for it was only in 1856 that Mindon Min decided to remove his metropolis from Amara-pura close by Yet in design and construction, Mandalay can claim to rank among the oldest cities of the world for she exhibits the traditional town plan and time honoured wooden architecture, of Mongolian Asia Linked to Pataliputra on one side and to Peking on the other, she possesses for the thoughtful an interest which rises superior to the somewhat shabby pretentiousness of her buildings

The Mandalay of King Mindon's time lay mainly within the great quadrangle now called Fort Dufferin Nearly thirty feet high, and a mile-and-a quarter long the four walls crowned with battlements, are surrounded by a broad moat They bear a number of elegant teakwood watchtowers the lofty, many roofed spires of which are heavily gilded Twelve gates pierce the quadrangle and in front of each stands a massive teakwood post of grim significance For beneath lie buried bodies of unfortunate mortals doomed to the fearful death of living sepulture that their spirits might for ever haunt the gates for the terror of evil doers and the discomfiture of the King's enemies In the midst of this enclosure, secured by these awful guardians, stands the Royal Palace, now desolate and forlorn as though visited by the vengeance of its victims Above all towers the lofty summit of Mandalay Hill, crowned with pagodas and buttressed with monasteries Its sanctity so runs the story caused Mindon to construct his new capital at its foot, that a prophecy of old might find fulfilment For did not Lord Gautama, when he visited that spot, solemnly assure the blessed Ananda that beneath the hill should arise the great metropolis of Buddhism? But Destiny has so far ruled otherwise Pious Buddhists have indeed adorned the neighbourhood with a multitude of splendid shrines, but Mandalay is shorn of its glory The old city lies like an empty shell, deserted save for military cantonments and the residence of the Governor of Burma Mandalay town now stands without the old walls, beyond the moat far from the palace

At half past four precisely His Royal Highness arrived at Mandalay station and was received on the platform by Sir Reginald Craddock and the principal officials of Mandalay After inspecting the Guard of Honour, he was conducted by the Lieutenant Governor to a gorgeous Pandal in the style of Upper Burma, a style which in appearance



differs little from that with which the quaint houses and fantastic ornamentation delineated on Chinese porcelain have made Europe familiar. Supported on gilded pillars, the many tiered gold roof of the pandal was fringed with fretted tracery, while along its eaves and ridge poles flickered gilded tongues, like lambent flame aurified by the touch of some Burmese Midas. Within was a dais surmounted by a canopy of Pagodalike elaboration—the traditional pavilion beneath which Kings of Burma were wont to take their ease. At each corner of the dais were genial dragons of golden hue, while leogryphs, with an expression of ineffable benignity flanked the steps which led from the dais to the main hall. The chair placed in readiness for the Prince was a mass of heavily gilded dragon carving with a seat of the brightest red. Gold and red every where predominated these colours blazed from the dais and were reflected by every pillar which supported the roof. Contrasting with the colour scheme of the structure, were the white jackets dark, flower crowned or silk decked hair and brilliant robes of the Burmese ladies and gentlemen who formed the major portion of the two spectators within the pandal.

As soon as His Royal Highness appeared on the dais, he was received with a roar of welcome. The enthusiasm of the spectators quite overbore for the moment that traditional reverent silence with which Burma in the old days was accustomed to greet its sovereigns. An address of welcome was then read by the senior Burman member of the Municipal Committee. A long and sonorous oration, intoned like a ritual its syllables surged and rolled in impressive periods. After recalling with pride the visit of Their Majesties 16 years ago it welcomed His Royal Highness to Mandalay. Expressing profound gratitude for the honour which had been done to the city, it modestly cited the fine civic buildings in testimony that during the years which had intervened since the last Royal Visit, Mandalay had retained and strengthened its position as a centre of Burmese art and trade. The Prince in his reply won the hearts of his audience by confessing the pleasurable anticipations he had felt at the prospect of his visit to the city of "Sunshine and Pagodas." Mandalay, he said, "was the place where Englishmen felt they could get to know the Burmese and could show their liking for them." He continued "Measured in years the connection of Burma with Great Britain has been a short one, but it has not been too short for a vigorous growth of strong mutual esteem and regard. It has not been too brief to give birth to a firm trust in each other's qualities and capabilities and to confidence in each other's power for good. I know that we hope that

under our guidance the Burmese will be enabled to give expression to all that is best in Burma and realise themselves to the fullest extent, and I feel sure that in return the Burmese repose trust in our power to promote their fortunes and welfare on lines sympathetic to their national character and aspirations "

Amidst loud and sustained cheering His Royal Highness concluded his speech. The members of the Municipal Committee were then presented to him. After this he descended from the dais and walked down the broad red-carpeted way which divided the floor of the Pandal. He then entered his carriage and drove along the processional route to Government House.

The route, several miles in length, was too straggling to be lined thickly throughout its whole course by the spectators. At the railway station, and at the points where the route passed through the Burmese business and residential quarters the crowds were very thick indeed. Elsewhere, particularly between the Burmese city and Fort Dufferin, there were fewer people. Had the crowd been more evenly distributed there is no doubt that His Royal Highness would have passed through an avenue of humanity stretching the entire length of the route. As it was, the effect was somewhat patchy. Enquiry revealed that the Burman, who is nothing if not self-reliant, had formed his own ideas as to the spot from which he could best catch a glimpse of the Prince, and had stoutly refused all the advice tendered him by the local officials. For example on the left hand side of the Prince as he emerged from the Pandal there was a tremendous crowd stretching for perhaps a quarter of a mile which was oblivious of the fact that the Royal procession would not pass that way at all but would move sharply off to the right. It had to be content with a fleeting glimpse of the Prince, but turned that momentary opportunity to good account. As the procession passed through the characteristically Burman portions of the town, the behaviour of the crowd was peculiar. The spectators for the most part remained quietly behind the curious lattice-like fences with which the sides of the streets were lined. This was in the true spirit of Burmese court etiquette, in accordance with which it had been death for any subject either to raise his voice when the King was passing, or to stir outside the trellis-work barrier which was designed to screen the Royal person from the too obtrusive gaze of the vulgar. But with all their good manners, the Burmans were obviously much intrigued by the personality of the Prince. Friendly interest and curiosity triumphed over etiquette, and claps and cheers broke out. Thus politely

restrained applause was caught up and drowned by the welcome which the Prince received when he entered the South Moat gate of Fort Dufferin from the schoolchildren who were ranged on both sides of the route. Every seat was filled, to the number of four or five thousand. Each school had provided its own decorations in the way of flags, flowers and bunting and all made a most effective show. As His Royal Highness passed between the cheering ranks he was presented with a bouquet by a little girl from the Buddhist Girls' School. The Prince ordered his car to be stopped and the little girl climbed upon the step, and placed her bouquet in the Prince's hands. Made happy by His Royal Highness' smiling thanks, she left the car which started on its way once more. The band of St Peter's School continued to play and the children cheered frantically and continuously so long as the procession was in sight. Crossing to the opposite side of the Fort enclosure, the Prince then entered the grounds of Government House—which is just one of Mindon Min's wall pavilions enlarged and modernised—where he was received by Lady Craddock.

Next morning, the Prince was present at a parade in which the troops, the Upper Burma Military Police and a body of Upper Burma Civil Police took part. The Prince expressed his pleasure at the smartness of the men and at the rapidity with which the parade evolutions were conducted. At the conclusion of the ceremony he invested Major General Fane, of the Burma Independent Command with the KCB. That same morning the Prince inspected the camp of ex Service men and pensioners. There were a few score British, and several hundred Burmese Shans. The Prince received a great welcome, as he shook hands with the British and Indian officers, and walked along the line of the men.

Early in the afternoon the Prince paid a visit to perhaps the most interesting of all the buildings in Mandalay, namely the Palace. Situated exactly in the centre of the fort, the deserted home of Mindon and Thibaw still stands surrounded by its useless defences, a tragic memorial to mis government and incompetence. What pains were taken to protect the divine person of the King! Wall succeeds wall stockade stockade. The sightseer must first pass through an outer palisade of twenty foot teak posts, cross a broad esplanade, then penetrate a further enclosure. This is itself cut up into numerous courts surrounded by lofty brick work, while in the very centre of all is the palace. In the old days the four strongly guarded gates of the outer defences were opened only for the King. His subjects were obliged to squeeze through a red postern, so

small and strait that every one approaching the Royal precincts was compelled by circumstances to make a lowly obeisance. But now the gates stand wide, and where once it was treason for a prince to remain erect, the meanest of mortals may wander and gaze at will. From the Eastern gate one crosses a wide enclosure containing a number of buildings. Here stood the armoury, the printing press, the mint, and other appurtenances of the Royal household. Here also is the Royal Monastery where Thibaw passed his noviciate and the Mausoleum that is the last resting place of King Mindon. Beyond lies another spacious court fronting the Palace itself. Over it rises the nine storied gilded spire which was the sacred emblem of Royalty. Visible as it is for miles around, all who came in sight of it were of old compelled to make obeisance or in default to suffer the penalty attaching to high treason. Below is the great Hall of Audience, with the famous Lion Throne projecting boldly from the face of the palace. The Hall, with its lofty pillars of gilded teak witnessed but a short time since scenes of splendour and luxury such as surround the despots of the East. Now it is empty, forlorn and the glory of its gilding is departed. Within still another enclosure is the private part of the palace which is entered through gates on each side of the Hall of Audience. Here lived the Royal Ladies. Within this jealously guarded seclusion was framed the plot which placed Thibaw upon the throne. Here were devised the massacres which covered his name with obloquy the follies which dragged him to well-merited downfall. Indeed, the whole history of his miserable tragedy is written for all to see upon the walls of his palace. Close by still stands the lofty wooden tower from which, so tradition says, his Queen, the cruel Supayalat, watched the advance of the British forces which were to terminate once and for all his feeble tyranny. In the South Garden, may yet be seen the pavilion where he surrendered, abject and terror-stricken, to General Prendergast. These buildings, once so sumptuous, now so desolate, have a curious fascination for the thoughtful. The Prince, under the expert guidance of Mr Duroiselle of the Archaeological Department, spent some time in examining them thoroughly.

In the afternoon, he played polo in the presence of a very large crowd, which fringed the whole ground in a twelve-deep border. An American tournament had been arranged, in which four teams competed. To the great pleasure of every one, the first team, of which His Royal Highness was a member, proved victorious. The large crowds watched the games with very keenest interest, occasionally bursting into unrestrained applause. That afternoon the Prince took tea with the mem-

bers of the Upper Burma Club, and after the conclusion of the tournament, rode about the ground practising shots. In so doing, he approached the side where were drawn up a large number of regimental units. As soon as he came near, the long wall of men burst into a roar of cheering, whereupon His Royal Highness pulled up his pony and walked it slowly from one end of the line to the other, so that all the men present could obtain a good view of him. The men roared themselves hoarse, and even after lavishing all their lung power, seemed still to doubt whether they had sufficiently expressed their loyalty and affection. Nor was it only the Burmese and Indian soldiers whose hearts His Royal Highness won. On his way back from Polo, he stopped his car at the Upper Burma Club and walked into the Club House in his own familiar and informal manner. The members who were present received him with the utmost joy, and when after a few minutes chat with them, he entered his car again, they speeded him on his way with hearty cheering.

That evening after a dinner party at Government House, the Prince drove to the Shan camp, where he witnessed a most wonderful entertainment. The Chiefs of the Shan Hills, ten in number, had come in for many miles with their retainers to catch a glimpse of their future Emperor. In the case of some chiefs the journey had occupied days, weeks or even months. But they came with good heart and eager anticipation. For the reception of the various *Saubwas* and their following, a large camp had been erected outside Fort Dufferin. Near the camp a great quadrangular stockade had been marked off, in the centre of which the evening's entertainment was to take place. Within the stockade were a series of circles, centering in an elaborate Burmese Royal Pavilion, somewhat resembling the lower story of a Pagoda, with multiplex roofs of flaming red and gold supported upon a forest of red and gold pillars. Around the pavilion was a ring of grass some 30 yards wide, beyond the grass a ring of earth of somewhat similar width, and finally, beyond the earth, a ring of gravel. At various points on the circumference of the outermost circle had been constructed some dozen large wooden pavilions with matting roofs, rather like Swiss chalets, each of which was the rallying point for the retainers of one particular chief. Within these pavilions were treasure houses of the industries and arts of the various tribes. The outermost circle itself was rowded with spectators; the innermost was empty. Ranged between were dancing-girls, half naked warriors, men and women in every variety of gaa dress, together with certain nightmare like monsters of pantomimic propor-

tions constructed with all the weird ingenuity of the Chinese stage-carpenter

The Prince entered the camp through an elaborate gateway of carved woodwork crowned by the usual many tiered roof with fretted screens and flamelike ornamentation. He was met by the Commissioner of the Mandalay division and the Superintendents of the Shan States, who were introduced to him by the Lieutenant Governor. The *Saubwas* or rulers of Kengtung Yawnghwe Hsipaw Mong Nai Tawngpen, Hsenwi Kantarawadi Mong Mit Lawtasawh and Mong Kung in their picturesque Mandarin like robes of gold and purple brocade were afterwards introduced in turn to His Royal Highness. They then lined up in a double row to form a procession to the dais. The Prince preceded by these chiefs entered a long processional way flanked on either side by a line of fiery poppies—ruddy lotus lamps blossoming alternately on a high and a low stem of wood. In front of him were borne symbols of sovereignty umbrellas crescent headed spears long lances and gold sheathed swords. Passing up the carpet between the line of lights the Prince took his place in the Royal Pavilion amidst sustained applause. All round the tribesmen and those who were to take part in the entertainment were grouped in shouting masses.

The first item on the programme was a procession of the monsters in the ring—surely the most delightful animals ever conceived by human imagination. Here were all the friends of childhood. It was Alice's very own Wonderland the Wonderland of the Dodo and the Gryphon of the Jabberwock and Jubjub Bird but a Wonderland reinforced by the forest beasts of Maeterlinck by the farmyard of Rossetti by the whole dragonbrood of a Chinese teacher magically inspired with life. Butterflies with gay wings and chalk white staring human faces fluttered engagingly gigantic cockroaches rushed along with demoniac energy. Here were lamas as big as giraffes with white fleecy bodies and griffin jawed stag horned heads of green and gold there were tiger cubs frogs and swans which glided mysteriously legless over the smooth turf. Cheek by jowl with a gilt horned buffalo and pantomime elephant were dragons of the genuine Chinese breed—writhing serpentine monsters of rainbow hue with grinning fangs staring eyes and wilfully twitching whiskers. Each beast accompanied by its crowd of keepers capered solemnly round the grass ring until it arrived opposite His Royal Highness. It then mopped and mowed in grotesque adoration and amidst the shouts and yells of its attendants misbehaved in the most delightfully obstreperous manner which a child's imagination

tion could demand. Genial hobgoblins sniffed, rolled, and scratched themselves in a clever travesty of animal habits. Wild music shrieked and blared while these monsters in comical savagery charged their keepers, rolled ferociously on the ground and were finally thrust and pushed into good behaviour to the accompaniment of hideous yells. Dominating all other impressions of the whole fantastic scene was the sonorous booming of the splendid Shan war gongs, which like distant, wind borne gunfire, muttered, rumbled and roared.

After the animals had performed their circle, there came file after file of men and women belonging to the tribes represented at the entertainment. All seemed to have flattish faces, merry and round like Esquimaux, while the dresses especially of the women, were reminiscent of the North American Indians. Each band performed its particular tribal dance. Tattooed sword fighters naked save for a loin clout, whirled and postured in time to music. Women with bobbed hair and strange silver ornaments swayed in unison to barbaric strains. Every conceivable variety and combination of colours was present in these costumes. At the one extreme were beautiful dark bodices and rainbow striped petticoats from the Chinese borders, while on the other were the shabby garments of the wild Wa—strange, savage, gipsy looking folk these—whose head hunting propensities have caused much trouble of recent years. Section after section of tribal beaux and belles moved in front of His Royal Highness, and after performing their most reverent obeisance, engaged in dances each stranger and wilder than the last. Half naked warriors balancing iron spears sank before the Prince in homage, with their foreheads to their spears and their spears to the ground. Women, with their necks stretched to abnormal length by collars of silver, bent low in obeisance. This curious and by no means pleasing form of decoration, which is characteristic of the Padaung tribe, excited the curiosity of the Prince, who left his seat to examine these quaint beauties. The girls of this tribe wear a coiled tubular neckband commonly of brass, but occasionally of silver, varying in height from 5 to 25 coils according to the age of the woman. The object is to lengthen the neck as much as possible, a characteristic which is considered to be the hall mark of beauty. In conjunction with a curious handle like loop at the back of the neck, these decorations produce the effect of a human face peering from out of a silver ewer. There were also hosts of people in less striking rument, Shans with black coats and white trousers, Chins with crimson baldrics slung over their right shoulders, ter-

minating in the distinctive fringed sporran on the left side. The warriors brandished their swords, the women sang and danced. Each section, after making its obeisance and performing its dance, moved out of the ring accompanied by its own wild music. Mingled with these strange costumes and wild dances were the more familiar features of a Burmese entertainment—the posturings of dainty girls with powdered faces, upcurling fingers, and flower-decked hair, bodiced in bright silks with backward-curving wings, the traditional dress in which Burmese princesses are invariably represented upon the stage.

The entertainment concluded by the wonderful animals circling the dais once more, twisting in contortions yet more marvellous. One large green and gold dragon surpassed himself by turning summersaults, finally picking up his own hind legs and dancing round the ring with them—to their obvious discomfort. The fleecy llamas salaamed in grave obeisance from time to time, shooting up a disconcertingly telescopic neck with the effect of ridiculous surprise. After this amusing troop had departed, the Prince left his seat and visited several of the pavilions, displaying much interest in the exhibits which he found there. The crowd of wild hillmen pressed thickly around him, curious, eager, enthusiastic. Finally, amid great cheers, he regained his car and drove off.

Early the next morning, which was January the 7th, the Prince trolled out along the railway for a few miles to shoot snipe. After a successful morning, he returned to Mandalay. Despite the heavy country through which he had been walking for some hours, he played polo in the afternoon. He then attended a Garden Party, which was held on the beautiful lawn between the high battlemented wall of Government House and the broad moat which encircles the Fort. Here were gathered in large numbers both Burmese aristocracy and British officials. The principal feature of the occasion was Burmese boat racing upon the moat itself. By tradition, this is only done in the presence of Royalty or of the King's representative. On the further bank, beyond the broad flood of the moat, was gathered an immense crowd of Burmese and Indians to the number of twenty or thirty thousand. The bright silks of their headdress and their loongies, effectively contrasting with their white jackets, flashed in the sunshine, forming the most delightful background imaginable to the races.

The racing was conducted in long dugouts manned by 20 or 30 or even more paddlers. They raced along at a high speed, encouraged by the shouts of the crowd. The water foamed from the prow as the paddlers swayed in unison, stimulated to increased exertions by the language



of the steersman shrieking erect in the stern, language, which to judge from its effects, might well have excited the envy of an Oxford "cox." Noticeably fast above all others were the long shallow dugouts propelled by the leg paddlers of the Intha tribe. Standing upright on the broad gunwales with one foot and holding by one hand to a raised central rail, the rowers worked their long paddles with the outer hand and the outer foot, gripping the paddle just above the blade by the big toe. Keeping perfect time, and feathering like professional oarsmen, they drove their racing craft through the water with a speed that kept it almost a wash and made the baler crouching amidships on the bottom, the hardest worked member of the crew. The winning post to which the competing boats ploughed their way was in design both quaint and effective. A large boat was moored in the middle of the moat. Across its bows was fastened a hollow bamboo tube some twenty feet long. Running through the middle of this tube was an even longer reed, so placed that its ends to the length of about a couple of feet, protruded equally on either side. The race was decided by the possession of the reed. At full speed the competitors bore down upon the winning post, as they approached it, 'bow' dropped his paddle and raising his hand grabbed at the reed as it flashed by. In the case of a dead heat, when the reed is grasped simultaneously from either side, the "bows" of both boats fall into the water. Victory then goes to him who succeeds in keeping the possession of the reed. The device is simple and entirely final. For the crew which obtains the reed possesses a visible sign of its victory.

His Royal Highness moved about the lawn, chatting with Indian officers and shaking hands with pensioners for some minutes. Then he stepped on board the Karaweik Paung, a great dragon barge of the type formerly reserved for Burmese royalty. With fiercely grinning head and scorpion tail, it bore upon its broad back a fantastic pavilion of gold and red. The Prince entered the pavilion and for some half an hour was towed up and down by two Burmese racing crews. As he entered it, the spectators on the opposite banks raised a roar of welcome which did not cease until he had returned to the Government House side of the moat and had disembarked. Then after chatting for some time with some Chin chiefs, conspicuous in their picturesque pagoda-like headgear and stiff embroidery of cloth of gold, he retired preparatory to an early departure from Mandalay.

The journey to Rangoon which occupied the hours between night of the 7th and the afternoon of the 8th of January was, if anything, marked

by even more popular enthusiasm than had greeted the upward passage to Mandalay. In every station, big or small, which the train passed were gathered numbers of gay Burmese men, women and children in their best attire. Wherever the train was due to halt, the crowd assumed very large dimensions, and the station was lavishly decorated. Merry, brightly dressed, enthusiastic, these crowds were perhaps the most characteristic memory of the Prince's visit to Burma.

On arrival at Rangoon His Royal Highness was received by the Lieutenant Governor. The arrival was private, but the throngs which had gathered to witness it were most remarkable. For at least a mile up the line from Rangoon station people had collected on each side to catch a glimpse of the Royal Train. The station itself, large as it is, was thickly packed with people as were all the approaches to it. Everywhere prevailed the greatest good humour and cheerfulness, Indians and Burmese vying with one another to display their joy. The Prince emerging from the station amidst the enthusiastic demonstrations now become so familiar in Burma drove to Government House and after a short interval of rest attended Divine Service at the Cathedral.

On the morning of January 9th the Prince went out to play polo. Although he was not due to arrive upon the ground until 10, crowds of spectators began to assemble at 7 o'clock, and continued throughout the whole morning to watch him with the greatest eagerness. He returned to Government House about noon and there found a number of the religious leaders of Burma assembled to meet him. Despite the fact that the traditional custom of Burma requires monks on account of the superiority of their spiritual status to remain seated in the presence of Royalty, each yellow robed ecclesiastic as he was presented to the Prince, rose solemnly to his feet in sign of respect.

The afternoon saw a wonderful public jubilation which was certainly among the most picturesque of all the functions arranged during the Prince's Indian tour. On the beautiful Royal Lakes not far from the site of the ex Service men's entertainment of January 2nd, there had been arranged what can only be described as an oriental Henley. Near the pleasant pavilion of the Rangoon Yacht Club a gilded, many-roofed *shamiana* had been erected for the reception of the Prince. Close by was moored a double-headed dragon boat carrying a gilded pagoda even larger than that in which the Prince had embarked at Mandalay. Upon the water was a flotilla of gaily decorated punts and canoes of English type, mixed with Burmese racing dugouts, quaint gondolas like

*sampans*, with here and there some immense and fantastic exploit of the oriental boat builder's imagination—a dragon, a serpent or a griffin with fierce alligator jaws

As was the case throughout the whole of the Prince's tour in Burma, his attendance at the water festival was the signal for the gathering of an immense concourse. Every road near the vicinity of the Royal Lakes became a rushing river of people, impassable to all save foot passengers. Indeed it was with some difficulty that a way was cleared for the Prince himself. All along the roads from Government House he was cheered with frantic enthusiasm, and when he arrived at the Yatch Club, the crowd went wild with delight. Despite the efforts of the police, they surged round his car, cheering him again and again. He was conducted through the pavilion, where some Burmese ladies presented him with a bouquet, and then embarked upon the dragon boat, which towed by several Burmese racing dugouts, moved in stately fashion up and down the Lake. As he neared each promontory and creek, the people lining it broke into wild cheers, entirely oblivious to the restraint which ancient Burmese etiquette imposed upon the public on these occasions. After some time he returned to the pavilion and having watched with interest some Burmese wrestling, left once more for Government House. Masses of people who had been patiently waiting on the road for another glimpse of him, flocked round his car and yelled, shrieked and shouted in a transport of welcome.

That evening at Government House, Sir Reginald Craddock in proposing the health of the Prince, expressed the pride of Burma in welcoming him to her shores. He made of His Royal Highness three requests. The first was that he should convey to His Majesty the King-Emperor the fact that despite political ebulliences, the heart of Burma was profoundly loyal, the second, that he would convey Burma's congratulation to Her Royal Highness Princess Mary on her approaching marriage, the third, that he would himself preserve kindly recollections of the Burmese country and people. To this His Royal Highness replied in his usual happy fashion, returning warm thanks for the welcome which Burma had given him, expressing his sorrow at leaving the country where he had enjoyed himself so much, and gladly promising to grant Sir Reginald Craddock's three requests.

In the evening, the scene at the Royal Lakes was even more beautiful than by day. The seven miles of lake shore were illuminated with scores of thousands of tiny lamps, which glowed like fiery blossoms on the boughs of stately trees, followed the undulating margin of the Lake,

and outlined with shimmering light each point and promontory. If the crowds by day had been large, those by night could only be characterised as immense. The Prince drove for some time in his car from point to point, enjoying the beauty of the illuminations and the gaiety of the assembled throng. Then he once more embarked upon the dragon barge, which passed in quaintly majestic fashion among the dozens of smaller boats glowing with Chinese lanterns and jewelled with tiny points of many hued flame. No more fascinating spectacle can well be imagined. The natural beauty of the lakes was displayed to the utmost advantage beneath a brilliant moon, while the glitter of rainbow lamps reflected in the flashing ripples did but increase the animation of happy crowds and fairy craft.

Next day the city was early astir, for all its inhabitants were determined that Rangoon's farewell should be worthy of her greeting. At the Prince's special request, which voiced the wishes of the public of Burma, the departure had been made a semi public function. The streets between Government House and the Strand, where His Royal Highness was to embark, were packed with people. In their eagerness as well as in their size, the crowds assembled to speed His Royal Highness on his way were even more remarkable than those who had gathered to greet him. Shortly after 10 o'clock the Prince left Government House and after driving through congested streets, each pavement of which was packed with cheering happy people, he arrived at Lewis Street Jetty amidst deafening and sustained shouts of welcome. So eager was the crowd, so wild was the enthusiasm which his personality had now excited that wherever his car passed numbers of people would make a rush to follow him, to the grave discomfort of the Police and Troops lining the route. Amid deafening cheers he arrived upon the quay itself and came down the gangway to the pontoon. Saying farewell to the principal officials to Lady Craddock and to the Lieutenant Governor, he came on board the "Dufferin" shortly before 11 A.M. The immense crowd on the water front cheered him again and again. The English portion of it sang Auld Lang Syne, while the Burmese and Indian portion roared and shouted in deafening enthusiasm. The "Dufferin" as she steamed slowly down the river, was followed by vessels of every description crowded with people, who desired to speed the Prince on his way. The whole waterside for miles was lined with cheering crowds, while jetties, riverside lawns, pontoons in mid stream, all supplied their quota of cheerful noise towards a single immense demonstration of popular affection.

## CHAPTER VI.

### The Southern Land.

The voyage from Rangoon was pleasant and uneventful. Smooth blue water, a few fleecy clouds, a soft breeze complete the tale. The quiet life on shipboard was a delightful change from the strenuous round of engagements ashore, and the whole party were unanimous in wishing that their acquaintance with the "Dufferin" and her genial Wardroom could have been protracted indefinitely. All too soon, the hours of rest and recuperation came to an end.

Shortly after sunrise on the morning of January 13th, the coast of India was sighted through the haze. To port and starboard, as far as the eye could see, stretched a desolate sandy shore line, swept by perpetual surf while ahead, grey and formless in the half light, showed the low cliffwall of buildings which is the seaward face of Madras. Great indeed must have been the courage of him who founded a city on a spot so barren and made of it the first stronghold of British power in India. Of sturdy Francis Day, purchaser of the site of Madras in 1639, builder of the primal fortified factory, history tells us little save of the difficulties he encountered in securing from the Company the reimbursement of charges he had defrayed from his own pocket on their behalf. But like Job Charnock, he had a keen eye to commercial geography. Two years after its foundation, Madras was already a flourishing emporium, another decade and it became the seat of a Presidency. Within the walls of Day's "Fort St. George" was built the oldest British church in India, while the Governor's house was tenanted by a long succession of men whose pride it was to rule firmly and well the affairs of the Company on the Coromandal coast. Wealthy was the trade of the hinterland, and great were the fortunes acquired in its handling. One such fortune at least, it is interesting to note, was put to worthy uses, in the foundation of the great American University that bears the name of Madras's long dead Governor, Sir Elihu Yale.

In the days when the Company's business was commerce, and commerce alone, the situation of Madras necessarily brought it into promi-

nence Remote from the turmoils of politics surrounded by a population which for untold ages has been peaceful in disposition and commercial in avocation it became for most of the eighteenth century the mainstay of British power in the Indies But to the South lay Pondicherry and the hundred year duel between France and England for world empire interrupted all too soon the hush drum annals of the warehouse and the market place The soldiers and diplomats of the French East India Company with the armies of France behind them bore down in the first onset the counting house strategy and huckstering tactics of their English rivals Directed by the restless genius of Dumas and Duplex the Lilies of France steadily overshadowed the Red Cross of England in the eyes of the Country Powers Between 1716 and 1749 Madras itself was occupied by the French But the British traders if unskilled in fighting were none the less indomitable in their tenacity and when there dawned upon the horizon the red star of Robert Clive—the Daring in War—the Lilies withered and decayed Fort St George was reconstructed into its present shape British arms flashed triumphant through those perilous paths of political intrigue where the French stumbled and fell The irony of fate nevertheless decreed that Madras should lose her primacy in British India Swept upon the tide of circumstances to those Northern plains where Empires have risen and fallen since the dawn of history the British Flag was based no more upon India of the South Bengal the sea gate of Hindustan overshadowed Madras in political importance Bombay with its matchless harbour outdistanced her in the race of commerce Her dangerous anchorage and surf beaten shore caused her trade to pale into insignificance as compared with the riches of her rivals For a space she lived on the memories of past glories But of late she has revived Her commerce flourishes Her industries are enlarging Energetic administration is going far to offset many of the disadvantages of her situation Fine public buildings have sprung up, civic life flourishes her educational system is an example to the rest of India

The new harbour of Madras which the 'Dufferin' entered at seven in the morning may well be described as the triumph of skill over circumstances In the old days ships had to lie nearly a mile out, while passengers and cargo alike were transported ashore perilously in the raft like country boats which unsinkable as they were with difficulty ran the gauntlet of the fierce surf In modern times no port with such a handicap could hope to preserve its trade Accordingly,

after much forethought on the part alike of the City Fathers and of the Government, a project for harbour works was devised. The foundation stone was laid by King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, in 1875, but six years later, the works were wrecked by a cyclone. Undaunted the Madras authorities again set to their plans and projects. A new harbour was constructed but the entrance proved to be in the wrong place. Finally, triumph crowned their endeavours. Since 1911, there has been a harbour smooth enough for working cargoes alongside the quays in all save the most violent weather. The encircling arms of a great break water safeguard the trade of Madras.

Amidst the thunder of guns from H.M.S. "Southampton," the Royal party entered smooth water. In front stood a lofty wall of impressive buildings, eloquent of the prosperous modernity of the Madras Port Trust. The roofs were thickly crowded, and below, on the broad expanse of the quay, there waited a number of distinguished officials whose gold lace flashed in the sunshine. Among them were to be seen numerous Indian gentlemen—Heads of Departments, Members, Ministers, whose presence testified to the existence of that new India where both races work together as colleagues and as equals.

Shortly after 8 A.M. the guns of Fort St. George rumbled as the Governor of Madras and Lady Willingdon arrived escorted by their Bodyguard. His Excellency went on board the "Dufferin" for a few minutes to greet the Prince, and at 8.30 A.M. His Royal Highness himself landed. Preceded by his staff, he walked down the gangway which led from the "Dufferin's" deck, and set foot once more upon Indian soil. Then followed a number of presentations, those honoured including their Highnesses the Maharajas of Travancore and Cochin. After inspecting the Guard of Honour of the Leinster Regiment, the Prince walked through the portico of the Port Trust Office to the amphitheatre where the first two of the morning's ceremonies were to take place. To the accompaniment of enthusiastic cheering he took up his position upon a dais royally decked in red silk. Fierce sunshine blazed upon a large amphitheatre filled with spectators. Bright robes and brilliant head-cloths, dresses of every rich material and glowing hue, combined with the gold, scarlet and blue of officialdom, to shimmer in animated life, as the murmur of expectancy was drowned in the wild applause which greeted the Prince. The first address to be presented to His Royal Highness was that of the Corporation of Madras. Read by the President, Sir Tyagaraya Chetty Garu, it dwelt with pride upon the antiquity of the city, which, from the time of its foundation in 1639 as

the first stronghold of the British in India, had steadily progressed in size and prosperity until the duties and obligations of its Corporation were almost analogous to those of the foremost cities of the world. Proud of its connection with the British Throne, Madras now eagerly welcomed the Prince. His Royal Highness after thanking the Corporation for their address, mentioned that as he entered the harbour, of which his grandfather laid the foundation in 1875, and passed the stone which commemorated the landing of his father in 1906, as he saw Madras and Georgetown which gave such a cordial reception to his uncle only last year, he felt that he was among old associations, while their kind welcome made him feel that he was among friends. He continued

"Time has sped since the inauguration of your Corporation in 1688 and since the days when your members enjoyed the exclusive privilege of using umbrellas and riding on horseback in old Fort St. George but in spite of these old time associations, your Corporation has not stood still, and the years that have passed have been years of steady advance and progress. To day with your modern institutions an elected Council and women's suffrage you may challenge comparison with the most up to date Municipalities in the world."

After the presentation of the Members of the Corporation, the People's Address was read by Khan Bahadur Ahmed Tambi Marakkayar, on behalf of the Reception Committee. It referred to the new prospects opened before India in general and Madras in particular by the Reforms, to the stimulus given to political advance by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught's appeal for co operation and unity and to the new incentive which would be derived from the Prince's visit. It expressed profound gratitude to the Royal House of Windsor for their constant sympathy with the people of India, and in welcoming the Prince begged him to convey a message of loyalty to the King Emperor. In conclusion, it asked permission to associate with the name of the 'Prince of Wales' a new children's hospital, long needed by Madras, which was to be erected in commemoration of his visit. In reply the Prince mentioned his special pleasure in receiving the address, since it represented the sentiments of the many castes and creeds which made up the people of the Madras Presidency. He went on to express his sympathy with the ideals and aspirations of the new era.

"While with the advance of civilization conflicts of ideas are inevitable, it is to me an inspiring thought that personal loyalty such as yours provides a ground on which every community can unite.

You have your aspirations and your desire to advance. I welcome such aspirations and sympathise with them. You would be but a lifeless people if you



were not stirred by some such feelings I shall watch your progress with keen interest. I feel sure that you only need that co operation and good will to which you have referred, to ensure the brightest future for the Madras Presidency "

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After the Prince had taken his seat upon a gilded throne, the Vice Chancellor welcomed him in a brief address. He mentioned the achievements of the sons of Madras University, a University which, though but a thing of yesterday in comparison with some of the famous universities of the West, had none the less produced profound scholars, eminent statesmen, great lawyers and good citizens. He cordially welcomed the Prince, and expressed the gratitude of the University for the honour which was done to them. In reply the Prince congratulated the Vice Chancellor upon the reputation of the University for learning and good scholarship, warmly expressing his pleasure at meeting the students there assembled. He then proceeded in the traditional manner of the Imperial Mughals to distribute dresses of honour to a number of eminent representatives of the old time culture, both Hindu and Mussalman, who were drawn up in a body beside the dais. He delighted each venerable old gentleman by a cordial handshake and a word of congratulation. The students, who despite their own Western studies, greatly reverence the exponents of the ancient lore, were deeply gratified by the Prince's courteous kindness. And when he was garlanded in the Indian fashion, they broke into renewed cheers. After panegyrics in Sanskrit and Persian specially composed in his honour, had been read to him, the Prince left the hall, amidst such loud and prolonged cheering as only student lungs can achieve. Having returned to Government House, he then proceeded to meet a company of Rajas and Zamindars who were gathered to present him with a loyal address. The Maharaja of Bobbili on behalf of the Madras Landholders Association, assured His Royal Highness that while the landowning community yielded to none in their desire for constitutional progress, they felt that at this juncture their supreme efforts should be made to strengthen the bonds which bind them to the Empire. They concluded with a petition that His Royal Highness would convey to the King Emperor an assurance of their profound and devoted loyalty. The Prince in a short reply briefly expressed his appreciation of the importance of the position they occupied, and voiced his pleasure at meeting them. After the leading members of the deputation had been presented to him, the business of his long and arduous morning terminated.

In the afternoon His Royal Highness drove out five miles to the Polo ground at Guindy. All the way from Government House the road was lined with Indians, some from Madras itself, some from the outlying villages. He played in an exhibition game, receiving a hearty tribute from very large crowds both Indian and English who were there.

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From what has been said, it will be realised that Madras's welcome to the Prince was real and hearty But as had been the case at Bombay, the complete harmony of the occasion was slightly marred by the activities of a few perversely minded people During the weeks immediately preceding the Royal visit, bands of Khilafat and Congress volunteers against whom the local Government of Madras had taken no repressive action, were doing their best to incite their fellow citizens to boycott the celebrations in connection with the Royal visit As in Calcutta, opposition arose A body of young men, mainly belonging to the non Brahmin community, organised themselves into "Prince of Wales Volunteers" and strenuously endeavoured to counteract the efforts of the other side On the day of His Royal Highness' arrival eye-witnesses related that the failure of the non co operators to secure the boycott of the festivities was plain from very early in the morning The crowds along the road were undiminished, and more and more people were obviously making their way to catch a glimpse of the Prince "Non violent" tactics having failed a certain portion of the non co operators then took refuge in hooliganism Stones were thrown at respectable citizens, attempts were made to close by force such few shops as remained open despite the great local holiday of *Pongal* In several quarters of the city the hooliganism took the form of looting and the police and the military were called out The mobs while bold when confronted with a single shopkeeper or a stray cyclist displayed very little of anything that could be called a dangerous temper Indeed the whole episode which lasted but a few hours was entirely childish and futile Fortunately the casualties were inconsiderable, the greatest number being made up of hooligans with heads broken in baton charges, while some others found that the water of the river in which they were driven to take refuge was chilling to the ardour of their non-co operation as well But this exhibition of pique by a small section of the community, excused as it was by the utter failure of their efforts to damp popular enthusiasm, was powerless to affect the general heartiness of Madras's welcome

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an escort of the Governor's bodyguard and passing near the closely packed stands and enclosures was welcomed by a roar of applause. As is his custom the Prince sought an early opportunity of visiting the different enclosures and strolling round the paddock. That afternoon held an unforgettable experience for many an Indian of humble birth when he suddenly found himself well nigh touching his future Emperor. If there had been any doubt of the enthusiasm excited by His Royal Highness among the men in the street the scenes on the race course would have resolved it once and for all. The great event of the meeting was the race for the Prince's own cup which was eventually won by the well known Southern Indian sportsman Khan Bahadur Haji Ismail Seth. After distributing the trophies to those who had won them, the Prince left the course speeded by thunders of applause. He then drove to the Cosmopolitan Club an institution which is especially designed to bring Englishmen and Indians together into social contact. So great was the throng of sightseers that the traffic for hundreds of yards round was completely blocked. At the entrance to the Club which was gaily decorated the Prince was warmly received by the Committee. After chatting for some time with leading citizens he spent some minutes in watching an Indian entertainment of *tableaux vivants* and music which had been arranged for him. The day terminated by a Banquet at Government House which was followed by a clever amateur variety performance.

Next morning which was Sunday the Prince attended Divine service at St. George's Cathedral. Considerable crowds assembled to cheer him as he passed to and fro. A little later he paid a visit to one of the centres where in honour of his presence the poor of Madras were being fed. A large number of indigent persons made thoroughly happy by enormous meals and a present of clothing were further entertained by a display of daylight fireworks. Their interest in the Prince however quite eclipsed all other competing attractions. They received him most warmly and were delighted by the honour of the visit. When he left he had the satisfaction of knowing that many hundreds of grey lives had been brightened by at least one gorgeous and never to be forgotten occasion. The rest of the day was spent quietly and in the evening the Prince dined with Rear Admiral Clinton Baker on board H.M.S. Southampton.

Monday's programme was a heavy one beginning with a rally at Government House of thirty companies of girl guides and a hundred troops of boy scouts. The boys and girls taking part in the function

came from all over the Presidency and included every community, Indian and European, within the boundaries of Madras. As customary, the enthusiasm of the scouts and guides was only equalled by their obvious pride in their discipline. After the war cries and usual mysterious salutes had been given, the khaki clad throng crowded round His Royal Highness in rapturous delight. Leaving the scout rally the Prince rode to a Children's Review which was attended by some sixteen thousand boys and girls drawn from all the schools in the city. An interesting feature of the occasion was the enormous crowd of parents and relations—to the number probably of fifty or sixty thousand—who lined the whole ground. The Prince entered the enclosure, was presented with a bouquet by a little girl whom he made happy by his thanks and rode slowly past the swarming stands, where boys and girls in holiday dress shouted, clapped, waved, and tumbled over in their ecstasies of enthusiasm. School vied with school in the cheering contest, and it would be difficult to conceive of a heartier or more affectionate ovation.

Later in the morning came a Police Parade. Policemen both from the mofussil and the city areas, drawn up in three sides of the hollow square, saluted smartly as the Prince came on the ground. Accompanied by his staff, he walked round the front line of men, pausing to shake hands with the officers who were drawn up on the right. He then returned between the two lines, and finally left the ground amidst hearty cheers. Crossing the road, he came to the Pensioners' camp, where, as usual, he was received with an enthusiasm almost pathetic in its intensity. No man of sensibility could fail to be touched by the spectacle, as stooping greybeards, with tears of pride in their eyes, saluted their future Emperor, burly veterans stretched out their sword hilts to him in fealty, eager youths proudly displayed the decorations which, as they well knew, would win a kindly word from their Prince. There followed then a review of the Leinster Regiment of which the Prince is Honorary Colonel. The Colonel Commanding read a brief account of the regimental record which is second to no other in gallant achievement. The Prince addressed a few words of hearty congratulation to the assembled officers of the regiment. Afterwards he proceeded once more to Guindy, where polo was being played. The Governor's Staff were 'At home' on the ground to a large number of invited guests; but the most notable feature of the occasion was the great concourse of people assembled to watch the Prince play. Nothing could exceed their enthusiasm and their eagerness, for the Prince's prowess as a horseman excited as much pleasure in Southern as in Northern India.

That night, the Prince attended a ball at Adyar Club, the buildings and grounds of which—surely among the most beautiful of their kind in India—were elaborately illuminated. Lights of every colour outlined the dome and the hall, glittered firefly-like in the trees, and were softly mirrored in the clear waters of the Adyar River. Blazing uniforms, shimmering dresses, vivid music, completed a scene of charming gaiety.

The Prince danced for some hours, but was nevertheless up betimes the next morning shooting snipe. The afternoon saw more racing at Guindy, where crowds even larger than before came swarming out of Madras to welcome His Royal Highness. Last of the entertainments which the hospitable Presidency offered him, was a dinner given by the Madras Club, whose famous cookery surpassed itself in honour of the illustrious guest. Madras gave the Prince an enthusiastic God speed, as he drove through brilliantly illuminated, crowd congested streets on his way to Bangalore. Before day dawned, he was in Mysore territory.

So deservedly great is the reputation of Mysore among the States of India, that it is curious to recall how in the ears of our forefathers, its name sounded with sinister significance. Among all the principalities and powers struggling for supremacy in eighteenth century India, none was more dreaded for its ruthless might and insatiable ambition than the Muhammadan Kingdom, welded by the genius of Hyder Ali from the fragments of the venerable Hindu monarchy of Mysore. Where the Eastern and the Western Ghats converge to form a lofty table-land, there grew up a great and wealthy empire, compacted by a military despotism, stern and implacable, which stretched its sword from sea to sea. Through innumerable defiles, its terrible soldiery swept down like a destructive torrent upon the plains of the Carnatic, systematically carrying ruin and rapine to the very walls of Madras. Allured by the interested flatteries of France, impelled by the arrogance that can brook no rival, the Sultans of Mysore remained for fifty years the most formidable and determined opponents of British power. Only with the storming of Seringapatam and the slaying of the fierce Tipu—"the Tiger of Mysore"—did the menacing storm-cloud disperse for ever. The ancient Hindu dynasty of Krishna's line resumed its mild sway; the swarms of soldiery exchanged their swords for ploughshares; prosperous industries replaced the hazardous plunder of neighbouring powers. Under the wise guidance of British counsellors, Hindu administrators erected a polity at once traditional and enlightened. Strengthened rather than superseded by fifty years of direct British control following

upon the deposition of a foolish king, this polity has remained as a model to many Indian States. Since 1881 the Hindu rulers of the old family have guided with wisdom and success the destinies of their six million subjects. Modern Mysore is about the size of Scotland. Fortunate in the possession of an industrious population, whose predominantly Hindu composition powerfully favours peaceful advancement, the State is among the most prosperous and progressive regions to be found in all India. Industrial enterprises of magnitude are fast developing natural resources *per se* remarkable. Communications are excellent, education is widely diffused. Indigenous talent is cultivated, foreign experts are welcomed. Added to all this are an excellent climate, magnificent prospects of hill, forest and down, an upright and efficient administration.

Among the most important cities of the State is Bangalore, to which the Royal train was now proceeding. In addition to being the official headquarters of the Mysore Government, it also includes a tract, some thirteen square miles in area, assigned to the British Government as a cantonment and as the seat of the Resident. The Civil and Military Station, as this tract is termed, is little more than a century old, but its delightful climate has attracted large numbers of European and Anglo Indian pensioners. Centering round the green plain of the Maidan are some public buildings and many private residences, which rise from among trees as stately and as numerous as can be found in any stretch of the Thames Valley. The city itself is most impressive. The ancient Fort witnessed many sieges by Mysore, Maratha, and finally by British troops. Its fine cut stone Delhi Gate still stands, as do the dungeons where British prisoners were confined by Tipu Sultan after Bailie's defeat in 1780. But the rest of the structure has been demolished to make room for civic improvements—a conversion of the means of war to the uses of peace which is characteristic of modern Mysore. Memories of the old grim days are not lacking. In one of the fine bazars, so tradition goes, was to be seen, a century ago, the iron cage where Hyder Ali, having secured the surrender of a traitor by swearing to “cherish him like a parrot” confined the miserable victim till his death. Modern Bangalore breathes a different spirit. There are two magnificent parks in the city, and a fine palace, modelled on Windsor Castle, belonging to His Highness the Maharaja; but the most striking features are beyond question the public buildings—administrative offices, headquarters of departments, hospitals, vaccine stations, schools and educational institutions—in short, all the appurtenances of a progressive government.



The famous climate of Bangalore was on its best behaviour when at half past eight in the morning of January 18th, the Prince arrived at the city station, which was well nigh submerged under flags and festoons. A clear sky, a brilliant sun, and a bright breeze with an invigorating nip were more than commonly welcome after the humid warmth of Madras. The Prince was received in a pavilion in the centre of the platform by the Resident in Mysore, the Officer Commanding the Madras District and by a number of Mysore State Officials. After the introductions, he crossed the overbridge and entered the Royal Barouche. Escorted by the Queen's Bays, the Mysore Lancers and a Battery of the Royal Field Artillery he drove along the Seshadri Road which links the Civil Station to the City, and entered the beautiful Cubbon Park, where at the foot of the statue of Queen Victoria, the Municipal Address was to be presented. All along the road, which was lined by Mysore State Troops, thousands of people had gathered. In the Park itself the crush was severe, indeed the whole population of Bangalore seemed to have concentrated itself within a small compass to catch a glimpse of His Royal Highness. The Municipal address, read by the President, welcomed His Royal Highness to the Civil and Military Station of Bangalore on behalf of the communities and creeds there dwelling. It recalled the fact that the statue before which they stood had been unveiled by the present King Emperor some sixteen years ago, and concluded by praying that the visit of the Prince might inaugurate a new era of peace and advancement in India. While the address was being read, the Prince was seated in his carriage and was not expected to alight from it, but to the great pleasure of all the spectators he stepped down to shake hands with the Municipal Commissioners as they were introduced to him. After this he briefly replied, thanking the Municipality for their kind welcome and wishing them success in their labours to provide for the civic needs of the city and the station. Amid loud and sustained cheering he re-entered his carriage and drove to the Residency. After inspecting the Guard of Honour, he entered the building for a short rest.

At 11 that morning, escorted by some troopers of the 30th Lancers, he left the Residency to witness a review on the Maidan. The troops included the Queen's Bays, the Mysore Imperial Service Lancers, three batteries of Artillery, Pioneer Regiments, Sappers and Miners, and a composite battalion of the Auxiliary Force, the whole under the command of Colonel Lord Ruthven, Commanding the Bangalore Brigade Area. The Prince rode down the parade ground in front of spectators, and

as he wheeled at the flagstaff the Royal Salute was given, after which he rode to inspect the line. He returned to the saluting base, and the troops marched past in column. Then mounted units trotted past and the cavalry returned at the gallop. The whole line then advanced in review order and gave the Royal Salute. The parade concluded with a march past of the pensioners, some of whom were very old men. Their pride and delight at shaking hands with the Prince were most touching to see, and every one of them was loud in praise of His Royal Highness' courtesy and condescension.

A striking feature of this parade was the size and enthusiasm of the crowds attending it. As was the case when His Royal Highness arrived, the entire population of Bangalore Indian and European appeared to have assembled within a small area. The whole ground which was very extensive was surrounded by a closely packed wall of sight seers, who cheered the Prince with the utmost enthusiasm when he arrived and when he departed. The same thing was noticeable in the afternoon when after lunching with Lord Ruthven the Prince led his polo team to victory against a team of the Queen's Bays. That evening after a small dinner party and dance at the Residency His Royal Highness left for Mysore.

In this beautiful city immense and sumptuous preparations had been made to welcome him. Illuminations had been planned on a gigantic scale, not only were the palaces and public buildings to be outlined with fire by night but the great ramp of Chaumundi Hill dominating the city, had been utilised as a background for his crest. On the morning of his arrival the broad streets and magnificent parks recently "improved" and developed upon the latest principles of town planning, were adorned in lavish style with pylons, masts and triumphal arches. The impressive public buildings which would excite the envy of many a European capital, blazed with decorations. All the streets by which the Prince was to pass were congested. By far the greater portion of the eighty thousand inhabitants of Mysore must have been there, and in addition some fifty thousand rustics had poured in from miles round in country carts. The bright drapery of the people, and the gay bunting of the banners fluttered in the fresh breeze which blew across the rolling downs and, in combination with the white, gold-bordered head clothes of the men and the smooth silken black of the women's hair made up a picture that would have delighted an artist's eye. Very interesting was it to observe the number of women present in the crowds. Happy, animated perfectly at their ease, their bearing

was eloquent testimony to the enlightened policy regarding female education which has been pursued by the Mysore authorities. Moreover the students of the Women's College had turned out in full force, as had also the pupils of the numerous girls' schools. Large as was the crowd, its orderliness was impressive. Such few police as were to be seen had little to do, for the throngs of people were as well behaved as they were cheerful.

The Prince on arriving at Mysore Station was met on the platform by His Highness the Maharaja, the Resident, His Highness the Yuvaraj and the principal Sardars and Officers of the State. After inspecting the guard of Palace infantry, the Prince entered His Highness the Maharaja's State carriage. Escorted by the scarlet Mysore Horse and the Palace bodyguard, in their blue tunics and white plastrons, the barouche passed along the processional route. As the Prince left the station, he was received by an orchestra of blind, deaf and dumb musicians from the Maharaja's Institution, who despite their infirmities, played admirably in welcome. After a rapturous reception from the boy scouts the Prince passed into an avenue of schoolchildren, who cheered as heartily as the capacity of their lungs would permit. The whole processional route was a scene of extraordinary gaiety. Arch after arch flashed in the sun gaily decorated in the peculiar tinsel work which is characteristic of Mysore festivals. Most striking of all was the Municipal Pandal near the Town Hall, where the leading townsmen were assembled. This was constructed in a typical Hindu style with square pillars and domed roof, glittering with gold, red and blue tinsel in intricate intaglio like patterns. The dome was ornamented with the beneficent symbols of the peacock and the dove, while figures of celestial myrmidons were depicted in attitudes of dignified welcome. The Royal carriage stopped underneath the Pandal, and to the blast of silver Palace trumpets little girls welcomed the Prince in Hindu style with chants and ceremonial offerings. A short Sanskrit blessing was then intoned by scarlet turbaned, scarlet shawled Pandits, in all the glory of their Durbar dress. The Municipal address, read by the President of the Municipal Council, recalled with pride the visit of the King Emperor in 1906, and in the name of the citizens of Mysore extended a cordial welcome to His Royal Highness. The Prince expressed his pleasure in a brief reply and shook hands with the President and members of the Council. After this, he proceeded through Curzon Park, with its glorious glowing gold mohur trees to Government House, a stately, Doric-columned Colonial

mansion, set apart by His Highness the Maharaja for his most distinguished guests

In the course of the morning, the ceremonial of visits and return-visits was performed with a magnificence in harmony with the whole reception. The scene at the Palace derived a peculiar impressiveness from the dignity of this massive pile. Dominated by its lofty dome 145 feet from ground to finial, it is a fine example of the Indo Saracenic style, its extensive façades being broken up by cupolas minarets, balconies, verandahs and porches. The whole surface of the exterior is adorned with sculptures of the finest artistry which modern India can compass. Within, the decorations are startlingly sumptuous. Porphyry, granite, ivory, sandal wood, silver have been lavished in the construction of the Dasehra Hall, the Durbar Hall, the Marriage Pavilion. Swelling lotus pillars, blazing with the brightest pigments, support barrel vaulting painted like the heavens. Colonnade ensues colonnade, hall leads to hall. Scarlet-clad retainers, bearing golden emblems of sovereignty reminiscent of the Roman eagles lined the magnificent stairways and the immense corridors. Rarely has the reception of a British Prince taken place amidst surroundings more opulently gorgeous.

After the conclusion of the ceremonial, His Royal Highness returned to Government House. In the afternoon he played polo, watched by a large and interested gathering. That evening the State Banquet took place. The whole of Mysore was brilliantly illuminated, the Palace in particular being transformed into an edifice of yellow flame. A large number of guests were assembled. His Highness the Maharaja, who is orthodox did not dine, but came in later to propose the toast of His Majesty the King Emperor and of the Prince of Wales. In speaking upon the latter toast the Maharaja paid a tribute of loyal admiration to the House of Windsor, emphasizing the fact that while the Great War had overthrown three monarchies in Europe its effect on the British Empire had been to strengthen the bonds between the Government and the people, and to leave the British Throne more deeply seated than ever in the affections of every class of His Imperial Majesty's subjects. It was by seeking the welfare of their people and by affording the highest examples of public spirit, concord, and devotion, he said that the House of Windsor had established themselves so firmly in the hearts of their subjects. Proceeding the Maharaja paid a warm tribute to the Prince's personality. "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has already proved that he has inherited in full measure the noble qualities of his distinguished parents and ancestors. His call to duty came

when he was barely of age, but he responded to it unhesitatingly and played a brave soldier's part throughout the war, displaying a spirit, character and personality, which have won the admiration and affection of every soldier and sailor in the British Empire

Nor would his Royal Highness allow himself to rest when his active service at the front was brought to an end by the declaration of Peace, for we all know how he has devoted his time and energies to an arduous tour round the British Empire, with the object of cementing the bonds between Great Britain and her dominions and dependencies, and impressing by his simple dignity, his innate kindness and his manly frankness, the personality of the British Throne on the many races who are proud to yield allegiance to Great Britain's world wide Empire Truly may His Royal Highness be described as England's princely ambassador who wins the hearts of the Empire's subjects wherever he goes "

The Prince in reply thanked the Maharaja for his warm welcome and for the loyal sentiments which he had just expressed He eulogised the closeness of the ties which bind Mysore to the British Crown and the magnanimity which has distinguished the relations of the two Governments He then referred to the War Services of Mysore State, which in truth were most notable He recalled the fact that the Mysore Imperial Service Lancers whom he had himself seen at Egypt in 1916, sailed in October 1911, and took part in the two years' desert campaign which ended in the capture of Ghaza and the fall of Jerusalem As part of the 15th Cavalry Brigade, they were active in the advance up the Jordan valley and the final series of engagements which broke down the Turkish resistance and carried our arms into Syria Only in 1920 laden with honours and decorations did they return to India The Mysore Imperial Service Transport Corps which proceeded to Mesopotamia in 1916, had an equally brilliant record In the more prosaic but equally important question of the ways and means for war, Mysore's contribution was quite as notable, for it reached a total of nearly two crores of rupees The Prince in conclusion expressed his pleasure in being able to offer in person to the Maharaja his thanks and congratulations on these achievements

Next morning, the Prince's programme was such as to give him a vivid idea of the contrast between new and old Mysore He first motored out to Krishnaraja Sagara, to see the great masonry dam, which pens the upper waters of the Cauvery River into a broad lake of shining blue When complete, this dam more than seven thousand feet in length, will tower 124 feet above the river bed Second in size

only to the Assouan dam in Egypt, it will irrigate 125 000 acres of new lands and provide vast electric power. At present, after ten years' labour, its enormous rampart has been brought to a height of more than 100 feet on both banks but there is still a temporary weir gap, 900 feet in length in the river portion of the dam. The Prince climbed to the top of the work, and displayed the greatest interest in the structure, which, even at its present stage, presents a remarkably impressive spectacle. After spending about half an hour chatting to the engineers, he entered his car, and drove to the spot which of all others recalls the fierce days of Mysore under military despots.

Seringapatam, or more properly Sri Ranga pattana, was once a stronghold of the great vanished Hindu Empire of Vijayanagar, from the ruin of which the present Wadiyar dynasty dates its fortunes. Situated on an island in the Cauvery, its strategic importance made it the key of Mysore. From its gates poured forth the hordes of Haider Ali and of Tipu Sultan to spread destruction over the Carnatic. For years it was to Madras what Carthage was to Rome. Long and fierce was the contest. In 1769 Haider Ali appeared under the very walls of Fort St George and dictated a treaty. Eleven years later, he ravaged the whole Carnatic. His forces inflicted an appalling reverse upon a British detachment under Colonel Baillie. Decisively defeated at Porto Novo, he continued the struggle. After his death, Tipu his son, encouraged by a victory over Colonel Braithwaite and influenced by the machinations of the French pursued the same policy. But the odds had become unequal. On his death bed Haider Ali had cursed his own folly in fighting the British. "I can run their resources by land," he said, "but I cannot dry up the sea." Tipu was soon to discover to his cost the truth of this hard bought experience. The next time he ventured to oppose English arms the arduous and protracted campaign terminated beneath the ramparts of Seringapatam by a treaty which shorn him of half his territory. Unwarned by this disaster, he listened once more to the insidious advice of France, and in 1799 the end of his course was reached. On May 4th the great fortress of Seringapatam was stormed by General Harris, and Tipu, shot by a British private, fell gallantly. With him passed the tyranny of his House.

Seringapatam is cherished as a historic monument by the Mysore Government, for its fall coincided with the restoration of the present Hindu Ruling House. On the centenary of the storm, a cenotaph was erected by the present Maharaja to commemorate the event. Thanks to inscriptions carefully placed on the site where each took place, the inci-

dents of the siege can readily be reconstructed. Here is the spot where the battering guns were erected, here the ford where the river was crossed by the stormers, there the breach in the curtain wall. On the northern face is the gateway where Tipu fell, near by are the noisome cells where the miserable victims of Baillie's incompetence and Braithwaite's heedlessness were for years confined. All these sights, relics of an iron age, were viewed with great interest by the Prince. He then visited the mausoleum of Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan—a handsome domed building maintained at Government expense as a memorial of the tyrants, who have acquired, through the tolerance of their conquerors, a posthumous reputation for sanctity—which their lives did little to justify—in the eyes of local co religionists. The Prince afterwards lunched at the Summer Palace, a gracefully proportioned building in a delightful garden. Parts of the walls are painted with scenes of Colonel Baillie's defeat, conceived in a spirit of broad caricature for the delight of Tipu Sultan. Quantly grotesque, and devoid of all perspective, these frescoes are none the less well worthy of study, for they show, among other things, the impression produced upon Indian artists by the British soldier's bearing even under the greatest adversity.

After this strenuous morning's sightseeing, the Prince spent the rest of the day quietly. Night called out once more the blaze of illuminations. Most gorgeous of all was the Palace, whither the Prince, who was to attend a musical entertainment, was driven by the Maharaja in an electric brougham. The great forecourt was packed with people, so thickly that it inevitably recalled Trafalgar Square on Armistice Night. The glowing walls of the quadrangle illumined the whole scene with the brilliance of day, clearly revealing the bright clothing and happy faces of the close jammed thousands. With difficulty a narrow way was cleared for the Royal car through the cheering throng. The Prince and his host took their seats in front of the great Dasehra gallery, where the Maharaja is accustomed, once a year, to receive the adoration of his people. A roar of welcome arose from the human sea below. Myriads of faces upturned, arms upflung, headcloths waved aloft in frantic excitement—such was the picture upon which the Prince looked down. There followed an exhibition of torch swinging by men of the bodyguard to musical accompaniment, and a fine display of fire works. After which a venerable musician performed almost inaudibly but apparently with extreme skill, upon the *rana*. Walking to the Durbar Hall, the Prince listened for some time to the plaintive notes of the *sitar*, which has something of the tone of the *ukalele*. In contrast to the per-

formance upon these antique and simple instruments was the Western music which now took place in the Drawing Room. First came a recital upon an immense electric organ, then a trio of flute, violin and piano, finally a violin solo. After the conclusion of this last item, the Prince left.

Next morning, the Royal party motored towards the shooting camp at Karrapur, stopping on the way to beat for tiger. A fine animal had been ringed, and, after some delay emerged to fall to the gun of Colonel Worgan. After lunch, the Prince resumed his forty six mile journey. The road ran through undulating country, amidst the beautiful forests for which Mysore is renowned. At Karrapur, where the Maharaja's shooting box was placed at the disposal of the Prince, a comfortable camp had been erected for the staff and retinue. On the morning of the 21st, the whole party left Karrapur to drive five miles into the elephant jungle, to watch the Keddah operations then in progress. A herd of wild elephants is first surrounded in a patch of dense forest, in this case, some six acres in extent—and completely enclosed by a trench and a ring of watchers. Partly by driving and partly by the coaxing of tame elephants the herd is gradually manoeuvred into a strong stockade secured by a massive trap door. Here the wild elephants are roped before being led away. The operation, which is both humane and skilful, forms an interesting spectacle. Much noise and great exertion are expended before the animals are enclosed, and within the stockade, the scenes are both humorous and pathetic. Wise old tuskers are treating the new comers as a long service man handles a raw recruit—hammering the intractable, prodding the slacker, and soothing the nervous. Here a fine young bull heartbroken with wrenching at the noose deftly slipped over his head, stands shivering and trembling while tears of rage roll from his eyes. There a young cow, after a show of resistance, has submitted to her fate and is calmly drinking from the water trough. When all the new comers have been shackled they are taken out between tame elephants, watered in the river, and picketted until they become docile. The Prince watched these operations, first from a *machan* or scaffolding within the main enclosure, and secondly from a gallery running round the top of the stockade.

The next morning was spent by the Prince mahseer fishing in the stream adjacent to the camp. He was successful in landing a fine specimen. Returning to Mysore in the afternoon, he left that same evening for Hyderabad. The whole city was illuminated in lavish fashion, and under the glare of innumerable electric lamps, the clever



tnel work so characteristic of Mysore, glowed like jewelled arabesque in the triumphal arches which marked the route from Government House to the station. On the platform itself, a pavilion in Hindu style glittered in gold, red, blue and white conventional patterns, while around the dome of its roof and the capital of its square pillars, snow white doves of ingenious modelling stretched their pinions in mimicry of life. The roads were thronged with people anxious to catch a last glimpse of the Prince, and indeed, the farewell of Mysore to the Royal party was in every way worthy of the enthusiastic and loyal welcome of one of the largest Hindu states in India.

In the course of the journey to Hyderabad the Royal party traversed a region inferior to none in Southern India for natural beauty and historic interest. The vast granite plateau which is the spine of the Peninsular, breaks here and there into scenery of impressive grandeur. Wild and fantastic tors piled mass upon mass like the wreckage of a shattered world, encircle towering treeless hills of ruddy stone which rear their heads high above the surrounding desolation. This stern, rugged region is cleft by the Kistna and its tributaries into smiling valleys whose fertility has made them at once the birthplace of Empires and the battle ground of contending peoples. Not even Hindustan itself can boast a stormier history. Untold ages ago, the Flint men warred with each other to the death for these lands. Aryan fought with Dravidian for their possession, and in the days when Rome was great, they gave birth to the empire of the Andhras, whose wealth and power were the wonder of the Western world. To them succeeded fierce Rajput clans, fighting endlessly, as only kinsmen can, until the Green Banner of the Prophet, already flaunting proudly over Hindustan, was carried Southwards through the wild passes and trackless jungles of the Vindhya. Henceforth, Hindu and Musalman grappled for possession throughout the centuries in a deadly, desolating warfare which ceased only with the coming of British rule.

Early on the morning of January 24th, the Prince passed into that portion of the Madras Presidency known as the Ceded Districts. The title recalls the stirring days when Tipu Sultan ruled Seringapatam, and the Nizam of Hyderabad, even then in very deed "Faithful Ally of the British Government" joined with the Company to beard the Tiger in his lair. These lands were the spoils of victory, but before long, they passed into British hands as payment for the upkeep of the "Hyderabad Contingent," which we maintained at the Nizam's disposal. This was but the latest chapter in a chequered history full

of tragic deeds, for of old these very regions had formed part of that great and glorious Empire, renowned throughout the East for its wealth, its beauty and its civilization, which stood as bulwark of Southern Hinduism against the militant Islam of the North. The sack of the splendid metropolis of Vijayanagar, one year after Shakespeare was born, by four confederated Muslim Kings, takes rank among the most fearful tragedies of India. But the outrage did not profit its perpetrators. A century afterwards, the chill shadow of Mughal might was withering the small Deccan Kingdoms. Golconda, the chief partner in the crime, survived with some splendour until Aurangzeb extinguished it amidst scenes which lent to its expiring agonies the dignity of an epic, and made of its capital the headquarters of the *Subahdar* of the Deccan. When the Lords of Delhi dwindled into glittering puppets, these debated lands were wrested by the Hindu hordes of Maharashtra from Deccan Viceroys of the same Asaf House that now rules Hyderabad. The rise of Muslim Mysore, however, brought them beneath the banner of Islam once more until, after the fall of Seringapatam, they passed, as already related to a Power neither Hindu nor Mussulman.

Pursuing his journey, the Prince crossed the Tungabhadra river, and traversed that fertile "Mesopotamia" of Raichur, of which the disputed ownership was, long ago, the immediate occasion for the barbarous assassination of Vijayanagar. Absorbed within the far flung limits of the Mughal Empire it passed with other fragments of the old Deccan *Sub h* to the last of the Viceroys and the first of the Nizams, Chin Kulich Khan surnamed Asaf Jah. Some curious fate there must be which determines the destiny of the Hyderabad country. Continually incorporated in extensive empires, it has ever insisted on vindicating its claim to local autonomy. In the day of the Andras it seems to have revolted and ruled itself. In the day of Rajputs it became the kingdom of Warangal. In the day of the Bahmanids, it split off as Golconda. In the day of the Mughals it became under a revolting Viceroy the kingdom of the Nizam. In the day of the British, it remains still self-ruled as the premier State of India. Rich, prosperous, and enlightened, it stands somewhat apart from the politics of India. With its law courts, its post office, its mint, its railways its elaborate, British modelled administrative system surmounted by an Executive Council, its legal codes, its multifarious State Departments, its experienced and able officers, it presents all the appearance of a separate realm. Yet it is closebound to the British Government by a firm and strong alliance, based upon

an ancient friendship which surpasses in binding force the skins and parchments of legal lore, it employs many British officials, gladly loaned to it by the Indian Government, upon its soil, within its offices, its palaces, its clubs, its drawing rooms, Indians and Englishmen meet and mix upon an equal footing with the warmest esteem and amity.

It was a cool fresh morning when the Prince stepped out of the Royal train, to be received on the gaily decorated Hyderabad platform by His Exalted Highness the Nizam, the Resident, the General Commanding the Southern Command, and the principal civil and military authorities of Hyderabad State and of the Secunderabad cantonment. Presentations were quickly made and the Prince inspected the Guard of Honour of the Imperial Service Lancers. In front of the Station Portico was drawn up half a squadron of 4th Dragoon Guards, with their colours. As His Royal Highness emerged, trumpets sounded the Royal Salute, and the colours were lowered. He then entered the State Barouche, and, accompanied by the Nizam, drove in procession through the city. His escort was impressive, consisting as it did of Horse Artillery, Royal Irish Dragoons, Deccan Horse, and Imperial Service Lancers. Every unit had distinguished itself greatly in the War—a fact to which the number of decorations gleaming on the breasts both of officers and of men bore testimony.

Hyderabad, like many other great Indian cities, is a remarkable mixture of the medieval and the modern. This was well illustrated in the course of the route. Passing out of the Station precincts, the Royal carriage came within sight of a triumphal arch, ingeniously constructed by the Mines Department from the mineral products of the Nizam's Dominions—such an arch as might well grace a commercial exhibition in the West. But the crowds gathered at its foot, who cheered and shouted in welcome, were such as might have peopled a bazar of Baghdad in the days of Harun ul Rashid. To the hasty glance, they seemed to include every race of Asia. Arabs and Africans in bright coloured head dresses, Armenians, Jews, stood side by side with Bokhariots and Pathans, Sindis and Punjabis, Turks, Persians and the darker men of the South. As befits the premier Muslim city of India, the throngs lining the streets were predominantly Mussulman, and everywhere one saw fine stalwart, bearded men bearing themselves with the impassive dignity that seems the prerogative of the Faithful. Schoolchildren in shouting bands were the first to feel the infection of the Prince's smile. Rapidly the whole crowd caught from them an enthusiasm overmastering the grave courtesy of their elders.

The cheering swelled into a roar of applause which ran like a *feu de joie* along both sides of the street. The escort trotted proudly along broad thoroughfares swung past the embattled gate of the Residency and encountered another arch, this time a product of the State Agricultural Department. Every important timber, grain, seed, and essence which the Nizam's Dominions bear, was there represented, rounded by evergreens into a lofty and symmetrical structure. Another stretch of street, lined on either side by modern shops, led to the river Musi, whose devastating floods in 1908 cleared the way for the present beautiful boulevards on either side. To the right, magnificent public edifices came into view—the Law Courts, the great Usmania Hospital, the pile which is rapidly shaping itself as the new buildings of the Usmania University—the only University in India where higher education of Western type is conducted in the vernacular. Trotting across the bridge and passing through an embattled gateway, the leading squadrons of the escort entered the old city. Between high, whitewalled buildings, which glared violet in the dazzling sun, the procession followed the tortuous windings of an Oriental thoroughfare. The old world metropolis with its magnificent bazars full of cloth-dealers, and goldsmiths, butchers and armourers, bakers and perfume sellers, had assumed its gayest attire. Banners and burgees fluttered all along the route, while from behind lattice work barriers men, women and children in flowing garments of strange colours peered wonderingly. Seated in their tiny booths above the street level grave bearded tradesmen encompassed by their families and their merchandise looked down placidly upon the thronged multitudes. Under lofty arches of masonry heavily adorned with fantastic devices of old time, past the blank stone faces of mosques and palaces, between arcades of cloth shops, cook shops, tobacco shops, the cortege climbed descended and wound its way, still through those wonderful crowds of brightly clad humanity. It reached the Char Minar, that mighty gateway, with its four towering minarets, which stands like some colossal Market Cross in the very heart of the city. Mile upon mile the processional way stretched, until at long last, its end came in view.

Here stood another remarkable arch, displaying filigree, damascene, and lacquer work, side by side with costly stuffs—an epitome of the rich industrial life of Hyderabad. Passing beneath it the procession mounted the hill upon which stands the Faluknuma Castle, where the Prince was to stay during the period of his sojourn in the Nizam's Dominions. This beautiful marble palace, designed and furnished in modern style,

has welcomed many exalted personages. The King Emperor himself at one period occupied the very rooms now fitted up for the Prince. But noble as is the structure itself, its great glory lies in its situation. From the terrace, a magnificent view unfolds itself. Immediately below spreads the city, straggling over an area the size of London. Minarets, cupolas and watchtowers gleaming like ivory against a background of verdure, rise proudly above thickly huddled houses. To east and west lie pleasant suburbs dotted with the white villas of the wealthy. Beyond the blue gleam of the Husain Sagar lake, the morning mists half conceal the considerable town of Secunderabad, a cantonment under British administration, and the summer resort of Bolarum. To the west, on a lofty outcrop, stands the ancient citadel of Golconda, a relic of departed glories. Around it may be seen the minarets and domes which mark the last resting place of the Qutub Shahi Kings who, after ruling gloriously over Golconda and Hyderabad for the span of six generations, were expunged from the book of sovereignty by Aurangzeb's hand. The whole panorama is framed by an amphitheatre of rugged, rose-red hills—a perfect setting to the green, white and blue of verdant foliage, ivory domes and calm lakes.

The morning of the 25th was occupied by ceremonial visits. The Nizam first called upon the Prince at the Faluknuma Castle, and the Prince returned the call at the Chawmahalla Palace—an extensive and imposing Italianate structure of courtyards, porticos, fountains and pavilions which is the Nizam's ceremonial residence. Crowds still thronged the streets in the hope of catching another glimpse of the Prince, and when it was seen that, despite the hot sun, he drove in an open, unhooded car, popular enthusiasm rose higher than ever. The charm of his personality carried everything before it. From this moment onward, Hyderabad gave up all idea of ordinary business. When it could not see the Prince, it hung about waiting for him: when he came, it shouted itself into hoarseness, and settled itself with oriental patience to wait for him again.

An afternoon of polo ushered in the night of the State Banquet. As dusk fell, the great city decked itself in light. Sumptuous illumination schemes always play a great part in Hyderabad hospitality, and on this occasion assuredly the designers surpassed themselves. Lamps by the million, of the State yellow of Hyderabad, outlined every building, clung like firefly clusters to the walls, transformed the bamboo traceries along the sidewalks to filigrees of flame. The lofty arches spanning the

streets were glowing with light, fiery fish swam dizzily in lambent pools beneath their radiant domes, every moulding and cornice was limned in yellow flame. Most wonderful of all was the Char Minar which in all its three hundred odd years of existence, can never before have presented such a spectacle. In addition to the small *chiraghs* which filled its niche like windows, outlined its balconies, and topped its minarets, on all four sides were emblematical devices gleaming with the brilliance of electricity. The Prince's crest, the Nizam's *toga*—a distinctive mitre shaped headdress, the crescent and star of Islam blazed out in high relief.

If the crowds that morning had been great, those of the evening were immense. The narrow streets of the city were choked with men and women, while ponderous bullock carts, smart landaus and magnificent automobiles, each with its load of carefully screened purdah ladies crawled along with difficulty at the same slow footpace. When the traffic was cleared for the Prince, the vehicles disappeared as if by magic down lanes and gullies, the pedestrians compressed themselves behind the flaming lacework of the bamboo screens. Seen in the broad restful thoroughfares of a garden city, this crowd would have been impressive, but in the winding streets of an ancient capital, it was overwhelming. The eye passed from the surging, restless kaleidoscope of turbans, caps and garments to the blazing white-hot walls, seeking rest and finding none. Indeed, the journey from the Faluknuma Castle to the Chawmahalla Palace was, from its sheer splendour and glittering magnificence, something of an ordeal to tired travellers.

The palace itself, a vision of wide stone court-yards and vast marble tanks, flamed with the same yellow glow. Within the great durbar hall and on the marble terrace the principal officials of the State, and the local representatives of British Civil and Military Administration were gathered, to the number of more than two hundred, while the cordial good fellowship which ever distinguishes in Hyderabad the relations between Indian and English Officials, was never more marked than on this great occasion.

The Prince on arriving was received by the Nizam and other members of the ruling family, and after the guests of the evening had been presented to him, entered the banqueting hall, lit with huge chandeliers formerly owned by Tipu Sultan. Here also the blazing yellow of Hyderabad was dominant. After proposing the health of the King-Emperor, His Exalted Highness rose to voice his welcome to the

Royal guest He expressed his pleasurable pride at the honour done to Hyderabad, and referred feelingly to the unbroken, century-old alliance between his House and the British Government. "To maintain and perpetuate the traditions of that friendship and alliance with which the history of my House is replete," he said, "is a duty that I have inherited from my forefathers, and I would ask His Royal Highness to convey to Their Majesties assurances of my sincere and unalterable devotion."

The Prince, in replying, thanked his host for his warm welcome. He recalled the testimony borne by history to the ancient ties of friendship and alliance which subsist between Hyderabad and the British Government. The closeness of these ties, proved in the early days by the struggle with Tipu Sultan, the Marathas, and the Pindaries, was further demonstrated in the Mutiny. In the Great War, true to its tradition, the State afforded distinguished moral and material support to the British cause.

"Within the compass of my speech it would be impossible for me to review all the assistance which has been rendered by Your Exalted Highness. I must content myself with a reference to the more striking features. First and foremost I would place the maintenance in the field of your Imperial Service Lancers and of the 20th Deccan Horse throughout the war at the cost of more than a crore and a half of rupees. The fine record of the former unit must be a source of pride to Your Exalted Highness, and as regards the Deccan Horse, I need only say that in view of their services His Majesty the King Emperor last year conferred the title of "Royal" upon them. Your Exalted Highness' personal interest, as Colonel, in this unit was shown in the most generous manner by arming the regiment with the new pattern sword and presenting chargers to the officers.

Financial aid was afforded in the most unstinted manner. Among other items I may mention 16½ lakhs of rupees subscribed to War loans, £200,000 presented for the antisubmarine campaign and for the provision of tanks and aeroplanes; £25,000 to the Silver Wedding Fund for the aid of the families of disabled soldiers, 2½ lakhs to the Imperial Indian Relief Fund, and one lakh to my own Fund. No matter what the object, whether it was a Servian or Belgian Relief Fund or a Fund for disabled officers, no appeal even remotely connected with our cause was made to Your Exalted Highness in vain. Your Exalted Highness' peace offering took the appropriate form of a land colony for the establishment of soldiers who had fought in the War, and for the families of the fallen. This was auspiciously named *Sulahnagar* or the abode of peace.

In these and other directions, too numerous to mention, Your Exalted Highness has shown a keen personal interest in our fortunes and an abiding friendship to our cause. Your Exalted Highness bears many tokens of His Majesty the King Emperor's regard, and the historic title, which has been conferred on Your Exalted Highness, makes plain to the Empire the unique record of the Hyderabad State and the proud place which its Ruler occupies."

Next morning, the Prince drove 12 miles, through crowded streets to Secunderabad, where he received a wildly enthusiastic welcome, and proceeded to the Parade ground, which was lined from end by dense masses of spectators. On the ground, he exchanged greetings with the Nizam and then, accompanied by Sir William Marshall, Nawab Sir Afsur-ul Mulk and other military officers, rode along the line of troops drawn up under the command of Major General O A C Godwin, for parade. They consisted of the 5th Cavalry Brigade, under the command of Colonel W A Fetherstonhaugh, the Hyderabad State Troops cavalry brigade, commanded by Nawab Osman Yar ud Dowla Bahadur, two batteries of Royal Field Artillery and 9th Armoured Car Company. The dismounted units included the 2nd Battalion, Bedfordshires and Hertfordshires, the 1st Battalion, The Green Howards and the 75th Carnatic Infantry. Returning to the saluting point, the Prince watched the parade march past in column, after which the dismounted units returned to the line. The cavalry passed once more at the gallop—a spectacle which invariably delights an Indian crowd. On this occasion the splendid riding of “L” Battery Royal Horse Artillery, evoked applauding shouts from many throats. The review being over the Prince then rode slowly along the edge of the ground, passing close to the line of spectators, so that all might see him, smiling and saluting in reply to the roars of delight—an act of gracious courtesy which was the talk of all the bazars for the remainder of his visit. After chatting with the Nizam he entered his car and drove to Bolaram, where he lunched with the Colonel Commanding the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards. He played a few chackers of polo, and, in the afternoon, returned to Faluknuma Castle.

That evening, January 26th, there was a small dinner and informal dance at the Residency. The streets of Hyderabad were surging with people. It seemed impossible that a way could be cleared for the Prince's car through that roaring mass of pedestrians, carriages and cars. Had the traffic been less efficiently handled, the block would have been impassable. But the Hyderabad police were then, as on every occasion during the Royal visit, fully equal to their work. The Prince, when he left Faluknuma Castle, passed down a clear road, through lines of shouting, cheering people, all of whom were plainly in the happiest of holiday humour. They packed themselves like sardines as near as possible to the gates of the Residency, that they might see him as he passed; they waited patiently to greet him as he reappeared. The beautiful grounds into which he drove were brilliantly illuminated, and the main



structure, reminiscent on a smaller scale of Government House, Calcutta, was a blaze of light. The Prince danced long, and it was not until after midnight that he left.

On the next afternoon, after a quiet morning, His Royal Highness drove to the Residency, where he visited the pensioners and ex Service men, together with the police of the administered areas, who were drawn up in the grounds to receive him. The pathetic interest of occasions such as this never fades by repetition. As always, his presence brought tears to the eyes of gallant old soldiers, pride to the bearing of their younger comrades, comfort to the hearts of the heirs of the fallen. Loud and heartfelt was the cheering which speeded him on his way to the Fatch Maidan polo ground, where he was to take tea with the Nizam.

Around this ground dense crowds had assembled. They wedged themselves together into every inch of standing room, they clambered upon the granite tors overlooking the polo field, they temporarily changed the faces of barren rocks into flower beds of bright colour. With roar upon roar of applause they greeted his appearance, keenly following every movement of the game, they took to their hearts this smiling, sportsmanlike, hard riding young Prince, who played the national game of India with an *élan* and a keenness worthy of an Heir to the Empire of the Great Mughals.

That evening, the flood of lights again rolled down the streets of Hyderabad, rippled past mosques, palaces, and minarets, and lapped against the Afzal Mahal, where the Prince was dining privately with the Nizam. Masses upon masses of people awaited him, cheered him, awaited him again. The wave of his popularity rose overwhelmingly with each of his frequent appearances. Every time he was seen by the crowd their enthusiasm mounted. That the Shahzada himself, the Heir of the King Emperor, should show himself thus openly and freely to them aroused at once the admiration, the wonder, the wild delight of the citizens of Hyderabad.

On Saturday, the Prince's last day in Hyderabad, the resources of the great city were poured out with one object—that of making his departure worthy of his reception. From early in the morning, the whole population was parading the streets, and waiting impatiently for his appearance. In the afternoon, great crowds flocked to Secunderabad to see him attend the military sports, yet the streets seemed as congested as ever. When he finally drove to the station, the wildest enthusiasm that was ever evoked from the heart of a people speeded him from the city where his personality had won so complete a triumph.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Road to Delhi.

The departure of the Prince from Hyderabad marked the end of his journeyings in India of the South, with its pagodas, its palms, its ancient Hindu culture. From the moment when he bade farewell to Hyderabad, he was immersed in the country which throughout the middle ages was the seat alike of Muslim empire and Muslim civilisation. Pressing steadily northwards, he approached ever more nearly to the centre from which the culture of Islam had radiated over the rest of India, and had in so doing founded an Imperial tradition to which he was himself, by an inscrutable decree of Providence, the present and latest Heir.

For the first twelve hours, the route to Nagpur lay through typical Deccan scenery—brown rolling plains broken by rounded hills of dark trap. All this country was once part of the great Bahmanid Empire of the Deccan, which ruled in power and glory for more than a century before splitting into five Sultanates, each with a life and vitality of its own. At Dhond, the train emerged into the hills of Maharashtra—flat topped, precipitous heights, crowned by fortresses well nigh impregnable, dominating the fertile uplands and rich valleys. Here it was that the power of the Marathas rose upon the ruins of the Muslim Sultanates of Bijapur and Ahmednagar, and hence spread north, south and west to the domination of India. Bearing on northwards, the Royal train skirted the Bombay Presidency, and struck through Berar into that wild country known as Gondwana, dreaded through many centuries for its dark defiles and impenetrable forests. Here dwelt, in aboriginal seclusion, people who were old when the Aryans first appeared on Indian soil—people whose intractable ferocity and uncivilised manners led the early pioneers of Hindu culture to deem them as devils rather than human beings. In the great Hindu epics can be found memorials of the fear and loathing in which these remote tribes were held—and it is no small testimony to the courage and determination of those who spread the doctrines of Hinduism that their main southward route should have

land through a country so wild. Some stretches of land, none the less, were open and fertile, though surrounded by primeval forest, and hither at a later day, bold Rajput princes penetrated through demon haunted fastness, founding kingdoms which endured until the reign of Akbar. That great Mughal, intolerant of any rival, succeeded in enforcing submission upon some of the petty chiefs to the west of Gondwana. But the country to the east retained its wild independence. Nevertheless, as in the old days, culture strode forward where the sword shrank back. Early in the eighteenth century, a Gond Raja named Bakht Buland, who had visited Delhi, determined to introduce into his own country the civilisation which he had admired at the Mughal capital. He founded the city of Nagpur, which became his successor's capital and remains to this day the home of the representative of his family. For some years this and other Gond kingdoms survived in peaceful prosperity, owning the nominal suzerainty of the Mughals, but enjoying virtual autonomy. With the rise of the Marathas, their misfortunes began. The tribal levies of Gondwana could not resist the organised forces of Maharashtra which gradually overran and desolated the whole country. From Berar the power of Raghujii Bhonsla extended over Nagpur and in the fifty years succeeding his conquest in 1743 the House of the Bhonslas ruled an expanse of country which included, and exceeded, the modern Central Provinces. The Maratha wars involved the Bhonslas in ruin, to which their invariably treacherous behaviour principally contributed. The knell of their power was sounded in 1817, when the whole forces of the Nagpur kingdom were beaten with heavy loss by a handful of British and Indian troops engaged in defending Sitabaldi Hill from unprovoked attack. In 1853, on the failure of direct heirs the kingdom lapsed to the British. Eight years later, the administrative unit known as the Central Provinces was established. Nagpur, its capital, is now a considerable if unlovely, town, with belching chimneys and a large industrial population. Its prosperity grows year by year, and civic improvement proceeds apace.

Here on the morning of January 30th, His Royal Highness arrived. As his train drew alongside the new station, the construction of which had been hastened in anticipation of his visit, the guns thundered out from Sitabaldi Fort, close by the spot where his Imperial Father had sat in 1912 to receive the homage of the assembled people. On the other side of a road, which ran the whole length of the platform a large crowd had gathered, cheering and shouting enthusiastically. The long

bridge spanning the railway was strung with eager heads, which showed bead like above the parapet, and slid rapidly along to join the throng outside the station gates. The Prince after being received by His Excellency Sir Frank Sly, who presented to him the principal civil and military officials, inspected the Guard of Honour of the Indian Auxiliary Force. He then entered a white and gold Reception Pavilion, constructed in Mughal style, where awaited him certain Feudatory Chiefs, officials and distinguished citizens. After their presentation His Royal Highness entered his barouche, and escorted by two squadrons of Jacob's Horse and one Section, 112th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, drove in procession to Government House. Passing beneath an impressive arch constructed principally of cotton products of the Empire Mills, the Royal procession swept along between large crowds, some sections of whom filled the air with cries of "Yuvaraj Maharaj ki jai," while others bent low in reverent obeisance. Along the two and a half miles of route, the utmost gaiety and enthusiasm were manifest. Nagpur possessing the Prince for one day only, was obviously bent on making the most of his stay. In the keen breeze thousands of pennons fluttered from brightly swathed Venetian masts, triumphal arches, the gifts both of individuals and of different sections of the community, displayed loyal messages of welcome. Thronging masses of people blocked every approach to the Royal thoroughfare, and lined it along both sides with a dense cordon of multicoloured turbans and sweeping drapery. Emerging from the town the procession entered the broad thoroughfares and shady avenues of the civil station. Here also the crowds were thick, indeed the popular welcome lasted right to Government House, where the Prince inspected troops of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, who received him with characteristically eager enthusiasm.

Later in the morning a Durbar was held at which attended the Feudatory Chiefs of the Central Provinces and the principal *durbars* all gorgeous in robes of silk and velvet with flashing jewels of many hued scintillation. The Durbar being opened, the Feudatory Chiefs and the leading *durbars* were presented by the Chief Secretary, after which the senior military officer presented representative Indian officers of the provincial garrison and the pensioned Indian officers of the province. The members of the Legislative Council were then presented, and the President read a brief address in which speaking for the people of the Provinces he referred to his  
ice in his reply.  
Their Imperial

Majesties who visited the Central Provinces in 1912. He then proceeded to outline in a striking manner the progress which this part of India has achieved under British rule.

"The fact that only sixty years have passed since the Central Provinces were first constituted as a separate unit, tempts me to compare the present conditions in this province with those which existed in the earlier part of the 19th century.

In those earlier days much of the territories now included in this province had, according to the records of those times, earned the reputation of being a backward and unknown tract. With no metalled roads or railways your province was entirely land locked. Bands of robbers made access to your country a hazardous affair. Pilgrims and more venturesome travellers brought back tales of a vast area covered with forests whose inhabitants lived in primitive and poverty stricken conditions and of a country mainly dependent on agriculture, but often harassed by famine. The only hint of your mineral wealth was to be seen in a few loads of coal which found their way on pack animals to country boats on the Nerbudda and thence to the outer world. There were either no schools or at the best a few schools where itinerant teachers taught on pilgrim routes.

Your present record tells another story. Railways and roads have brought you into touch with other centres in this vast country. Your population has increased since 1866 from 9 to 13 millions. In the same period the area under cultivation has risen from 18 to 29 millions of acres. Good communications and the efforts of your irrigation department have mitigated the disasters of seasons of scarcity. Once unable even to assist your own districts, you can now help other parts of India in time of want. Your cotton has a deservedly high reputation and passes through the looms of Nagpur, Bombay or Manchester to help to clothe the world. Your forests, once an unexploited asset, now bring in an annual revenue of over 21 lakhs of rupees and are of real service to the Empire by their supply of railway sleepers, grass for the Army, and valuable products such as *Lac*. Your mineral wealth is only partly developed, but already the packloads have been replaced by 18 coal mines with an annual output of 500 000 tons. Forty six manganese mines produce nearly 600 000 tons of that valuable ore each year, and your limestone deposits yield cement, which rivals the famous product of Portland Mills factories and other activities gave employment where at one time there were not even cottage industries.

If your material progress has been striking, your moral progress has not lagged behind. Where a few students groped for learning nearly 5 000 schools to-day cater for 350 000 of the rising generation. An act has been passed for the extension of primary education and a University is on the anvil. The people of your province have made vigorous strides in the co-operative movement which has been the salvation of rural populations elsewhere. A keen interest in local self government has secured an advance in this matter which other provinces in India may well envy.

His speech was received with loud applause, after which the Durbar was closed.

Having lunched at Government House, the Prince proceeded to inspect a parade of police and ex Service men. As usual, he was greeted

with intense enthusiasm, and won all hearts by his keen interest in the officers and men

That evening after a State banquet at Government House, the Prince drove to the beautiful Telukheri gardens, once the summer residence of the Rajas of Nagpur. Here an entertainment had been arranged in his honour by the notables of the Central Provinces. When he arrived he was received by Sir Gangadhar Chitnavis and the Committee of Hosts. The gardens were beautifully decorated with lamps of every colour, which glowed in the trees and illuminated the vegetation with almost the brightness of day. Loud cheering greeted the Prince's arrival, and great was the enthusiasm when he walked about the grounds informally, chatting to hosts and guests.

Next morning after bidding farewell to the Governor and the principal officials His Royal Highness left for Indore. Although the departure was private, eager crowds were present at the platform to which by the Prince's special request, they were admitted. Amidst warm farewells, the train drew out of the station.

Striking westward through Berar, the train pursued a course parallel to the great barrier of mountain and river that marks the northern limit of the Deccan. From Bhusawal where His Royal Highness left his carriage for a few minutes to inspect the Railway school close at hand, the route turned northwards running through the territory which of old constituted the little kingdom of Khandesh. Fortunate in its command of the western passes of the Vindhya Mountains, of which the key was the well nigh impregnable fortress of Aurgarh, Khandesh pursued a career of prosperous independence from its foundation in 1388 by a nobleman of the Delhi Court, until its conquest by Akbar the Great in 1601. Through its former capital Burhanpur, which still boasts the walls of a once mighty castle, the Royal train passed, ere it began the ascent of those steep defiles and precipitous heights that sunder Hindustan from the southern land. Before day had well dawned, British India was left behind and the Prince entered the territories of the Maharaja Holkar.

The extensive plateau of Malwa which in parts is nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, has had an eventful history. Ages before the Mussalmans came to India, it was the seat of flourishing Hindu kingdoms, and its cities, grown wealthy upon the northward trade striking overland from the ports of Gujerat, waxed among the most prosperous in India. But this civilisation, which flowered to highest

perfection in the sacred city of Ujjain was peaceful and ill-defended. It fell an easy prey to the hardy Muslim warriors of the North. Destructive raids ruined it. Political subjugation came hard after. Throughout the early middle ages Malwa slowly recovering its ancient glory, remained a viceroyalty of Delhi until the overthrow of the Tughlaq Sultans by Tamerlane and his fierce horsemen set it free to rise or fall. From 1401 it was ruled as an independent kingdom by a family of Turki origin. Its wealth and splendour were proverbial as also were the buildings with which its talented but bloodstained monarchs ornamented their great capital of Mandu. Inevitably its wealth excited the cupidity which heralds aggression. The kings of Mandu were first conquered by Gujerat. Their territory reconquered by the Mughals was again embodied in the Delhi Empire from which it had once split off. Less than two centuries afterwards the Viceroy of Malwa was subdued by the Maratha hosts of the Peshwa under the command of an able General named Malhar Rao Holkar. The Peshwa's gratitude was great, Malhar Rao was given most of Malwa and founded the House to which the present Ruler of Indore belongs. In the confusion of the Maratha wars the Holkar family were known to the British as able administrators and formidable adversaries. The last of these struggles led to a treaty by which the ruler of Indore came under the protection of the British Empire.

As befits a Line which rose to sovereignty by the sword the Holkar Maharajas founded their capital on a site of strategic importance. But commanding as it does the Simrole and Manpur passes chief of the ancient highways between Malwa and the Deccan the situation of Indore is adapted alike for warfare and for commerce. To this it owes its increasing prosperity in days when Central India knows peace. Manufacturing are growing up industries are developing and with the decay of the fortress has come the rise of an industrial suburb. It is interesting to recall the fact that Indore's selection as capital was a stroke of genius on the part of one of those talented ladies who have from time to time proved that Indian women can display administrative gifts no whit inferior to those of their sisters in other lands. The memory of Ahilya Bai of her justice her beneficence her wisdom is well nigh as powerful to-day as when she died in 1795 after ruling Indore for a space of thirty years. To her semi-divine honours are paid by the vulgar while learned Brahmans salute her chance-met portrait with a reverent obeisance. The ever-growing prosperity of the city she founded is a perpetual testimony to the foresight which

entitles her to a place among the builders of the fortunes of the House of Holkar

The morning air struck with a pleasant chill as the Prince stepped out of his carriage at half past eight o'clock on February 1st. A brilliant group waited to receive him on the red carpeted platform of Indore station. In front was the Maharaja himself, simply clad in white, relieved here and there with rare jewels, on his head the distinctive red turban of his Maratha House. To this central figure, the darker hues of the political uniforms of the Governor General's Agent and his staff, formed with the khaki of officers surrounding the General Commanding in Central India, an effective setting. But a remarkable feature of the occasion was the presence of a large group of Ruling Princes and Chiefs of Central India, who had gathered from every quarter of the compass. White robed, girt with gay shawls, their turbans, breasts and sword hilts glittering with the rainbow fires of the emerald, the diamond and the ruby, these potentates of long lineage and lofty ancestry waited to salute the Prince. When the presentations had been made, His Royal Highness inspected the Guard of Honour of the 3rd Battalion, King's Royal Rifles. Entering the Royal Barouche, he drove out of the station enclosure under an escort of Imperial Service lancers. The cheers of schoolchildren and college students speeded the procession into the old city, where the streets were thickly lined with people. Above, from balconies and verandahs, men and women in brightly coloured robes looked down. As the Prince passed, all bent low in respectful salutation, while here and there knots of people broke into cries of welcome. "Maharaj Yuvaraj ki jai," and "Hurrah for the Prince" they shouted, waving their hands high in the air. The narrow winding streets, decked with pennons of every colour, finely displayed the white, the red, the yellow and the blue of the crowd, between the banks of which the crimson escort swept in stately fashion like a slow moving stream. Passing in front of the square where stands the seven storied, twin towered gate house of the old Palace—a square filled thickly with red Maratha turbans and the variegated headcloths of Rajputana—the Prince drove out of the city. Through pleasant, English looking roads he pursued his way to the Manickbagh Palace, a modern Jacobean mansion put at his disposal by the Maharaja Holkar.

To a morning spent in the usual ceremonial of visits and return visits, there succeeded a quiet afternoon. That evening the State Banquet was held in the Lal Bagh Palace, the parklike grounds of which were laid out with thousands of tiny fairy lamps. On the top of the



steps leading to the Reception Room, the Prince was received by the Maharaja. After the presentation of the guests by the Agent to the Governor General, the Prince went into dinner. In customary form the health of the King Emperor was proposed by His Highness the Maharaja, who subsequently welcomed the Prince to Indore in a hospitable speech. The Prince in replying expressed his pleasure at visiting Indore and at being able in person to thank the Maharaja for the service which the State had rendered in the Great War. His Royal Highness referred briefly to the outstanding services of the Transport Corps, which on three continents and five fronts won warm commendation, and to the contributions in money, to the amount of 22 lakhs, which in various directions had assisted the cause of the Allies to victory. He continued --

' There have been great names in the past in the history of Holkar State, such as Malhar Rao whose valour in arms brought the State into prominence in the 18th century, and the famous Queen, alluded to in Your Highness' speech, whose name remains a byword in Central India for justice and wise administration. The improvement which Your Highness has carried out in the administration of your State, the material progress which has been secured, and the keen personal interest which you take in the welfare of your subjects mark out Your Highness as one who strives to be assigned by history and tradition a no less honoured place than that of your illustrious forefathers. That your wish may bear fruition is my earnest desire and I feel assured that no wise act on Your Highness' part will be left undone which may enable you to emulate and surpass the reputations of the past or to stand even higher in the esteem with which the King Emperor regards you.'

After the banquet, the Prince, the Maharaja and the guests assembled on the terrace that overlooks the river, and watched for some time an impressive display of fireworks.

The great event of the next day, February 2, was a Durbar in which the principal Ruling Princes and Chiefs of Central India were presented to His Royal Highness. The hall of the Daly College was entirely filled with scions of the noblest families of Central India. Marathas and Rajputs, Bundelas and Gonds, with here and there a sprinkling of Mussulmans, the assembly exhibited every hue of headdress and of costume. The front rows of seats were reserved for the Ruling Princes and Chiefs who were to have the honour of presentation, while in the body of the hall sat gentlemen of less exalted position. At eleven o'clock, the Prince arrived, and the strains of the National Anthem were punctuated by the thunder of a Royal salute. Taking his place upon the dais with his staff around him, he permitted the Durbar to be opened. Each Ruling Prince or Chief was conducted to the dais where, after he had made his salutation, he received a pleasant smile and handshake.

from the Prince His Royal Highness then addressed the Durbar. He mentioned his pleasure at following in the footsteps of the King-Emperor by coming to Central India, and referred to the many striking proofs which the Rulers of that region had given of their devotion and loyalty during the Great War. The distinguished gathering which he saw before him was, he remarked, a symbol of the unity and concord now prevailing in a region which, but a century ago, had been torn by recurring strife and bloodshed. Continuing he said:—

"I regret that want of time has prevented me from exchanging ceremonial visits with Your Highnesses individually. No one attaches more importance than I do to the maintenance of old ceremonial customs. These ceremonies are hallowed by tradition and sentiment, and their omission on this occasion, which is the result of causes beyond my control, forms no precedent for the future. I trust that, whenever it is possible, Your Highnesses' privileges in these matters will be fully respected, and I thank Your Highnesses for having waived your ancient rights during my present visit out of consideration for me.

It is a source of great pleasure to me to have been able to meet so many of the representatives of the Ruling Houses of Central India to day. I trust that the personal acquaintance now made will bring to each of us that closer perception, better understanding, and more instinctive sympathy, which is the outcome of fuller mutual knowledge. If my hope in this respect is fulfilled, our gathering to day will indeed have had the happiest issue."

After the translation of the speech had been read by the Secretary to the Governor General's Agent, the ceremony concluded with the distribution of *str* and *pan*. His Royal Highness himself distributed these emblems of old world hospitality to eighteen of the leading Princes and Chiefs, beginning with Their Highnesses the Maharajas of the Senior and Junior Branches of Dewas, and ending with the Rao Bahadur of Khilchipur\*. Officers of his staff then distributed *str* and *pan* to the

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\* His Highness the Maharaja of Dewas (Senior Branch)  
His Highness the Maharaja of Dewas (Junior Branch)  
His Highness the Maharaja of Samthar

Heirs-Apparent, and to the lesser chiefs and the sardars The departure of His Royal Highness, again to the accompaniment of a Royal salute, brought this picturesque ceremony to a close

A garden party at the Residency and a quiet dinner completed the programme for February 2 Next morning, after bidding farewell to his host, the Prince motored 14 miles to the important military station of Mhow First selected as a convenient spot from which to overawe Indore and command the passes, it remains in happier days the Headquarters station of the Central Provinces District Having received a warm welcome from the gaily decorated town, the streets of which were lined with cheering people, the Prince attended a parade He rode to inspect the troops drawn up in line, consisting of two battalions, Royal Field Artillery, the 3rd Battalion, King's Royal Rifles, the 7th Hussars, two Indian Rifle Regiments and Imperial Service Cavalry, the Dhar contingent of which was commanded by the daughter of the Maharaja Returning to the saluting base, he took the salute as the units passed in column, and when the parade was finished, lunched with Major General Cassels In the afternoon he played polo, and entered the Royal train at Mhow at six o'clock that evening

Two hours brought the Royal train to the historic city of Ujjain, which now falls within the boundary of Gwalior State Situated as it is upon the main trade route between the Indies of the North and of the South, it has held throughout the ages its position as an emporium Long ere Islam came, it was a large and busy metropolis, a place from which latitudes were reckoned, a seat of Sanskrit culture and of polite learning Sacked time after time, it never failed to regain prosperity under its successive conquerors Even to day, when its glory has departed it remains a thriving country town, renowned as one of the seven sacred cities of Hindu India

From Ujjain, the journey into Bhopal territory is not long, and before morning dawned, the Prince had entered the principal Muhammadan State of Central India Like Indore, Bhopal was carved out of the old Mughal viceroyalty of Malwa, which, as has already been noticed, succeeded to the inheritance of the Sultans of Mandu But the unmemorial Gond and Rajput dynasties, though compelled to acknowledge the suzerainty of successive lords, were tenacious alike of life and territory Any weakening on the part of their Muslim sovereigns gave them an opportunity which they did not fail to use They it was who procured the ruin of the Malwa Sultans, and thus unwittingly cleared the way for the reunion of Malwa with the Delhi Empire In

the confusion of the eighteenth century, when the Mughal might waned and dwindled, the Gond and Rajput kings again raised their head. But that rude age quickly brought them a master. From the Tirah there came to seek his fortune an Afghan of the Mirza Khel. With nothing but his sword, Dost Muhammad carved his way to kingship. Destiny brought him to Malwa, where, after many adventures, he took over the district of Berasia—north of Bhopal city—from an absentee Delhi landlord tired of struggling with turbulent tenants. Favoured by the confusion of the time, he subdued Rajputs to the East and Gonds to the South. He seized the great fortress of Bhilsa from its Mughal Governor, he made the pleasant lakeside village of Bhopal his fortified capital. When he died in 1726, his sway stretched far and wide over the rolling plains and rich soil of Malwa. Able successors increased this goodly heritage and were so fortunate as to escape destruction at the hands of the Marathas hosts busy with the reconquest of Central India from the Muslims. Time and time again, the Rulers of Bhopal frustrated the efforts of Scindia and Bhonsla to annex the State, which was preserved as much by the personal gallantry of its princes as by their intimate if incongruous alliance with the Pindari Free Companies. Soon they found in the British a power which like themselves, sought only peace and tranquillity. In 1817 commenced that close friendship between the State of Bhopal and the British Government which time and stress have but served to strengthen. To the stability and prestige derived by the Bhopal Ruling Family from the alliance, must be ascribed the remarkable fact that for the last eighty years, daughters of Dost Muhammad's line, whom the accident of birth placed in the direct succession, have exercised all the powers of Ruling Princes. Nawab Sikandar Begam, Nawab Shah Jahan Begam, and finally the present Ruler, Nawab Sultan Jahan Begam have in turn won for themselves honoured places in the history of Indian administration. Her Highness Sultan Jahan Begam in particular, is well known for her practical ability, her literary tastes and her keen interest in the problems of education. As the only female Ruler in the Indian Empire, she has been able to promote the welfare of Indian womanhood in many directions. To her zeal for the instruction of her people, an excellent State library and a fine Museum—both admirably managed—sufficiently testify. Within her own State, education is both free and compulsory, the schools being carefully regulated according to the needs of particular classes of society. For the bulk of the population of Bhopal city—where the scheme is already in working order—the instruction imparted is primarily industrial. Children of the professional and literate classes are educated separately.

The working of this scheme, like other details of the administration, is minutely supervised by the Begam herself. She is entirely mistress within her State, although as will shortly be apparent, she has signalled the visit of His Royal Highness by a reform which will associate her subjects with herself in the work of Government.

The morning air struck keen and clear on February 4th, as the Royal train drew into Bhopal station. On the platform, beneath fluttering pennons, the Begam waited to receive her Royal guest. Near by were her three sons, and several of her grandchildren, but the little figure, heavily veiled after the fashion of high born Muslim ladies, and clad in simple white, stood somewhat isolated from its surroundings by a dignity that was as unquestioned as it was gracious. Close at hand stood a group of political and military officers, whose close cut uniforms contrasted strangely with the flowing garments and light blue head dresses of the Bhopal officials. The Prince after being warmly welcomed by Her Highness, inspected the Guard of Honour of Bhopal Infantry. The customary presentation having been made, he passed through the portal of the platform and entered the Royal Barouche. Escorted by the khaki clad Bhopal lancers, he drove out of the station precincts on his way to Lal Kothi. To his right hand were drawn up a group of stately elephants, each one of which bore high aloft some symbol significant of the power and rank of the Rulers of Bhopal. Here was the Fish, emblematical of the highest official rank of Mughal hierarchy, there the Hand, telling of temporal dominion, the Globe, the Sun, the Umbrella, the Standard, all were there as in the days when this strange Asiatic heraldry was the hall mark of rank from Samarkand to Peking. Gorgeously painted, the mighty Standard bearers threw up their trunks and saluted in solemn fashion as the Prince passed. The processional route, curving beside the shore of the smaller of the two lakes which adorn Bhopal, led past fine open spaces and impressive public buildings. Garlands and flags danced in the cool breeze, while the sun, gleaming upon the blue waters of the lake, threw a grateful warmth into every sheltered corner. All along the roads, children in the smart uniform of the State schools shouted and saluted with gay enthusiasm, while crowds of their elders, in no way to be outdone, cried aloud in welcome, waved flags or bent low in obeisance, according as the inclination seized them. It was a delightful exhibition of popular affection for the Prince. The broad pleasant road shady with long avenues of trees, swept up and down in picturesque undulation until, on the brow of a gentle eminence overlooking the lake, appeared the palace where His Royal Highness was to stay. The view of lake and

town was enchanting. Rising tier upon tier from the further edge of the blue water, Bhopal city stretches upwards to the summit of a brown rocky ridge. The white mass of huddling houses, interspersed with groves of stately trees, is broken here and there by towering structures of gleaming marble, and tall, slender, gold flashing minarets. From the heights to the west frowns Dost Muhammad's stronghold of Fattehgarh, dominating the inner of the two lines of fortified wall which guard the

the massive white palace of the present rulers

The morning was occupied with ceremonial visits. The Begam drove from her palace in the Ahmedabad suburb to call upon His Royal Highness at Lal Kothi, and the Prince afterwards drove to the Sadar Manzil, the city palace used for high ceremonial occasions where the Begam was waiting to receive him. Passing through a great outer quadrangle of lofty buildings, His Royal Highness left his car at the entrance to the inner courtyard. Accompanied by the Begam, he crossed a marble pavement broken by flashing fountains and entered the long arcade of the Durbar Hall which forms the further side of the square.

It would be difficult to imagine a more exquisite colour scheme than that which met his eye. The white and gold arches of the Hall displayed in perfection the carpets of gold and crimson on the floor below. A raised platform draped in dull gold and soft turquoise bore two golden chairs with turquoise cushions. Here the Prince and the Begam seated themselves. To the right was the Royal staff in white and gold, to the left the Heir apparent and his two sons in white flowing garments with light blue turbans and lofty aigrettes. Beyond them was the mass of durbaris, some in uniform, others in white with the light blue turban of Bhopal State. The ceremonial followed its usual stately course, distinguished on this occasion by the presence of numerous soldiers with keen handsome, Afghan features, who thrust forward their sword hilts in homage.

After the conclusion of the morning's engagements, the Prince spent the afternoon in polo. That evening a State banquet was held in the Sadar Manzil Palace. The inner and the outer courtyards were alike walled with fir, and the Durbar Hall converted into a banqueting room for the occasion, glowed under many hued lamps in colours even more harmonious than those of the morning.

Her Highness did not dine with her guests, but came in after dinner to propose the customary toasts. When the King's health had been drunk, the Begam read a speech in Urdu to toast her Royal visitor. After briefly mentioning the intimate ties which bind India as a whole and Bhopal in particular, to the British Crown, the Begam expressed her appreciation of the significance of His Royal Highness' presence in India at this juncture. The silken ties of attachment and devotion to the Crown, she said, were stronger than hoops of steel for the Royal House constituted the visible symbol of the stability and solidarity of the Empire. In the Prince's visit, India read an omen of hope and good will. Her Highness then proceeded to make an announcement of considerable importance, which was greeted with loud applause.

"There is just one point relating to Bhopal, for a brief reference to which to-night I feel, I must crave Your Royal Highness' indulgence. For a long time—I should not be far from truth were I to say ever since I assumed the reins of the government of my State—the idea has been uppermost in my mind of associating my people with the administration. I was conscious painfully conscious, at the outset, of the fact that the people were lacking in that most essential equipment for representative institutions—education, and to their education on modern lines I devoted my closest attention. Over two decades of arduous endeavour in the cause of public instruction have now, happily, reached fruition and with the dawning of popular interest however faint in the affairs of the State, I have decided to give my people a share in the counsels of my Government. This very morning when the booming of guns from the parapets of the fort not far from this Hall, proclaimed the auspicious arrival in my capital of the Heir apparent to the throne of the greatest democratic country in the world, was announced a new constitution of the Bhopal State, which consists in the establishment of an Executive Council of State and a Legislative Council. No occasion could, on the one hand, be of a happier augury for so important an announcement than the one which associates it, for all time to come, with the first Royal visit to Bhopal, and no better or more fitting commemoration could, on the other hand, be conceived of that visit than the formal concession by the Ruler of Bhopal to her subjects of the right to participate in the moulding of its destinies. It is I admit, a very modest beginning as modest in

my Government and my people. For on the cultivation by the people of that true sense of responsibility, which is the key note of all representative Government, will solely depend the extension of their share in the affairs of the State, and with

for ever associated with the inception of democratic methods of Government in my State."

The Prince, in replying, referred appreciatively to the long and intimate tie between the British Government and the House of Bhopal. First against the Pindaris, secondly in the days of the Mutiny, and finally in the Great War, Bhopal had ever justified the trust reposed in its loyalty. He continued :—

"I cannot close without a reference to the esteem in which Your Highness is held as a wise and enlightened Ruler, and to the personal interest which you ever display in ensuring the well being of your subjects. The decision, which Your Highness has announced in your speech to day, of associating your subjects more closely with your Government, is a signal proof of this interest. I am convinced that this generous step will evoke the warmest gratitude in the hearts of your people. Outside your own state Your Highness has been indefatigable in attending the conferences which the Viceroy has called together from time to time, and in offering your valuable advice in all matters connected with India and the Empire, in which it was sought or you felt that it could assist. Nor can I remain silent as regards an aspect of Your Highness' work in which you stand alone and have no rival. I allude to Your Highness' services to the women of India. As the only Ruler of their own sex in this vast continent, Your Highness has rightly felt the claim which the women of India have upon you, and Your Highness' personal efforts to lead to their enlightenment, promote their welfare and increase their happiness have been unwearying. I know the close appeal which this aspect of Your Highness' life has made to my mother, Her Imperial Majesty the Queen Empress.

It had been a very great pleasure to me to have Your Highness' son Nawabzada Hamidullah Khan attached to my staff in India. This has drawn the ties, which bind my House and Your Highness together, still closer."

After dinner, the Begam remained for some time in conversation with the Prince. Before he took his leave, she presented him with some interesting souvenirs of his visit to Bhopal, a sword with an inscription bidding the wearer use it for the increase of his glory, a carved book-case containing volumes written by the Begam herself, and certain other gifts of a more personal type.

Next day, after a quiet morning, the Prince left Bhopal by special train for a shooting camp at Kachnaria. Two days of very successful sport followed, the bag including 3 tigers and one panther, as well as deer of various species. On February 7th, His Royal Highness returned to Bhopal, and played polo at the Sultan Jahan United Service Club, the members of which were "At home." Many thousands of people had collected to see the Prince, whom they received with unbounded enthusiasm. As a result of an American tournament, the challenge cups were won by the Bhopal team, the Prince himself calling for "three cheers for the winners." After being garlanded by Her Highness, he shook hands with the officers of the Sultana infantry and the polo teams.



Gaining his car with some difficulty on account of the thronging crowds, he drove slowly back to his camp, his gracious acknowledgment of the spontaneous homage of the multitude affording fresh incentive for repeated cheering.

That same evening, after bidding farewell to Her Highness, the Prince left for Gwalior. From Bhopal, the Royal Train struck northward into Central India. It passed by Sanchi, famous the world over for Asoka's great Stupa and those other monuments of the golden age of Indian Buddhism, which, through the care of the Archaeological Department and the liberality of the Bhopal Government, now stand in what has been authoritatively pronounced one of the most beautiful and best kept historic sites of all India. Near the great medieval fortress of Bhilsa, hallowed in the eyes of antiquaries for its record of heroic defences and deeds of desperate valour, the Prince entered Gwalior State.

Like other realms hewn from the Mughal Empire by gallant soldiers of the Peshwa, the domains of the Maharaja Sindia are held by a ruling aristocracy of Marathas. Successive conquerors, Turk, Afghan, and Mughal, in turn subdued the laborious Hindu population of these rich lands, until there dawned the day of the great House that now rules them. Few Princes of India have a more romantic origin than those of the Sindia family. How Ranoji Sindia rose from the position of slipper bearer in the household of Balaji Peshwa to that of a Prince in all but name independent of his Lord, how his great son Madhoji Rao Sindia, made and unmade Emperors of Delhi, carrying the Maratha standards far into Hindustan, how Daulat Rao, his grandson, fought long and fiercely on well nigh equal terms against Wellesley and Lake before entering into faithful alliance with the British—all these things are written large upon the pages of history. Well and staunchly has the alliance been maintained, greatly to the advantage of both parties. The British Government has ever found in the House of Sindia a loyal friend, while in all India there are now few states that can compare with Gwalior in wealth, in enlightenment, and in active development of great natural resources. Irrigation is extensive and up to-date, communications are better developed than in many parts of British India, the handling of the drug and liquor problems is an example to other states. Education, particularly on the technical side, is rapidly expanding. Industries are springing up, aided by a Board of Economic Development and stimulated by a State Trust. Every detail of the administration is under the careful supervision of the Maharaja, who is aided by

a Legislative Council, a Privy Council, and a People's Representative Assembly. No better testimony to the success of his rule can be found than the prosperity of Gwalior itself.

The capital with its suburb of Lashkar, may best be viewed from the walls of the mighty fortified ridge which has made the name of Gwalior famous throughout India. The origin of this stronghold is lost in the mists of extreme antiquity, but recorded history proves that it has been held in turn by Huns, Rajputs, Turks, Afghans, Mughals and Marathas, who have sanctified it with the shrines of many faiths. Have fretted its living rock with mystic carvings, have glorified its palaces with snowy marble, jewelled arabesque and glowing porcelain. Each stone and cranny is drenched with the blood of stout warriors, high born princes, and delicate queens. Its frowning walls have withstood many a siege, have witnessed many a stirring deed of arms. Even in British times it has seen stern fighting. Not the least dramatic incidents in its long history are its escalade in 1780 by Major Popham at the head of a handful of Company's troops and its storm by the heroic Rose in 1858. Its importance endured well into the last century. It was held sometimes by Scindia's forces and sometimes by the British, until 1886 when it was finally made over to the Maharaja of the day. From its towering bastions the gaze of the spectator commands all the country round. Three hundred feet below swarms the prosperous modern life of the capital of Scindia's dominions. Here are parks, schools, factories, State institutions, rich bazars—all the products of a peace which the old massive fortress was powerless to ensure. The very stronghold itself is now devoted to tranquil uses like some old warrior who in the evening of his life has laid his sword aside to repose in the midst of affluence and security. The barracks have been transformed into schools, while the Palaces where reigned in turn Hindu Princes, Afghan freebooters, Mughal Viceroys and Maratha warriors remain now but to delight the traveller and to arouse the admiration of the antiquary.

Early on the morning of February 8th the great Fortress rose into view like a rock from the ocean. Traversing rich well cultivated land, the Prince was soon passing beneath its dominant shadow. At Sitholi, the station immediately before the capital he was received by the Maharaja who with the Resident entered the Royal train.

As the Prince stepped upon the gaily decorated platform of Gwalior the guns of the great fortress boomed in salute. The Maharaja's little son and daughter named George and Mary by permission of Their Imperial Majesties, were first presented to the Prince, to whom they

did obeisance with childish dignity. Twelve of the leading sardars, magnificent in jewelled robes, curved scimetars, and tightly rolled crimson turbans, were then introduced by the Maharaja. After His Royal Highness had inspected the Guard of Honour of State troops, twelve more sardars were presented to him. He then left the station, while drums and fifes in the music gallery above the portico sounded the traditional Indian salute to dignity.

Outside in the courtyard there waited for him a majestic elephant, bearing upon its back a gold howdah. This imposing animal, Hiraguj by name, had been selected for the honour of carrying the Prince both on account of its stately appearance and its smooth gait. Fully conscious of the prominent part which it was playing in the procession, it bore itself with calm superiority, and woe to any elephant which had dared to dispute with it for pride of place! Into its howdah the Prince, accompanied by the Maharaja entered forthwith. The Royal Staff and the great sardars mounted eighteen other elephants which stood ranged in readiness facing one another.

The procession of which these elephants formed the central portion, was beyond comparison the most magnificent which we had encountered in the course of the tour. Its head was formed by a gallant squadron of Maratha Irregular cavalry, picturesquely armed as at Poona. Then came horses carrying drums and standards, then elephants bearing great banners and bands that discoursed shrill music. Two elephants bearing the insignia of nobility, the Fish, the Hand, the Globe, and other emblems of power and rank, swung proudly behind. Led horses, curvetting and prancing like circus steeds, with gold and silver trappings and gorgeous saddle cloths, preceded a pair of splendid antique palanqueens. Thus far, the procession had been entirely of old time, but a fine cavalry band served to introduce a more modern note. To it succeeded a squadron of the Gwalior Lancers in column of sections, a battery of Gwalior Horse Artillery in column of route, and another Squadron of Lancers in column of sections. The General Officer Commanding the Gwalior Army, with his Staff, then followed. After him came mace bearers, spearmen, standard bearers and other appurtenances of royalty in Mughal times, in the midst of which the smart Gwalior Cadet Corps, with their dark blue tunics and light blue puggaris, brought another breath of modernity. In the midst of this slowly-flowing river of humanity, the great elephants glided like islands animated with life. Proudly majestic, the Royal colossus paced heavily along, followed by the nine pairs of howdahed beasts bearing the Staff and the

sardars The tail of the procession was formed by two troops of cavalry in column of sections, a squadron of lancers in the same formation, and finally, an enormous elephant carrying a pair of kettledrums each the size of a vat, the sonorous booming of which reverberated above the clank and clatter of the cortege and the shouts of the crowd

The streets through which this oriental Lord Mayor's Show, itself nearly a mile long, slowly proceeded, were bright with fluttering pennons and strung with triumphal arches State troops in crimson tunics and blue trousers lined the route, while here and there military bands burst into music as the Prince passed White masses of people, sprinkled with patches of glowing colour, shouted, cheered and salaamed School-children, raised aloft upon stands by the roadside, waved flags and screamed in excitement

Thus royally welcomed, the Prince came to the Jai Bilas Palace, a wing of which had been set aside for his use

At half past eleven that morning, a Durbar was held, which in splendour was entirely worthy of the magnificent spectacle that had preceded it The Hall, a lofty and extensive chamber decorated in cream and old gold, proved well adapted, both from its proportions and its appointments, to ceremonial of the most impressive character Drawn up in double ranks along its whole great length, were ranged the aristocracy of Gwalior Red, the State colour, everywhere predominated It showed brightest and most uniformly in the tight cocked birettalike head dresses, it was pleasantly varied into crimson, magenta, and carmine in the flowing, gem covered robes of the darbaris It gleamed dark from the carpets under foot, it was reflected in ruddy gleams from enormous cut glass chandeliers suspended from the golden roof.

The Maharaja Scindia, in red puggari and white robe, wearing a great collaret of his famous pearls, received the Prince, and amidst a shrill flourish of trumpets, conducted him to the dais, whence the scarlet tunics of His Royal Highness and the members of his Staff added one more shade to the glowing colour of the Hall As the Prince took his seat, rippling Indian music broke out from a band of dancing girls at the other end of the Hall, and continued, a delightful accompaniment, *throughout the whole ceremony* After a few moment's conversation, the Maharaja rose to his feet, and presented to His Royal Highness certain of the principal sardars, who came forward one by one, extending their sword hilts or their offering of gold mohurs, for the Prince to touch His Royal Highness was then confronted by an army of retainers,

who with deep obeisance laid upon the ground trays containing ceremonial offerings—the invariable *pan*, *utr*, and garlands—together with less usual articles prescribed by the particular etiquette of Gwalior, garments of Indian form, kerchiefs, richly embroidered cloths, ornaments and weapons of war without number. For the most part, these articles were after inspection by the Prince, removed for replacement in the Treasury, but a heavy gold garland was placed round the Prince's neck by the Maharaja, who also presented *utr* and *pan* in the customary form. After the Prince had in his turn garlanded the Maharaja, to the accompaniment of *utr* and *pan* he left the hall in procession while distant guns, thundered a Royal salute.

That afternoon witnessed the formal opening by the Prince of a new park named by Imperial permission "King George's Park" which the Maharaja, with the generosity characteristic of him, had just presented to the municipality. Within the palace grounds, a large open tent attractively decorated in blue and white, accommodated a number of guests, while immediately in front of a dais on which were placed two silver chairs stood the fine wrought iron gates which gave admittance to the new park from the palace garden. The Prince, accompanied by his staff, arrived to the sound of a Royal salute. After the President and Chairman of the Managing Committee had been presented to him by the Maharaja an address was read which welcomed the Prince to the town, and dwelt with loyal affection on the honour done to Gwalior by members of the House of Windsor. The traditional Indian reverence for the Kingly office it continued, had received additional confirmation from the "wide sympathy" of His Imperial Majesty.

'In the light of this faith Your Royal Highness will see with what feelings of anticipated happiness we must have laid our prayer before our Liege Lord to endeavour to obtain Your Royal Highness promise to open this Park which by Imperial consent is to be styled 'King George's Park.'

in both hands I permit myself the temerity to defy tradition and violate a tacit  
thought and the wish behind its special features. Briefly, its appeal is not to a  
section but to all people, and it is not intended to provide merely the recreation  
which the human body needs but also to minister to the profounder needs of the  
soul

Your Royal Highness I now beg most respectfully to request you to be so gracious as to declare 'King George's Park' open'

The Prince, in reply, thanked the citizens of Gwalior for their welcome. The vivid recollection cherished of the visits of members of his House made him feel that he did not come among strangers.

"You may rest assured of the sympathy of my House in all that concerns your lives. It is in the desire to be able to understand the people of India and to sympathize with their hopes and needs that I, following in my Father's footsteps have undertaken this journey to India.

You in your State are fortunate in being ruled by one who both sympathizes with the needs of his subjects and possesses an intimate knowledge of their conditions of life. In presenting this park to your city His Highness has not only given another example of his generosity but has also shown his realization of the need we all have of open spaces, fresh air and healthy exercise. I feel sure that you will enjoy these gifts and that your enjoyment will repay His Highness' munificence."

The Prince then advanced to the gates and unfastened a massive gold padlock which secured them. The Maharaja called for cheers for the King Emperor and the Prince passed through the gates. Accompanied by the Maharaja he then entered his car, and drove through the new park, the interesting features of which were pointed out to him by his host. Here stood a Sikh Gurudwara, there a Muslim Mosque, here a Hindu temple, there a Theosophical Lodge. A menagerie, a museum, a library, in combination with lovely lawns and glowing flower beds evidenced the care of the designers for popular education as well as popular amusement. The Prince's action in unlocking the palace gates of the park had also opened those which admitted the general public. Crowds flocked into the beautiful grounds, and cheered lustily as the Prince passed. He drove straight to a great dry tank, the sides of which were tiered with marble bathing steps. Here an immense concourse of people had quickly gathered, painting the sides of the tank with the bright hues of their garments. On the flat bed below them a number of Indian entertainments were in progress—wrestling, sword play, tug of war, and popular athletic contests of various kinds. The Prince and his Staff, amidst roars of enthusiasm from the multitude, entered a small marble tower, from which he watched for some time the animated spectacle beneath. He then drove to another spot, where military sports were to take place. In some of these he and members of his Staff participated. Only darkness put an end to an afternoon which had all the spontaneous gaiety of popular rejoicing. As night fell, from the walls of the great frowning fort which overlooks all Gwalior town, a striking display of set pieces flamed against the sky, rockets whistled up and

descended in golden showers, and thunderous maroons woke the echoes around

A fitting termination to a wonderful day was provided by the State banquet held in the magnificent chamber below the Durbar Hall. After the King's health had been drunk, His Highness proposed in the warmest terms the health of the Prince. He spoke feelingly of the intimate ties which bound Gwalior to the Royal House, and his personal pride in discharging the duties which those ties entailed. In sentences ringing with sincerity, he welcomed the Prince to Gwalior, not merely as a member of the Imperial Line, but as one who in the war had fought side by side with his people and won *merited fame for his services to the Empire*.

In reply, the Prince whose voice revealed the depth of his own feeling, expressed his pleasure at visiting the trusted friend of his House, held in such esteem by His Imperial Majesty. The position which the Maharaja had won for himself, he said, arose from the unswerving manner in which His Highness brought all matters to one simple test. "How in this matter can I help my country or serve my King Emperor?" The Prince then briefly outlined the unsurpassed war services of Gwalior State, *the notable contributions in men, money and munitions*.

'At the outbreak of the Great War Your Highness offered your personal services and the whole of the resources of your State to the King Emperor, and in a characteristic fashion Your Highness at once settled down in a whole hearted and methodical way to the solution of how you could most and best help our cause. One and a half regiments of Your Highness Imperial Service Infantry went on service and fought with distinction in Egypt, East Africa and Palestine. Four squadrons of Your Highness Lancers served in India and on the North West Frontier. Your Highness' Transport Corps went far afield to do their bit in France, Gallipoli, Mesopotamia and the Indian Frontier. Recruiting for these forces and for the Indian Army went on without intermission. Your Highness' State supplied on every hand needs too numerous to mention such as motor cars, motor ambulances, munition workshops, aeroplanes, binoculars, remounts and remount depots.

As regards money, I need not say that it was given unsparingly. I may particularly mention a loan of 50 lakhs without interest and the notable manner in which Your Highness came to our assistance in our currency difficulties. I have read with admiration the list of donations which were given by Your Highness and Your Highness' State to numerous War and relief funds. Your Highness' feelings were deeply stirred by the sufferings which the great struggle inevitably involved. The sick, wounded, and disabled owe a deep debt to Your Highness for the inception of the scheme of the hospital ship 'Loyalty,' to which you gave 60 lakhs of rupees, for the establishment of a convalescent home at Nairobi, and for your aid to many funds designed to alleviate suffering or help the families of those who

had fallen in our cause, and throughout runs the note of Your Highness' deep personal interest in every aspect of the great adventure. Amid all the big things Your Highness was planning and doing, Your Highness had time to turn your thoughts to small difficulties also—small among so many big things but not small to those concerned. I do not think that the munition workers of England will readily forget that it was the Maharaja of Gwalior who helped to brighten their lives by the provision of clubs and recreation grounds for their use after long hours of weary toil. The officers employed with Imperial Service troops also will gratefully remember the friend who, to relieve their anxieties about their families, offered to the latter a home in Gwalior throughout the War. In life it is the kind personal touch that counts, and in the magnificent war record of Your Highness and Your Highness' State, this shines and permeates the whole like the light in a great jewel.

What I have had time to say about Your Highness alone is a tale of high achievements, but I have not told the half. I have not mentioned years of able administration in your State, material improvements carried out with courage on a large scale, the institution of Legislative Assemblies and local bodies and innumerable details of the general progress which has been made in Gwalior State. I have not dwelt on your services to a larger India on your work in the Chamber of Princes and the Princes' Committee or on the helpful advice which Your Highness has given to the Government of India in many conferences, but Your Highness may rest assured that these items also contribute to the high esteem with which the King Emperor regards you.

Next morning there was a review, in Service order, of some six thousand of the Gwalior Troops. Horse, foot and guns—the long line of men and beasts stretched right across the great Parade Ground near the Palace. The Maharaja himself commanded the parade, and accompanied the Prince who arrived under a Royal salute, along the line. His Royal Highness returned to the saluting point and received the salute of the troops marching past in column, headed by the Maharaja. The smart bearing of the men and the fine condition of the horses contributed much to the impressiveness of the spectacle. A charming incident was provided by the presence in the ranks of Madhoji Scindia's Own Gwalior Infantry, of the tiny son and daughter of His Highness. Clad in uniform and shouldering miniature rifles, the children trotted joyously along at the pace of the battalion, at the word of command "eyes right" they smartly obeyed, and received a warm smile from the Prince as they passed him. After the termination of the parade, His Royal Highness congratulated the Maharaja on the smart turnout of his army, and, entering his motor car, drove from the ground amidst the cheers of the crowd. The remainder of the day, and all the next day were devoted to sport. The Prince had a most enjoyable hunt, the total bag being eight tigers and numerous smaller game.



Saturday saw a pleasant little gymkhana meeting at the Gwalior Race course. In the presence of a large and enthusiastic crowd, the Prince competed in four events. Fortune did not favour him, although, despite stiffness following upon a fall that morning, he secured one "third" and one "second". But his keenness and good sportsmanship won for him a brilliant reception.

On Sunday, February 11th, the Prince, after bidding farewell to his host, left Gwalior for Agra.

During his stay with the Maharaja Scindia, the news of a horrible outrage, directly resulting from the non co operation campaign, sent a shudder over all India. At Chauri Chaura, in the Gorakhpur District of the United Provinces a conflict between the forces of order and anarchy resulted in the murder of more than twenty constables and watchmen, guilty only of the crime of doing their duty. Men were beaten to death, were burnt alive, were torn to pieces with bestial savagery. No more awful warning could be conceived of the danger of reckless propaganda among ignorant persons, and for the moment, as will be seen, a pause was given to the non co operation movement. While the Prince was proceeding from Gwalior to Agra, an emergency meeting of the Working Committee of the Indian National Congress was summoned, with results that became apparent in the course of his visit to Delhi.

The mists of morning were still covering the landscape with a pearly veil, as the Prince left his train at the little wayside station of Fatehpur Sikri, where Sir Harcourt Butler was waiting to receive him. On the rocky ridge above, Akbar's deserted capital stood expectant, as though awaiting release from the spell which holds it in frozen silence through the centuries. Spacious court yards, echoing halls, fretted pavilions, lie in unbroken slumber, while time darkens their ruddy sandstone and mellows their glowing marble to the tints of old ivory. Lofty portals, carved with high sounding records of domination over distant peoples, lead but to cloistered courts where pigeons mate undisturbed by the foot of man. Tiny lizards scamper securely across the chequered pavement where an Emperor played *pachisi* with beautiful slave girls as his living pieces, while in the most secluded gardens of the harem, once sacred from the gaze of the greatest, the hyena and the jackal prowl at will. Whence came the abandonment of this splendid city of palaces, the darling conception of Akbar's heart, a scant thirty years after its foundations had been laid with hopes so high? Engineers may say that Fatehpur Sikri was deserted because the water supply

proved insufficient, but few persons can wander through these deserted courts without feeling that some less prosaic explanation can alone account for the haunted mystery of the sleeping city. Was its abandonment a visible sign of the failure of the universal religion so long and so eagerly debated by the Emperor and his scholar friends in these noble halls? Was it the act of a father heart broken by the rebellion and ingratitude of that very son whose birth the foundation of this dream city was designed to celebrate? Tradition indeed has yet another explanation to offer, in the anger of the holy Shaikh Salim Chishti at the distraction caused to his meditations by the presence of the Royal Court. Certain it is that the saint still remains in possession of the spot which he sanctified long ere Akbar adorned it with the Imperial presence, his tomb with its precious intaglios and its airy veils of marble lace-work is even to-day the object of adoration to millions of devout Muslims. But whatever may be the explanation of the city's silence none can deny its beauty and its charm. The Prince lingered long ere he left for the station.

From Fatehpur Sikri the Royal train came to Agra, following the road which in the days of Akbar was one single immense bazar connecting the two cities. At the Fort Station he alighted and amid the cheers of a large crowd drove through a triumphal arch up to the Delhi gate of the great Fort. Massive walls of red sandstone, towering over the city and dwarfing even the bulk of the Cathedral Mosque near by, enclose audience halls, private apartments and fairy stirrer houses of fretted marble. Beneath the wall flows the River Jumna, second only to the Ganges in sanctity and haring with it until modern times the burden of bearing the rich trade of Hindustan. Through its commercial life Agra was anciently an important town. But the early Muslim raiders ruined it and not until King Sikandar of the Delhi House found it a convenient base in his operations against the great Man Singh of Gwalior did it commence to rise from its ashes. To the Mughals the beauty of its site made strong appeal. Babur built his first Indian garden house close at hand, so that Agra became a fashionable resort from the cares and officialism of Delhi. Akbar went further, he constructed a mighty fortress which made Agra one of the keys of Upper India, and that Fort adorned by his son and grandson stands to this day. It was used as an Imperial residence, it was the seat of the Imperial treasury, on occasions it served as an Imperial prison. Here Shah Jahan was confined for the last years of his life by the orders of Aurangzeb, his son, and from the Jasmine Tower he turned his dying

gaze across the swift steely flood to the dome and minarets of the Taj Mahal, the dream palace of marble and mosaic which he had consecrated to the love of his life. In the corridors and chambers which extend far downwards to the water level, grim tragedies have been enacted at the command of despots whose caprice was law unquestionable. Every stone of the Fort is haunted by the sad ghosts of other days. But on this bright morning, its memories of anguish and tyranny seemed but to enhance the attraction of the Prince's personality. He, the heir to the Imperial Mughals, possessing a heritage such as they never achieved, infused a new spirit of hope and friendliness into the relics of their vanished glory, as he moved here and there, questioning, eager and interested. When at length he emerged from the grim stronghold, and drove beneath triumphal arches and fluttering pennons to the Macdonnell Park, cheers such as no Mughal ever heard rose to greet him. There were perhaps twenty thousand people, partly from the city and partly from the surrounding districts, along the route. He came to a large body of ex-Servicemen and pensioners. In inspecting them he spent, as is his custom, a considerable time, chatting to them freely and exhibiting to the full that quick interest in the personality of fellow soldiers which opens an immediate avenue to their hearts. Each man after shaking hands with the Prince received a coloured portrait of His Royal Highness. It was interesting to see the eagerness with which the recipients held out their new treasures at arms' length, compared the portrait with the original, still but a few paces distant, and saluted it with the utmost gravity before folding it carefully away.

The Prince drove to the Circuit House where he was to stay during his few hours in Agra. After lunch, and again after dinner, he visited the Taj Mahal, the beauties of which have been sung by poets, depicted by painters, and extolled by travellers the world over. Noble in conception, perfect in execution, it has stood throughout the rise and fall of Kingdoms as a love poem in marble, an ivory palace enshrining for all time the most sacred of human passions. From this crowning glory of Mughal architecture, in its romantic setting of pearly fountains, dark cypress and verdant lawns, the grim memories which haunt so many of India's historic buildings are mercifully absent.

That evening, a garden party and a torchlight tattoo were held in the Prince's honour in the Fort, which was illuminated by the soft glimmer of many lamps. The scene was delightful. Thus given over to gaiety, the ancient walls seemed to take on a new aspect, while courts

and pavilions long deserted, again resounded to the murmur of cheerful voices and the stir of feet. Large numbers of city folk had assembled, and they greeted the Prince as he entered and left the Fort with hearty goodwill.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Where Empires passed.

While His Royal Highness was in Agra, an important development took place in the political situation. At its meeting on February the 12th, the Working Committee of the Indian National Congress formulated a resolution to the effect that the Chauri Chaura tragedy of the previous week had conclusively demonstrated the impossibility of carrying mass civil disobedience to a successful issue, by non violent methods. The Committee therefore recommended the cessation, pending the decision of the All India Congress Committee, of provocative activities on the part of Congress and Khilafat volunteers, including the suspension, not only of recruiting for these organisations but in addition of all picketting save that of liquor shops. The publication of this resolution, which seemed to imply the abandonment of the Civil Disobedience campaign by the very body constituted to direct it, naturally produced a profound effect throughout the country at large. Its results were plainly manifest in the circumstances attending the Prince's arrival at Delhi.

On the morning of the 14th, His Royal Highness left Agra for Delhi, the very heart of the Imperial tradition of India. Here through the centuries each dynasty which has left its name upon the scroll of India's past abode the appointed hour until Time devoured its splendour. Here at the dawn of History, the heroes of the Hindu epics slew with enchanted weapons demon adversaries in their millions, hither came conqueror after conqueror from the teeming plains of Asia. Hillman and plainsman Aryan and Scythian, Turk and Afghan, Hindu and Mughal, have waded through torrents of blood to seize and hold this spot, the bulwark of Hindustan against the floods and tumults of the North. For miles about, the cities they builded lie forgotten in crumbling ruins, the sport of summer heat and winter rains, their tombs, splendid even in desolation, are familiar but to the screech owl and the jackal. The capital of the Great Mughals is thus a centre round which the fragments of empires longer dead lie thickly scattered. Nor have the British themselves escaped from the lure of Delhi. As if by a jest of Fate,

a new Delhi is even now growing up from the spot where so many Delhis have decayed. That this latest capital, embodiment of a new Imperialism based upon fraternity rather than subjection, may escape the curse of ruin and decay, may blossom triumphant amidst the tombs of forgotten empires, is the prayer of all who love India.

It was through mile upon mile of dead cities, where the relics of vanished greatness lie thickly scattered, that the Royal Train, pursuing a circuitous route, wound its way. No acre of land but seems to possess its dome, its minaret, its kiosk, stately even in decay. Mosques, tombs, temples, pavilions, cluster in crumbling confusion, while here and there like rocks from the ocean, uprear the cliffs of a Titan stronghold, or the lofty pinnacles of some tremendous mausoleum. Indeed the whole long story of Delhi, which is the story of Hindustan, is graven for all to read upon the stones piled by successive dynasties. South and westward the Royal Train left behind the dim, shapeless mounds of the earliest Rajput city and the half obliterated walls of that Prithwi Raj, who extended his sway from Ajmere over Delhi not long before the ruin of his clan. Dominating these obscure relics of Rajput rule, tower in proud arrogance the great minaret and crumbling mosque of their Turki conquerors—perhaps the most perfect symbolism of triumphant force which the master mason's art can express. Nearer at hand the Prince's train passed the monstrous bastions of Tugluqabad, third of Delhi's cities, built as a refuge against the Mongol hordes and never peopled since Muhammad Bin Tughluq in mad caprice transported all its inhabitants to the distant Deccan. As the train proceeded, yet other cities came into view. Close to the spot where Humayun's tomb, a prototype of the Taj Mahal rears its white dome above the surrounding trees, are traces of the fourth city, which grew only to collapse in blood and ruin at the onset of Tamerlane. Near by, the splendid gateways and lofty walls of the Old Fort of Humayun and Shir Shah, mark the spot where tradition places Indraprastha, famed in Hindu epic as the capital of the Pandavas. In the distance to the left, the white residences and enormous Secretariat of the latest of all the Delhis, still incomplete, appeared, before the Royal Train drew into Shahjahan's city, where the mass of the population still resides.

Both from its traditions as the ancient seat of Muslim rule, and from the large proportion of Mussulmans included among its population, Delhi has since the Great War become in some sort the headquarters of militant activities in connection with the Khilafat quest. It is not therefore surprising that from the moment when His Royal

Highness landed in India, the non co operation party in Delhi should have strained every nerve to organise a *hartal* of unexampled completeness for the day when he was to set foot in the historic capital. But the course in which the activities of the Gandhīsts had run during the previous three months, when taken in conjunction with the Chauri Chaura tragedy, began to alarm the cooler heads, who recognised the possibilities of serious disorder latent in the hooligan element haunting the dark lanes and winding gullies of the close packed city wards. At the same time, so long as the policy laid down by Mr Gandhī was not reversed, there was little inclination to favour wise counsels. Terrorism and pressure, both of a kind against which police protection is useless, were freely practised, and the determination of the local leaders to boycott all festivities in connection with the Royal visit was stiffened by rumours of Government's determination to arrest Mr Gandhī—a step, indeed, which only the abandonment of the civil disobedience campaign sufficed to avert. Tension became very acute. Accordingly it was with a sense of profound relief that the local leaders of the non co operation movement learnt of the decisions, already mentioned, of the Congress Working Committee. Many persons hitherto identified with the Khilafat and Congress organisations, made honest endeavours to secure the abandonment of the projected *hartal*. The city was placarded with notices giving translations in the various vernaculars of the resolution of the Congress Working Committee, supplemented by the advice to turn out in large numbers to welcome the Prince. The atmosphere which had been somewhat heavily charged, quickly became clear. Hence it was that while, on February 14th only, throughout a considerable portion of the city the shops were shut, yet in other quarters, on the first, as on the subsequent days of the Prince's visit, the life of the community went on in normal fashion, public conveyances plied for hire as usual, and there were many people in the streets.

At half past three the Prince arrived at Selimgarh, the semi-detached outwork of the Delhi Fort through which the railway runs. The area enclosed by the curtain wall had been transformed for the occasion into a beautiful garden. Green turf, broken by banks of flowers backed by the warm red sandstone of the ancient walls, made a charming setting for the ceremonies which were to take place. Under a large *shamiana* a bewildering variety of costume, ranging in locality from Peshawar to Cape Comorin, interspersed with civil and military uniforms of every hue and cut, proclaimed the presence of the members of the Legislative Assembly and the Council of State. Between the *shamiana* and

the Railway platform, was placed a Royal canopy shading a golden throne

As the Prince stepped from the Royal Train to be received by His Excellency the Viceroy, the guns of the Fort thundered a Royal salute Lord Reading presented to His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, the Members of the Executive Council the Presidents of the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly, two members representing these bodies, and certain high officials. The Viceroy entered his carriage and moved off with his bodyguard and his escort of British cavalry to Viceregal Lodge. He was followed by the Commander in Chief, and the members of the Executive Council. The Prince advanced, inspected the Guard of Honour of British and Indian Infantry, and took up his position under the Royal canopy. The members of the Council of State were presented to him by their President, after which the same procedure took place in the case of the members of the Legislative Assembly. The President and the members of the Delhi Municipality came forward and offered an address of welcome to the Prince, to which His Royal Highness gave a brief but cordial reply, expressing his pleasure in visiting the historic city and the warm interest of His Imperial Father and of himself in its progress and prosperity. The Municipal Commissioners were in turn presented to the Prince, who to their keen pleasure shook hands with each individual. The Prince with his staff entering their carriages moved off in procession to Viceregal Lodge escorted by a Regiment of British Cavalry a Battery of Royal Artillery and a Regiment of Indian Cavalry. The procession passed through the Lahore gate of the Fort and crossed the end of the famous Chandni Chowk. Here very large crowds were waiting who on the appearance of the Prince cheered him in hearty fashion. Although the route was several miles in length it was thickly lined with people. At various points the crush was very great indeed it was officially estimated that between 90 000 and 100 000 persons were present to view the procession. Schoolchildren as usual were there in large numbers their high spirits and eager enthusiasm contributing largely to the liveliness of the occasion. On the historic Ridge near which the Prince's route ran at several points were gathered a large crowd of members of the "Depressed" classes from all parts of India, who were present in Delhi partly with the idea of welcoming the Prince, and partly for the purpose of holding for the third time the annual conference which marks their awakening class-consciousness. These people showed plainly by their demeanour the loyal enthusiasm they



bore to the representative of a Royal House beneath whose sway they had been enabled, after untold centuries of repression, to acquire the elements of civic rights

At Viceregal Lodge the Prince was received by Their Excellencies the Viceroy and the Countess of Reading. After inspecting the Guard of Honour, His Royal Highness proceeded to the Ball Room, where a large number of Ruling Princes and Chiefs and Heirs apparent had gathered. Here the Prince was greeted by many of the friends he had met in the course of his Indian tour. The gaiety of the scene was as manifest as its splendour. The Princes and Chiefs in all the glory of their Darbar dress presented in the stately Ball Room an appearance of the utmost magnificence. Silks and satins of every conceivable hue, necklaces, armlets, girdles worth an Emperor's ransom, diamond aigrettes and emerald sword hilts combined to constitute a vision of glittering colour such as no country in the world save India could show. After the presentation of the Princes and Chiefs, His Royal Highness and Lord Reading walked to the dais at the end of the Ball Room where certain high civil officials were presented to the Prince by the Viceroy. His Excellency the Commander in Chief then presented the Chief of the General Staff, and the Generals and Lieutenant Generals present. After which His Royal Highness was conducted to the charming house which had been constructed for him in the grounds of Viceregal Lodge, every detail of which argued the taste, forethought, and care of the designers.

That day's engagement terminated with a quiet dinner. On the next morning, February the 15th, came the ceremony of the unveiling of the All India King Edward VII Memorial in the King Edward Memorial Gardens. Picturesquely situated between the lofty pile of the Juma Masjid and the vast ruddy mass of the Fort, these gardens, with the dignified statue of King Edward in the midst, form a worthy emblem of the loyalty and devotion of the Indian people. Around the plinth of the statue stood Colour Parties of those Regiments of

1 in Chief—2nd Queen Victoria's  
Edward's Own Grenadiers, and

Large numbers of representatives of other units of the Indian Army, specially detailed to witness the ceremony, enclosed the whole area with a khaki coloured wall, while beyond, outside the limits of the gardens, the general public had thickly gathered. The Viceroy and the Countess of Reading arrived under a Royal salute shortly before eleven, the Prince himself appearing some minutes later. As he drove from Viceregal Lodge, it was plain

from the crowds collected on the route that the normal life of the city had completely recovered from the disturbance caused by the partial *hartal* of the day before. Very large numbers of people had collected at various points, round the park itself the townsfolk of Delhi had assembled in masses which made passage through them almost impossible. As the Prince arrived at the Gardens, he received an ovation both from the large numbers of privileged spectators gathered within the enclosure, and from the masses of the general public on the further side of the railings, on the steps of the Juma Masjid on the house tops and at every point which would give them a view of the proceedings. His Royal Highness after being received by His Excellency and the Members of the Executive Committee of the Memorial, advanced to the dais and there took his seat. The Viceroy then read a brief address on behalf of the Executive Committee. He explained that the King Edward VII Memorial was the outcome of an appeal made by Lord Minto, and represented the offerings of nearly eighty thousand people of all communities and creeds. He continued—

“It is now 10 years since on the 8th December 1911, His Imperial Majesty King George V placed in position the memorial tablet on the pedestal. Work on the statue was progressing favourably, when the outbreak of the Great War caused a cessation of such activities. The delay in the execution of the project has now reached a happy and auspicious ending by affording to Your Royal Highness the opportunity of performing the filial duty of unveiling the memorial.

Four days after the foundation stone of this monument was laid, the seat of the Government of India was by His Imperial Majesty a Royal Command transferred to the ancient capital of Delhi. It is thus in the capital of India that the All India Memorial to our late beloved Sovereign has been most fittingly erected. Here the statue will stand as a memorial to all time of a most noble King who in the words inscribed on the pedestal, was the father of his people whose voice stood for wisdom in the councils of the world, whose reign was a blessing to his well beloved India an example to the great and an encouragement to the humble and whose name shall be handed down from father to son through all ages as a merciful and benevolent ruler and a mighty and just Emperor who loved his people and sought their peace and happiness.”

To this His Royal Highness briefly replied

He deemed himself fortunate, he said, to be able to-day to take part in unveiling this memorial, of which his Father laid the tablet stone, and to display to them this statue to King Edward's memory, to which thousands of persons in India in loyal devotion have subscribed. His Majesty the late King Emperor was essentially a friend of India. He was the son of the first sovereign to bear the Imperial title and was the first of his House to visit India, to personally acquaint himself with

Indian aims and aspirations and to show how keen and abiding an interest the Royal House felt in the Princes and peoples of this land. Concluding the Prince prayed that the statue might remind future generations of the late King's recall of his strong sense of duty, of his love of peace and of his noble endeavours to lead India forward to the path of her high destiny in the Empire.

The Prince was conducted by Lord Reading to the pedestal which controlled the mechanism for unveiling the statue. The assembled troops came to the Royal salute and to the crash of 101 guns from the Fort the Union Jacks fell away leaving the statue in full view. On the conclusion of the ceremony cheer after cheer broke out from the spectators and the general public to which the Prince replied with his customary smiling salute. As he left to return to Viceregal Lodge he was greeted even more heartily than on his arrival.

That afternoon, the Prince played a practice game of polo and afterwards witnessed the semi-finals of the tournament for the Commemoration Cup. He gave much pleasure to the spectators by moving freely among them and refusing to be fettered by the formalities of the Royal Box. In the evening the State banquet took place. The Viceroy after proposing the health of the King made a brief but effective speech in honour of the Royal visitor. He dwelt upon the services which the Prince had rendered to the Empire and upon the pleasure which India felt in welcoming one so distinguished. The Prince in reply modestly deprecated the praise which had been given him and in his usual unassuming fashion declared his unwillingness to voice, after so brief an acquaintance his conclusions concerning India. He paid a graceful tribute to the hospitality he had everywhere encountered, as well as to the care lavished upon the preparations for the tour by officials and non-officials. After dinner the Prince attended a Fancy Fair the proceeds of which were to be devoted to charity, and then remained for some time at a small dance given by the Commander-in-Chief.

The great event of February the 16th was the holding of a Darbar. After a morning spent in inspecting pensioners and veterans the Prince left Viceregal Lodge shortly before 4 o'clock and passed between cheering crowds to the ancient Fort of Shah Jahan. As he crossed the end of Chandni Chowk Delhi's main business street, an immense concourse greeted him with the utmost enthusiasm. He drove into the Lahori gate of the Fort and entered the lofty vaulted hall which forms the approach to the Palace proper. At the Music Gallery, beneath which an arch gives entrance to the Great Court, he alighted

from his carriage and inspected a Guard of Honour drawn up to receive him. Shortly afterwards he was joined by Lord Reading, and, together with their respective staffs, His Royal Highness and the Viceroy advanced in procession to the great arched pavilion of red sandstone in which the Mughal Emperors were accustomed to hold public audience. The Palace Court, through which the Prince passed, with its green turf, flowering shrubs, and well kept walks is probably more beautiful, at the present time, than ever it was when it resounded with the tramp of palace guards and the flying footsteps of lords in waiting. That day, in particular, the scene was striking. An extensive green *shamiana* had been erected as an enlargement of the Hall of Public Audience. In the body of this tent, members of the Legislative Assembly and of the Council of State, Government officials, and distinguished public men, both Indian and English were assembled in large numbers. The Prince and the Viceroy advanced through an avenue in the midst and mounted the steps of a white dais which had been thrown forward into the Auditorium from the red sandstone platform of the Hall. They seated themselves on golden chairs slightly in front of Lady Reading whose arrival had preceded theirs by some minutes. To the left and to the right, just behind them, were drawn up lines of the great Princes and Ruling Chiefs of India. Many of the Prince's personal friends were there, many of those who in the preceding three months had enjoyed the honour of entertaining him. Conspicuous among their fellows by reason of their full-dress Lieutenant General's uniform were the Maharajas of Gwalior and Kashmir. The Maharaja of Bikanir and the Maharaja of Bharatpur were also in military costume, but for the most part the other Princes and Ruling Chiefs were in the gorgeous *darbar* robes of their country. Flashing with jewels and shimmering in silks of every hue these Princes constituted a background of amazing splendour to the stately ceremonial which ensued.

After permission to open the *Darbar* had been sought and obtained a flourish of trumpets and roll of drums proclaimed the commencement of the ceremony. The Viceroy rose from his seat and on behalf of All India delivered an address of cordial welcome to His Royal Highness. The ceremony then being held, he said, was a fitting symbol of the bonds of love and sympathy which bound India to the British Crown—not merely the India of the Reformed Councils—but the greater India of the future in the Government of which the Princes and the people of the land would bear an ever increasing part. His Royal Highness then

come to India, said the Viceroy, not as a representative of any Government, or to promote the interests of any political party, but as the heir to the British Throne. This had been made clear in his first speech when he said to the people of India "I want you to know me and I want to know you." In this spirit, said His Excellency, they greeted His Royal Highness to day. In various places in the course of his protracted tour His Royal Highness had already established himself in the hearts of those with whom he had been brought into contact. His Royal Highness had learned to know them, and they had learned to know him. But the greeting of Delhi to His Royal Highness had a special significance. It was in Delhi that Queen Victoria had been proclaimed Empress of India and it was in Delhi that His Majesty King George V had held his Coronation Darbar. The heart of India naturally went forth with affection towards the Prince who had already endeared himself to the people of Great Britain and of the Dominions beyond the seas, with whom India was hoping to be a full partner in the Great British Empire. Concluding, Lord Reading said "In Your Royal Highness we claim a new spirit of the age, purified by the trials and tribulations of the past seven years, eager to right wrongs and soothe distress and above all to foster and maintain the glorious bond of justice and freedom throughout the world."

Scarcely had the applause which greeted the speech died down, when the Maharaja of Gwalior stepped forward to speak in the name of the Princes. He welcomed His Royal Highness to India with the utmost cordiality and assured him of the everlasting and unswerving loyalty of the Princes and Ruling Chiefs of India to the Imperial Throne. The same sentiments were repeated in different but equally impressive language by the Maharajas of Bikanir and of Patiala as well as by the Jamsaheb of Nawanshar. Next came the joint address of the Indian Legislature, which in the name of the people of India, welcomed the Prince and voiced the loyal affection in which the House of Windsor was held, no less from its position than for its constant sympathy with the aspirations of India. His Royal Highness then rose, and in a voice which was audible in every corner of the Auditorium acknowledged the loyal welcome which he had received. He expressed his particular pleasure at receiving such a welcome at Delhi, which had become the capital of India by His Imperial Father's command. Speaking to the members of the Chamber of Princes he referred to the unmistakable manner in which the great depth and strength of the traditions of loyalty in the Indian States had been impressed upon him at every stage of his

journey To the members of the Legislature, he came as one anxious, as he said, to ripen and perfect an acquaintance which had already been pleasantly begun

"In my journey through India nothing has struck me with greater force than the vastness of your task In the aftermath of War, Legislative bodies all over the world are passing through a difficult time Even our British Parliament with centuries of experience and traditions behind it, with all its store of gathered strength of achievement and its firm foundations in the confidence of the people, has not found these new problems simple of solution or these new needs easy of adjustment

Gentlemen, I have heard with appreciation of the ability and sense of responsibility which has characterised the debates of the Imperial Legislatures I have been pleased to learn of the energy and patience with which you have begun your work. I sympathise with and admire and I know that the British nation sympathises with and admires the courage with which you are facing your work. You may count on me, as one who knows your difficulties, rightly to appraise the results, which, by the help of Providence, your good intentions and fortitude will secure That you may be rightly guided to secure the well being and prosperity of the peoples of India, whose interests you represent, is my earnest prayer "

On the conclusion of the Darbar, the Viceroy and His Royal Highness left the Public Audience Hall in procession and passed into the Court where stands the Hall of Private Audience In this exquisite garden, surrounded by the traceried marble pavilions of the Great Mughals, presently assembled all those who had attended the Darbar, together with a number of other ladies and gentlemen—both Indian and English The restful green of the lawns, the warm ivory of the pavilions, combined with the infinite variety of uniform and costume to produce an effect of colour at once brilliant and harmonious His Royal Highness after tea moved freely among the guests, frequently pausing to greet a friend or to renew an acquaintanceship which he had formed in the course of his Indian travels When night fell the entire Palace was transfigured by sumptuous illumination Cascades of fire fell from the summit of a lofty structure, while artificial lotuses bearing in their hearts a glowing lamp, floated magically upon the calm waters of a marble tank By the time His Royal Highness left the Fort, the crowds waiting outside the Lahore Gate and along the rest of the route, had been very largely augmented by those whom business pursuits had previously prevented from enjoying the spectacle Wherever he passed, the Prince was rapturously greeted

Next morning, the 17th, the Prince laid the foundation stone of a College, a Memorial to the late Lord Kitchener, which is being erected

by public subscription for the education of the sons of Indian Officers. On the wide wind swept plain, where the new capital of Imperial India is slowly growing up, had gathered a large crowd of spectators. Ranged round the massive block which the Prince was to place in position were representatives of all Regiments in the Indian Army and of the contingents from the Indian States. Here were to be seen, exemplified by their finest types, those fighting races to whose courage and devotion India and the Empire owe so much. Here were also gathered large numbers of retired and pensioned officers, at once eager to catch another glimpse of the Prince and to participate in the ceremony of founding an institution designed for the benefit of their own order. The whole scene was characteristic of a military function in India. Everywhere around there met the eye glaring sunshine the bright mica flecked brown of the dusty plain, and the restful khaki of the troops. In a roaring wind, the gay banners ringing the green oasis where the College will stand, strained at their poles and fluttered madly. The Viceroy and the Prince of Wales arrived under the salute of the Guard of Honour, which they inspected after the National Anthem had been played by massed bands. Accompanied by the Commander in Chief, they proceeded to inspect the representatives of the Indian Army moving slowly before and between long files of Indian officers, non commissioned officers and men. They took up their position beneath the Flagstaff surrounded by the General Officers Commanding the Armies of India. The Viceroy in a brief speech explained the purpose and related the inception of the College. He invited the Prince to lay the foundation stone.

The Prince in reply paid a tribute to the great services which the late Lord Kitchener had rendered to the Empire. Speaking as one who had always warmly admired Lord Kitchener, His Royal Highness expressed his confidence that no Memorial could have been more pleasing to the late Field Marshal than this College, which would enable the sons of officers to obtain an education fitting them to carry on the high traditions of the Indian Army. He paid a glowing tribute to the services of Lord Kitchener in building up that spirit which was so nobly exemplified in the Great War. He concluded—

“In years to come generations of young soldiers will look on this stone which I am about to lay. I trust that they will strive to uphold the honour of this College which bears the name of so great a soldier of the Empire. I hope that they will labour, as all soldiers sons should do, to fit themselves to serve their King and their country.”

The Prince superintended the lowering of the massive block into its position declaring as it sank upon its plinth, that the foundation of the Kitchener Memorial College was well and truly laid. After he had returned to his position beneath the Flagstaff, the Commander-in-Chief briefly expressed the gratitude of the Army in India to the Prince for having graciously consented to perform this ceremony. Lord Rawlinson, speaking as the head of the Indian Army, also paid a warm tribute to the work of the late Lord Kitchener. The concluding and perhaps the most impressive feature of the ceremony was the "march past" of the representatives of the Regiments of the Indian Army. These famous units whose record is written in golden letters upon the roll of History, were represented by an Indian officer, an Indian non-commissioned officer and an Indian sepoy. No unit was there present, from the most ancient regiment first raised in the Company's time, to the latest body recruited to serve in the Great War, but had won its own laurels. As these splendid soldiers, standing as they did for so many thousands of their comrades, swung by the saluting point every spectator experienced, with a thrill of realisation a new and a deeper conception of what the Indian Army means to India. These were the men who had kept the fame and honour of their country untarnished through the world struggle, who had risked their lives in many stricken fields, who stood firm as the sure shield of their country against foes within and without.

After the conclusion of the ceremony the Prince and the Viceroy returned to Viceregal Lodge. At many points on the seven mile route immense crowds had gathered to watch the Prince pass. On the Grand Trunk Road which enters the Delhi Gate of Shah Jahan's city, the populace had assembled by tens of thousands. Here was to be seen the real Indian, who constitutes the mass of the population of Northern India—the Indian of the village, who is as yet but little touched by political controversy. Wherever the Prince passed, these humble citizens were moved to an ecstasy of loyal enthusiasm. His bright smile won their hearts. "There is a glory on his face," one artisan was heard to say solemnly to his fellow. Some bent low with their foreheads to the ground in semi adoration others shouted in deep throated greetings wherein women and children joined their shriller tones. Among them were many thousand members of the Depressed Classes Conference. Amidst loud shouts of "Yuvaraj Maharaj ki jai" "Raja ki Beta ki jai" the Prince's car stopped, and he received an address of welcome. Read by Mr G. L. Gairola, a member of the Legislative



Council of the Central Provinces, this document asked His Royal Highness to convey to the King Emperor the message that there were in India sixty millions of people belonging to the "untouchable" classes who must be raised if the country is to be fit for *swaraj*. The Prince gave a brief and sympathetic reply and finally proceeded on his way amidst outbursts of enthusiasm which continued long after his car had passed out of sight.

The rest of His Royal Highness' day was spent quietly. The afternoon saw some good polo, and there was a private dance in the evening.

The engagements on February 18th were somewhat heavy. In the morning the Prince inspected the Seaforth Highlanders of which Regiment he is Colonel in Chief. Amidst impressive demonstrations of enthusiasm he inspected the companies, and then shook hands with the wives and children of the married men. After lunching with the officers he left between a long avenue of soldiers, who cheered themselves hoarse until after he was out of sight. In the afternoon, a Military Garden Party was given in the Fort by the Indian officers of the Indian Army. This function passed off with eminent success. The Prince spent a considerable time in walking among hosts and guests, freely chatting and witnessed a musical ride by the 11th Hussars in the ancient uniforms of bygone days, a display of horsemanship by 18 19 Lancers and a Khuttak war dance performed round a bonfire by sepoys. While His Royal Highness watched these performances from the very spot on the Fort wall where Their Majesties had received the homage of their people in 1911, large crowds gathered below, and acclaimed him with the warmest loyalty. Leaving the Fort, the Prince, with the thoughtful kindness so characteristic of him, drove to the hospital to visit a Seaforth Highlander who had been injured badly a few days previously by falling off an observation post.

That same evening, the Ruling Princes entertained His Royal Highness at a banquet. The large dining hall of Maiden's Hotel presented a brilliant spectacle, as the bright silks and flashing jewels of the Indian Rulers mingled with the red and blue mess kit of the military and civil officials, and the darker clothing of legislators, public men and representatives of the Press. The Maharaja Scindia, after proposing the health of the King, warmly welcomed the Prince in a speech of affectionate loyalty. There was, he said, perfect identity between the aims and ideals of the Houses of the Indian Princes and of the Imperial House of Windsor. All combined to desire the permanent endurance of the

British Empire, upon whose continuous growth and solidarity depended the peace of the world. The Prince in reply explained that his pleasure at being entertained that night sprang from several reasons. In the first place he said he had now an opportunity of seeing again members of an Order whose devotion to Crown he valued so highly, and among whom he might claim many personal friends. In the second place he was pleased to dine with those Princes whose invitation to visit them in their homes he could not accept owing to the shortness of his time in India, thus mitigating in part the disappointment which he experienced through necessity of declining their invitations. His Royal Highness in thanking the Princes for helping him in his task of knowing the peoples of India said—"I can now say that I feel that I know, in a measure at least, the Rulers of Indian States and their peoples, and that I understand their difficulties and sympathise with their aims and aspirations. I hope that they also have begun now to know the permanent foundation of mutual trust and regard. After leaving India he said, he would often remember the hospitality of her Princes, and his thoughts would turn with even deeper feeling of satisfaction to the sacrifices of their Order in the war for an Empire which has for many years preserved their States from external dangers and maintained in their integrity their privileges and rights. He thanked Their Highnesses for their splendid hospitality, and said he would convey their message of loyalty and devotion to Their Majesties, who would deeply prize and treasure their kind words.

Next morning, which was Sunday February 19th, there was an imposing Parade Service. The Prince presented new colours to the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the 16th Rajputs, and the 10th Jats. He gave great pleasure to the Sepoys, as well as to the large crowd of Indians assembled to witness the ceremony, by addressing the two Indian regiments in Hindustani, expressing his pleasure in presenting the colours and his hope that in the future as in the past, they would be covered with glory. After the presentations, the troops marched past while His Royal Highness took the salute. When he left, the cheering was tremendous.

The following Monday was one of the busiest spent by the Prince in the course of his tour. It began with the inspection of some two hundred police drawn from Delhi District, and the presentation of the King's Police Medal to a Delhi officer who had rendered conspicuous services during the disturbances of 1919. Then came a loyal address, enclosed in a marvellous casket of gold mounted green jade, presented

by Lieutenant Colonel Gidney and a deputation representative of the Anglo Indian and Domiciled European community. In reply the Prince graciously acknowledged the expressions of devotion from the deputation. He said he would have been remiss indeed if he had come as far as Delhi without informing himself regarding their community. On landing in Bombay he was so deeply impressed by the warmth of their welcome that before leaving that city he made special enquiries from the Governor about them. He had received much valuable information regarding the careers open to them, their success in various ranks of life and their record of military service. They could rest assured that he had now understood the conditions under which they lived in India and the useful and honoured place which they filled as citizens of the Indian Empire. Their aims and aspirations had his sympathy, their devotion to the cause of India did them credit. He concluded -

I shall watch the progress of your community with closest attention. You may be confident that Great Britain and the Empire will not forget your community who are so united in their devotion to King Emperor and who gave such unmistakable token of their attachment to Empire by their great sacrifices in the war.

By noon another engagement claimed him. In the presence of a large crowd of spectators, the Prince for some time watched the competition for the Tent Pegging Cup presented by the Maharaja of Dhar. While the entries were being run off His Royal Highness went to inspect the King George's Own Cavalry Lines, chatting with the officers and entering some stables to see the men working. He returned to the tournament ground in time to present the Dhar Cup to the successful competitor, Jamadar Hari Singh of the 5th Cavalry.

Early that afternoon, the Prince captained a polo team consisting of the Maharajas of Alwar and Jodhpur with the Nawab of Jaora, against Lord Rawlinson's team in which General Birdwood also played. After a fast game, the Commander in Chief's team won by five goals to three, whereupon the players adjourned to witness the finals of the Prince of Wales' Commemoration Polo Tournament which, after a breathlessly exciting struggle, was won by Jodhpur, who scored six goals to the five of Patiala. Great crowds had assembled and the cheering, when His Royal Highness presented the gold cup to the winners, was sustained and deafening. In the evening as fitting termination to a day of remarkable exertion, the Prince danced long at the State Ball.

February 21st was the last day of the Royal visit to Delhi. After a quiet morning, the Prince attended one of the most successful func-

tions of the whole tour, a great popular fête held in honour of his visit at the Tis Hazari Maidan. Here were wrestlers, quarter staff champions, weight lifters, and experts, drawn from miles around, in all the athletic contests which delight the Indian heart.

Long before noon, the immense "Field of Thirty Thousand" was filled to overflowing, while more and more people of every rank and condition of life kept pouring in. When the Viceroy appeared at 4.30, the crush was overwhelming, and at the time of the Prince's arrival half an hour later, the concourse was greater than any which had greeted him in his Indian tour. He was received, amidst deafening applause by the Managing Committee, to whose President Sir Muhammad Shafi, and Secretary, Mr K. C. Roy, the success of the fête was principally due. Passing beneath a beautifully decorated archway, he proceeded along a narrow lane which had with difficulty been cleared through the shouting multitude. He spent a few minutes in the reception pavilion, where he received a loyal address from the learned pandits of Delhi, headed by Pandit Banke Rai Nawal Goswami. A benedictory poem was recited, after which he mounted a horse, and rode at a foot pace through the midst of the people, who were moved to those ecstasies of loyal enthusiasm which only the Oriental mind can sustain. When at length he took leave of the assembled throng he received an ovation which in its spontaneous and explosive fervour was perhaps more impressive than any which had been witnessed hitherto in India. Delhi, despite all political differences, had proved worthy of her Imperial renown in the greeting she gave to the son of her Emperor.

That same evening, after cordial farewells, the Prince departed for Patiala.

Leaving Delhi the Royal Train struck northward and westward through the midst of that great plain which seems to have been designed by nature to serve as the battle-ground of nations. Not once but many times in the course of recorded history has the fate of India been decided upon these grim and haunted heaths. Near the small town of Panipat, through which the Prince passed early on the morning of the 22nd, three great battles were fought between the eras of Queen Elizabeth and of George III, and each battle settled for a time the destiny of India. But a few miles further on, in passing through Karnal district, the Royal Train approached the battle field upon which the Mussalman invaders from the North finally broke the Rajput power and entered upon their six centuries of mastery over Hindustan. Nor is it only in the annals of the chroniclers that the great natural battle-ground of India is cele-

brated Ages before the dawn of recorded history, the Bardic lays from which was later composed the great Epic of the Mahabharata, sung of a conflict of men, animals, demons and demi gods upon the field of Kurukshetra—a spot which still remains a place of pilgrimage for pious Hindus

As the sun rose, the Royal Train turned aside from the main line at Ambala and entered the territories of Patiala State Premier among the Sikh Principalities of the Cis-Sutlej, Patiala was torn from the enfeebled Mughal Empire in the 18th century by the brave and judicious Ala Singh whose name it perpetuates Some say that the Ruling House is related to the ancient Rajput stock of Jaisalmer Certain it is that its scions have ever displayed that gallant chivalry in which the Rajputs excel, and like them, can boast of an enviable record of loyal and steadfast friendship with the British Almost from the days when the Company's power was extending itself slowly over the Sutlej region, the Rulers of Patiala have been staunch friends alike in prosperity and adversity They helped us in the Gurkha war, they helped us in the Sikh wars, they were a tower of strength in the Mutiny. They helped us against Afghanistan, in South Africa, and above all, most magnificently and splendidly, in the Great War The present Ruler, Maharaja Sir Bhupindra Singh, poured out a stream of men, money and munitions until the war record of his State stood unsurpassed in India Nearly 30,000 men, more than a crore of money, and nearly nine lakhs worth of materials represent the bald statistical equivalent of his contributions But to these must be added the personal enthusiasm and eager interest with which the Maharaja threw himself into the pursuit of the struggle—qualities which found fitting recognition in his selection as one of India's Representatives at the Imperial War Conference of 1918

The reception given to His Royal Highness at Patiala was worthy in every way of the State's record His Highness had been attached to the Prince's staff during various portions of the Royal tour, and the friendly acquaintance thus begun contributed materially to the delightful informality which was the key note of the visit When His Royal Highness left the train, he was received on the platform by the Maharaja, the Agent to the Governor General, and the principal officials of the State. He inspected the Guard of Honour of State Infantry, whose maroon coloured tunics and white garters, reminiscent of Napoleonic troops, contrasted strikingly with their orthodox service rifles and modern equipment. Passing down the gaily decorated platform be-

tween lines of Indian and English guests of the Maharaja, the Prince entered his State carriage and drove along a processional route to the Moti Bagh Palace, escorted by two Regiments of the famous Patiala Lancers. The crowds were thick, the reception warm.

In view of the strain imposed upon His Royal Highness by the multifarious engagements of the Delhi week, it had been decided to dispense with the usual formalities of ceremonial visits. Accordingly, the Prince's next engagement was a Review of the State troops upon the great parade ground. Two Regiments of Cavalry, two Regiments of Infantry, together with Horse Artillery—all under the command of the Maharaja himself, went smoothly through the usual evolutions of a ceremonial parade. The Prince, after complimenting the Maharaja upon the smart discipline and soldierly bearing of his army, rode over to inspect a very large number of pensioners and ex-soldiers, who, to the strength of some 20 000 had gathered to meet him. To their immense pleasure, he moved freely and informally among them smiling and chatting while they crowded round him. In Patiala, as elsewhere, the lot of the retired service men is often none too easy, but the mere presence of the *Shah-ada* himself seemed sufficient to charm away all grievances and hardships. In addition to the ex-Service men, who themselves constituted a very respectable crowd, immense numbers of people from the city and from the villages round about had flocked together to catch a glimpse of the Prince. And it was noticeable that among those who cheered him most heartily were the black turbaned members of the Akali organisation—the somewhat fanatical “New Sikhs” whose activities have lately been a source of considerable anxiety to Government.

The State arrival and the parade formed the only two ceremonial functions connected with the Royal visit. During the rest of his stay in Patiala, the Prince devoted himself to those strenuous pursuits in which he seems to find a perpetual source of energy and recuperation. Morning witnessed a “pigstick” or a shoot, in the afternoon came polo, in the evening a dance. Two days were thus spent in the pleasantest manner.

On the evening of the 24th, a State banquet was held in the magnificent Darbar Hall of the Old Palace, where guests to the number of more than 200 were easily accommodated. His Highness the Maharaja, after the King's health had been drunk, proposed the health of His Royal visitor in a cordial speech—

“Ever since destiny has linked us with the British Crown we have been second to none in our loyalty to the person and throne of the ruling sovereign, and I am

proud to say that the great Sikh nation has always been in the fore front wherever sacrifice, service and gallantry have been needed. It ill becomes me to indulge in a vain glorious account of the services rendered to the Empire by the Sikhs of the Patiala State ever since it has by treaty, been linked with the Crown of England. It is not necessary for me either to refer to the whole heartedness with which my ancestors embraced, as their own, every cause of the British Crown, nor is it appropriate for me to dilate on my own humble work in the service of the Empire during the Great War. All these things are, I believe, recorded in history, and I earnestly pray that God Almighty may enable me hereafter, and my children and all the future rulers of Patiala, to add their humble share to this proud chapter in our history. In war time and in peace time may it be always given to us to be true to our noble traditions and glorious past."

The Prince in reply, after expressing his gratitude for the warmth of the welcome he had received, proceeded to recall the war services of Patiala State.

"To a loyal and capable statesman, such as Your Highness, the crisis of the Great War came not as a trial but as an opportunity. Immediately on its outbreak Your Highness offered your personal services and the resources of your State to the Empire. You proceeded post haste to the Front though a regrettable illness compelled your return. Your Imperial Service troops, cavalry and infantry, went on service and continued in the field rendering conspicuous assistance till the end of the war. In addition Your Highness raised in the State and maintained a camel Corps and two mule Corps which were of great value to our forces. I believe the Patiala State can boast to be the only State in India which raised from its own subjects and maintained from its own revenues 5 separate and complete corps. In addition, when in 1918 the Premier called for a special effort in the Empire, Your Highness set a noble example to your brother Princes by your offer to raise in the State three battalions of infantry in addition to maintaining the flow of recruits to the Imperial Service troops and the Indian Army. The total number of Patiala subjects who enlisted in these forces amounted to 28 000—a contribution in man power of which the State may well be proud. Your Highness did memorable work on the War Conference in 1918 and subsequently visited the various fronts in Belgium, France, Italy and Palestine. Your Highness must have felt gratified in the latter country to see your own Imperial Service Infantry Regiment already covered with laurels and about to win more in Lord Allenby's famous advance in September 1918. It was a great privilege to me to be able to see Your Highness' fine troops here and to inspect the ex Service men of your State.

In money contributions Your Highness was equally lavish. The total expenditure on State war services amounted to 82 lakhs of rupees and including contribution to War Loans to one and one third crores. There are many other matters

a fortunate chance that at this crisis the Punjab had Your Highness as its Premier Prince and the Sikhs had you as their most prominent leader. I feel proud that my House possesses such a true and devoted friend, and I am happy to be able

in person to night to offer my thanks and congratulations for this record of unwearyed service and loyalty. May the years that pass draw our ties still closer. I need not say what a pleasure it was to me when Your Highness expressed a desire to be attached to my staff in India."

That same evening, His Royal Highness, after driving through brilliantly illuminated streets, left Patiala. Early next morning, he arrived at Jullundur Cantonment where, after being received by the Colonel Commandant and the Commissioner, he proceeded to lay the foundation stone of an institution, which by His Majesty's command, will shortly provide suitable education for the sons of Indian officers. The Prince drove along a route decorated with fluttering flags to a site not far from the Cantonment Station. Large crowds, principally from the Cantonment or from the District, lined the route cheering heartily as he passed. In these scenes of enthusiasm, there was no sign of the complete *hartal* which, as we were informed, was enforced in Jullundur city.

The site of the new school had been artistically laid out with green turf and beds of flowers. All around were drawn up pensioners who had come from many miles around to see the Prince. They included some 900 Indian officers and nearly 3500 sepoys. Large as were these numbers, they could have been almost indefinitely increased had funds permitted. But it was perhaps as well that restricted accommodation necessitated a certain amount of selection. Attempts had been made by bad characters to introduce disunion into the camp before His Royal Highness' arrival. Indeed the authorities found it necessary to place under restraint some men who attempted to stir up trouble by violating the religious prejudices of certain sections of the soldiery. But these incidents were powerless to mar the general enthusiasm which animated the whole camp. When the Prince arrived on the ground, the pensioners demonstrated their delight in unmistakable ways. After the mass cheering had died down, solitary enthusiasts continued to raise their voices until it was taken up again. While the Prince was inspecting the Guard of Honour of British and Indian Infantry, the applause continued. Only when he advanced to the plinth where the foundation stone awaited him, did the shouting die down. The first item of the ceremony was the reading, by Lieutenant Colonel Lascelles (Army Educational Corps), of an address explaining the genesis of the idea of the school. It had long been realised, said Colonel Lascelles, that Indian officers and men greatly desired that their sons should be educated in an atmosphere where the loyal spirit and the glorious tradi-



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"To a loyal and capable statesman, such as Your Highness, the crisis of the Great War came not as a trial but as an opportunity. Immediately on its outbreak Your Highness offered your personal services and the resources of your State to the Empire. You proceeded post hasty to the Front though a regrettable illness compelled your return. Your Imperial Service troops, cavalry and infantry went on service and continued in the field rendering conspicuous assistance till the end of the war. In addition Your Highness raised in the State and maintained a camel Corps and two mule Corps which were of great value to our forces. I believe the Patiala State can boast to be the only State in India which raised from its own subjects and maintained from its own revenues 5 separate and complete corps. In addition, when in 1918 the Premier called for a special effort in the Empire, Your Highness set a noble example to your brother Princes by your offer to raise in the State three battalions of infantry in addition to maintaining the flow of recruits to the Imperial Service troops and the Indian Army. The total number of Patiala subjects who enlisted in these forces amounted to 28 000—a contribution in man power of which the State may well be proud. Your Highness did memorable work on the War Conference in 1918 and subsequently visited the various fronts in Belgium, France, Italy and Palestine. Your Highness must have felt gratified in the latter country to see your own Imperial Service Infantry Regiment already covered with laurels and about to win more in Lord Allenby's famous advance in September 1918. It was a great privilege to me to be able to see Your Highness' fine troops here and to inspect the ex Service men of your State.

In money contributions Your Highness was equally lavish. The total expenditure on State war services amounted to 82 lakhs of rupees and including contribution to War Loans to one and one third crores. There are many other matters I might mention, but I think that the varied tale which I have set forth will show that Your Highness and your State have in no respect fallen short of your glorious traditions of loyalty and service. Few States can show such a record, it is indeed a fortunate chance that at this crisis the Punjab had Your Highness as its Premier Prince and the Sikhs had you as their most prominent leader. I feel proud that my House possesses such a true and devoted friend, and I am happy to be able

in person to night to offer my thanks and congratulations for this record of unwearyed service and loyalty. May the years that pass draw our ties still closer. I need not say what a pleasure it was to me when Your Highness expressed a desire to be attached to my staff in India."

That same evening, His Royal Highness, after driving through brilliantly illuminated streets, left Patiala. Early next morning, he arrived at Jullundur Cantonment where, after being received by the Colonel Commandant and the Commissioner, he proceeded to lay the foundation stone of an institution, which by His Majesty's command, will shortly provide suitable education for the sons of Indian officers. The Prince drove along a route decorated with fluttering flags to a site not far from the Cantonment Station. Large crowds, principally from the Cantonment or from the District, lined the route cheering heartily as he passed. In these scenes of enthusiasm, there was no sign of the complete *hartal* which, as we were informed, was enforced in Jullundur city.

The site of the new school had been artistically laid out with green turf and beds of flowers. All around were drawn up pensioners who had come from many miles around to see the Prince. They included some 900 Indian officers and nearly 3500 sepoys. Large as were these numbers, they could have been almost indefinitely increased had funds permitted. But it was perhaps as well that restricted accommodation necessitated a certain amount of selection. Attempts had been made by bad characters to introduce disunion into the camp before His Royal Highness' arrival. Indeed the authorities found it necessary to place under restraint some men who attempted to stir up trouble by violating the religious prejudices of certain sections of the soldiery. But these incidents were powerless to mar the general enthusiasm which animated the whole camp. When the Prince arrived on the ground, the pensioners demonstrated their delight in unmistakable ways. After the mass cheering had died down, solitary enthusiasts continued to raise their voices until it was taken up again. While the Prince was inspecting the Guard of Honour of British and Indian Infantry, the applause continued. Only when he advanced to the plinth where the foundation stone awaited him, did the shouting die down. The first item of the ceremony was the reading, by *Colonel Lascelles* (Army) of the idea of the that Indian office educated in an atmosphere where the loyal spirit and the gl

## CHAPTER IX.

### Northern Marches.

Some few miles east of Jullundur, the Royal Train had crossed the river Sutlej which in a very real sense marks the westernmost limit of Hindustan. Traditionally, it is the boundary of India proper, and many orthodox Hindus dislike traversing it. Beyond it lies the land of the Five Rivers, which through the centuries has been debatable ground between India and Central Asia. Now Delhi has held it, now Kabul according as the one or the other controlled the sally ports of the great stronghold, garrisoned with teeming predatory peoples, whose moat is the Indus and whose glacis the mountain wall of the North West Frontier. Of these sally ports the bolt is the fortress of Peshawar. Once let Peshawar fall into the keeping of the powers beyond the passes, and the Punjab lies at their discretion, for Lahore, great city though it be, is but the advance post of Hindustan and not the key of the country. Hence it is that the rulers of Delhi from the beginning of history down to the present day, have ever been obliged to extend their sway beyond the Indus if they desired to keep the Punjab secure. Only by seizing the flood gates could they dam the floods which Asia perpetually threatens to pour down upon the fertile plains of Hindustan.

These broad march lands, through which the Prince was now to travel, have a fascination all their own. They breed men. Rough, quick tempered, independent, brave and sportsmanlike, the dweller on the confines of India is beloved by the Englishmen who work with him. During the war, his services to the Empire were unequalled. But throughout the Punjab and the North West Frontier Province alike, there has of late been uneasiness. For Lahore, a fortress and a mart of extreme antiquity, sacked by Turcomans, seized by Afghans, embellished by Mughals, remains the nucleus of that fierce resentful nationalism which among certain sections of the Sikhs dreams of a revival of the Empire of Ranjit Singh. Mr. Gandhi, with a sharp eye to political possibilities, has since last

year made a special effort to turn neo-Sikhism to his own purposes, and this despite the fact that two dangerous conspiracy cases during the war, and the open incitement to armed revolution preached by Sikh Colonists in Vancouver, must have shown him that whatever form the anti British movement in the Punjab might take, it certainly could not live up to his professed ideal of non violence. For their own part, the extremist elements of the Sikhs seem to have imagined that they could make use of the non-co-operation movement to forward revolutionary ends, while more loyal shades of opinion hoped to employ it for putting pressure upon Government with the object, first of increasing the political importance of the community and secondly, of assisting in purging the great shrines of Sikhism from certain undoubted abuses in the removal of which the ordinary processes of law seem to operate but cumbrously. Moreover other communities besides the Sikhs are disturbed by non-co-operation propaganda while the memory of the tragic incidents of 1919 still rankles. Altogether the Punjab has been in an uneasy condition for some months. Fanatical Akali bands have from time to time set the law at defiance and anti British feeling is strong in the towns. The Lahore Municipality being captured by non-co-operators did not vote an address to the Prince, and for some time it seemed doubtful whether his Punjab programme would be fulfilled.

Fortunately, shortly before his visit, a change came over the political atmosphere. The immense enthusiasm excited in many different places by his personality the warmth of the Delhi welcome the vacillation of Mr Gandhi as revealed in the Bardoli resolutions all combined to encourage the loyal and damp the hopes of the non co-operators. The authorities took every precaution to ensure success. A programme was framed expressly with the purpose of bringing the masses face to face with their Prince. A large and influential Reception Committee worked strenuously to combat by personal "pull" the virus of extremism. The great Sardars of the Western Punjab flocked in with their wild retainers, all loyal all enthusiastic, all filled with fierce pride in the Prince's presence. Elaborate arrangements were made with entirely satisfactory results, to prevent anyone desiring to attend the festivities being dissuaded by intimidation. Adequate forces of troops and police, assisted by armoured cars and lorries, were so stationed as to nip in the bud any hooliganism that might develop. This careful forethought on the part of the authorities was crowned with the most triumphant success. The loyal citizens of the Punjab, relieved of all fear that

Government protection might fail them, threw themselves wholeheartedly into welcoming the Prince. Long before he was due to arrive, thronging masses lined the streets; numerous *purdah* ladies occupied specially designed stands; schoolboys and students displayed great eagerness. Everywhere the utmost cordiality and good humour prevailed. The political barometer rose perceptibly higher every hour.

Arriving punctually at half past three, the Prince was met on the platform of Lahore Station by the Governor of the Punjab, Sir Edward Maclagan. After inspecting the Guard of Honour of one hundred North Western Railway Volunteers, he accompanied the Governor to the spot where the leading officials of the Punjab Government were awaiting him. He then inspected the Guard of Honour of 116th Marathas drawn up in the station yard, and entered the State Barouche. Escorted by 104th Battery Royal Field Artillery, Hodson's Horse and the Punjab Light Horse, the Prince proceeded along a gaily decorated route to Government House. The entire length of the route was thickly crowded with Indian spectators from whose demeanour the warmth of Lahore's welcome was amply apparent. Indeed the crowds one and all displayed an enthusiasm which was very remarkable in Asiatics. The major portion of the assembled populace had come, so it appeared, from the districts round about. Picturesque Baluchis, great Sardars surrounded by their wild-looking retainers, and sturdy Punjabi cultivators, constituted the most obvious elements. But despite the observance of a sorry and ineffective *hartal* in Lahore city itself, there was among the spectators a good proportion of townsfolk, in no way inferior in demonstrativeness to their country brethren. Probably there were some sixty or seventy thousand people in the streets and the prevailing temper was entirely enthusiastic and cordial.

At Government House, the Ruling Princes and Chiefs of the Punjab and the members of the Provincial Reception Committee were presented to His Royal Highness. After this, tea was served on the lawn, and the Prince spent some time in chatting to the various guests. A quiet dinner and a small dance terminated the day's engagements.

Meanwhile Lahore city had given itself up to enjoyment. After 6 o'clock, even those shops which had shut began shamefacedly to open. Happy crowds poured forth from the lanes and gullies to witness the illuminations which blazed from the fine public buildings and great commercial houses of the business quarter. Gone were all apprehen-

sions and anxieties, for not a single untoward incident had marred the harmony of the day

On Sunday, after Divine Service at the Cathedral the Prince walked between long lines of Indian Christians from the villages round about. These folk were wild with enthusiasm, and displayed the utmost eagerness in demonstrating their loyalty. In the afternoon of the same day the Prince paid a visit to a great provincial *Mela* or festival which was held in his honour.

On the wide plain to the north east of Lahore city had gathered a great concourse of people from all parts of the Punjab. Wild looking Baluchi tribesmen, bronzed camel riders from Bahawalpur, hawk faced Pathans, dignified Sikhs and sturdy Mussalmans had gathered to enjoy a great three-day festival. Around the circumference of an extensive circular area, side shows of every kind had been arranged. Agricultural demonstrations and exhibitions of local industries competed for popular favour with fighting rams, kite flying contests and the ever popular wrestling matches. From the spectacular point of view the site had been admirably chosen, for nowhere else in India does a nobler city front greet the eye. On the whole busy scene a very epitome of present day India, the mighty buildings of past ages looked down with the serenity which comes with the centuries. Close at hand the Royal Mosque of Aurangzeb, with its white domes and truncated minarets stood in stern simplicity. Behind as background to the whole, stretched the red frowning walls of Akbar's Fort. Enclosed as it were by these monuments of the Great Mughals was the stately white cenotaph of the Sikh ruler who gave new life to their decaying city—the great Maharaja Ranjit Singh. Beneath the shadow of these towering structures the plain swarmed like an ant hill. In its very centre, surrounded by teeming masses of eager people, a wide amphitheatre had been cleared. To this the Prince drove, passing along a processional way solidly walled with stalwart shouting humanity. Mounting a horse he rode twice round the entire stadium, graciously acknowledging the roars of delight which greeted his appearance. Behind him came his staff and behind them again Sardar after Sardar from the Western Punjab, each with his retinue of wild looking horsemen bearing tufted lances. *The crowd which filled the auditorium was very large, the official estimate of the accommodation was 25,000, and it was plain to the most casual glance that the circle of seats was filled to overflowing.* While the Prince was riding round the central arena was ringed with long locked, orange bearded warriors, fondly clasping to the voluminous folds of

their ample white drapery, jezails, swords, and bucklers, who vied with the outer circle of spectators in the enthusiasm of their greeting. After completing the round for the second time, the Prince rode to the Royal Pavilion, where he was received by the Governor, who presented to him the members of the *Mela* sub Committee headed by Mr M S D Butler the Chairman and Mr Laqat Hyat Khan the Secretary. The entertainment began with an admirably executed musical ride by the Patiala Lancers followed by an exhibition of wrestling by famous champions and some remarkable acrobatic feats. But the centre of attraction was unquestionably His Royal Highness himself. When the time came for him to leave, the crowd swept round his car and only with the greatest difficulty could the way be cleared for him. Surging masses of people rushed forward to do *pūja* to the chair on which he had been sitting and not until some time after his departure did the varied amusements of the *Mela* exercise their normal attraction. There could be no doubt of the great success of the entertainment. As in Delhi a really popular welcome had been accorded to His Royal Highness by the masses whose eager enthusiasm testified once again to the wisdom of those who had decided upon holding a function so truly democratic. It was pleasing to learn that the expenses of the entire gathering were defrayed by local notables, who had further arranged to provide many thousands of poor people with ample food and entertainment.

Early next morning His Royal Highness paid a visit to the Railway colony of Moghalpura which is the headquarters of the North Western Railway works. Immense crowds of employes had gathered to greet him indeed the Railway officials present informed us that the attendance at the locomotive shops that morning constituted an unsurpassed record, less than 3 per cent of the total book strength being absent. His Royal Highness was conducted through the great sheds, fitted with the most modern and elaborate machinery, by Mr Hadow, the Agent of the Railway. Crowds followed him wherever he went and could with difficulty be restrained from pressing upon him with a vigorous enthusiasm which sometimes threatened his comfort. But his animation and gaiety never failed, while his keen interest in every process delighted those who conducted him. After inspecting the locomotive shops, and accepting a realistic model of the Royal engine, he drove a short distance to the Carriage shops. Here he was presented with an exquisitely finished scale model complete down to the most minute detail, of the saloon which he had used in the course of his Indian tour. The Prince

shook hands with a large number of men who had been responsible for the construction and fitting of the Royal Train; and it was plain from their delight that they counted no labour too exhausting which was done in his service. When he entered his car to leave Moghalpura, immense crowds of Indians, Anglo Indians, and Europeans, flocked round him and demonstrated in the clearest and most vocal fashion his conquest of the hearts of the Railway community.

From Moghalpura the Prince drove to Aitchison College, the great educational centre for the aristocrats of the Punjab. Situated in beautiful grounds, working to a curriculum which lays much stress upon the formation of manly character, Aitchison College seems in many ways the ideal application of the Public School to Indian conditions. His Royal Highness was received by the Chairman of the Managing Committee, while the Cavalry of the Cadet Corps in their smart uniforms, proudly gave him the Royal salute. After the inspection of the Corps the Prince entered the Hall and shook hands with the students headed by four young Chiefs. He then proceeded to the nearest Boarding House and entered one of the comfortable quarters which the students occupy—quarters more comfortable than can be found in many an Oxford College. Returning to his car, he drove under the escort of the Cadet Corps to Government House, being speeded on his way by ringing cheers.

The Prince's next engagement was a visit to the Punjab Legislative Council. At half past twelve he was received on the steps of the new Council Chamber by the Governor and the President of the Council. After inspecting the Guard of Honour of the Punjab Volunteer Rifles, the Prince was escorted into the Members' lobby. A procession was then formed, which included besides the staffs of the Governor and of His Royal Highness, the bearer of the formidable steel battle mace which is the pride of the Legislative Council of the Punjab. His Royal Highness took his place upon the President's throne while from the floor of the House a message of welcome was conveyed to him by the Hon'ble Mr M S D Butler. This message welcomed the Prince in cordial fashion not merely for the previous associations of his House with the people of the Punjab but for the sympathy and enthusiasm with which he had thrown himself into all things Indian. Above all, it welcomed him to the home of the fighting clans, as a brother in arms. After the translation of the address had been read by the interpreter to the Council, the Prince replied in terms equally cordial. While it was true, he said, that he had never before set foot on the soil of the



Punjab, yet in spirit he had begun to visit the plains and hills of this famous land of fighters from the day when the stalwart Punjabis of the Indian Expeditionary Force had landed in France. His heart had gone forth to the kin of the men who had come to be his own comrades in arms in distant and unknown lands. He continued —

Gentlemen you have honoured me by calling me a brother in arms of the gallant Punjab in the war and I am proud of the title. Now that the days of peace have come I want to feel that I still have you as trusty comrades in the tasks that lie before us. We British and Punjabis have travelled the road of friendship together for many years. We have passed many milestones on that road, I for one wish to tread no other and I want to take you all along that road with me, right to the very end. Gentlemen I have come here to day to make your acquaintance—the members of one of the young Parliaments of the Empire. As representatives of those whom I call my comrades you have special claims on my regard. I sympathise with your aspirations. New political problems are arising as a result of world changes. You have your difficulties and dangers before you just as we had in the War. In that great struggle patient training, trust, co-operation and courage led us to success at the end. I pray that Divine inspiration may guide your efforts in the same way to preserve and maintain the well being of the people of the Punjab."

In the afternoon the Prince played polo in the presence of a large and eager throng. His team was defeated after a hard struggle by Hodson's Horse, who secured the odd goal in five. The Punjab Chiefs' Association was at home upon the ground and the cordiality and good feeling which marked this function were most delightful. The day terminated with the entertainment of the Prince at dinner by Major General Lawson, Commanding the Lahore District Area. The Prince and his host then attended a very successful Soldiers' Concert, which was even more cheerful than such functions usually are on account of the enthusiasm with which the troops greeted one who had fought side by side with them during the Great War.

Early next morning the Prince rode to a meet of the Lahore hounds. It was rather late in the season and standing crops were high but the party enjoyed several excellent runs and one kill was made. In the afternoon there was a gymkhana meeting on the Lahore Race Course. In the midst of large and enthusiastic crowds, the Prince rode in three events, the third of which, to the immense delight of all present, he won handsomely. His Highness the Nawab of Bahawalpur was "At home" on the ground, and as if to clinch the success of the whole meeting, the event named in honour of Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary—whose wedding day this was—was won by a horse bearing the propitious title of "All Clear." The presentation of the cups took place amidst cordial

enthusiasm, and great was the delight when the Prince received the trophy he had won. A dinner and a dance at Government House concluded the day.

Next morning the Prince drove out to the Mian Mir Park where he inspected a large parade of pensioners, ex-Servic representative detachments of units from the districts of and Multan Civil Divisions as well as from Bahawalpur. There were no fewer than a thousand pensioned or detached officers—eighty of them with Honorary King's Commissions on the Parade Ground. The majority of these men came from Montgomery or the Lyallpur Canal Colony, were given them by Government. With each officer he shook hands, stopping a man here and there to pin a ribbon or a ribbon. In addition to the Indian officers also present some 3 000 N. C. O.s and men could be seen many veterans ranging in their participation from the Mutiny to the Great War. The enthusiasm of the British units on parade, was stirring. The accompaniment of lusty cheering that the Prince heard once more. He drove to Government House for a Review of Police, 400 strong. The men were in a square, within which was an inner square of 100. He won the proud distinction of the King's Guard. The Jack at the saluting base was the identical one that was on the occasion of the Delhi Police Review by the King Emperor. This treasured relic is invariably present on occasions and upon it the Indian officers swore their allegiance. Here the Prince took his salute. He was given. He then inspected the men on parade in separate groups of probationary subalterns. Finally, a small pathetic gathering of the constables who had fallen in the execution of their duty. Cheers for the King Emperor had been given.

The last great function of His Royal Highness took place in the afternoon, when the members of the Council gave a magnificent party in his house. This picturesque Mughal pleasure ground, with its two terraces, an upper and lower, are adorned with sward and glittering fountains. The President of the Council and the members

He was then conducted to the beautiful central pavilion of marble, where the members of the Legislative Council were presented to him. To the accompaniment of a fanfare of trumpets the Prince stood overlooking a graceful waterfall as he gave greeting to the guests who were assembled on the grass plots to the right and left of the lake below. From this same spot, after tea had been served, he made the farewells which constituted his last greeting to many of the citizens of Lahore. Loud were the cheers that speeded him on his way, while Boy Scouts surged around him in wild enthusiasm.

That same evening, the farewell of the populace to the Prince was characterised by the warmth that had marked the whole visit. The streets from Government House to the railway station were crowded with masses upon masses of people long before he was due to pass. The city folk had by this time thrown off all hesitation and flocked in large numbers to pay their respects. Brilliant illuminations along the side of the roads, loyal mottoes flaming from the buildings, cast a fantastic flickering light upon the white draperies and fierce countenances of this Northern India crowd. The Prince was greeted with deep-throated cheering as he drove down an avenue of torches high held by the troops who lined the streets. When he paused for a few minutes near the station, to witness a Khuttak sword dance round a great bonfire, the throng pressed thick around him. A soldier Prince, coming to a land of soldiers, he had won the heart of the Punjab by his sportsmanship, his unaffected bearing, his frank delight in all that goes to make up manliness. It was with the utmost regret that the people of Lahore saw his train draw out of the station on its way to Jammu.

The success of the Lahore visit was the more striking because in some measure unexpected. From what has already been said concerning the political atmosphere of the Punjab, it is hardly necessary to state that His Royal Highness' visit to this province had not been determined without a certain amount of apprehension. But once again, as had been the case in other cities of India, the precautions taken by the local authorities to secure loyal citizens against undue pressure and intimidation produced the effect desired. When once the people had been allowed to come into contact with His Royal Highness, his personal charm did the rest. Before he left, he had succeeded in radically altering the political atmosphere. The tension which had previously prevailed was in large measure relaxed, and once again, heart-felt tributes of relief and admiration were paid by all classes to the force of his personality.

The Royal Train, traversing the fertile country between the Ravi and the Chinab Rivers, turned north and entered the boundaries of Jammu. This important province of the Kashmir State is renowned as the home of the Dogras, hill dwelling Rajputs who have won for themselves undying fame in many theatres of war. Of Kashmir State itself, it is hardly necessary to speak, since the laudation of travellers and the rhapsodies of poets have made its beauty world famous. But it is not always remembered that the Princes who rule over Kashmir and Jammu, Rajputs of ancient lineage, are wardens of an important section of the Indian frontier, with a record for strenuous service and unswerving loyalty that is the envy of many of their brother Rulers. Since 1846 when Gulab Singh, of the ancient House which had held Jammu from time immemorial, entered into alliance with the British, no important campaign has failed to afford an opportunity for the Kashmir troops to demonstrate their prowess. In the Mutiny, in the Hanza Nagar expedition, in the relief of Chitral in the Great War, the troops of the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir acquitted themselves with the utmost gallantry.

The picturesque town of Jammu is the winter capital of the Kashmir Government. Commanding the right bank of the gorge through which the river Tawi penetrates the foothills, it stands as the sentinel of the inner country. As one approaches it from the plains, its glittering temple spires, rising from the masses of houses huddled within the white zig zagging wall lead the eye to the lofty snow-crowned range of the Pir Panjal, which encloses it to the north like a mighty amphitheatre. Elaborate preparations had been made for the reception of His Royal Highness in the city which had welcomed King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, in 1875, but unfortunately an outbreak of plague necessitated the transference of the Royal camp, at the last moment to Satwari a cantonment a few miles away. Here a city of canvas had been erected for the reception of the staff and retinue, while a comfortable house awaited His Royal Highness' occupation.

by the Resident in Kashmir. After inspecting the Guard of Honour of Kashmir troops, the Prince entered his barouche and drove with the Maharaja to his camp. He was escorted by the Maharaja's bodyguard of Lancers. Shortly after his arrival, the customary visits and return visits were

paid in due form, a noticeable characteristic of the occasion being the decoration of the pavilion where these ceremonies took place with priceless shawls of the kind for which Kashmir is so famous

In the afternoon a rising wind and a dust storm obscured the hills near by, but the Prince, undaunted by the gloomy weather, played polo on the new ground which had been made ready for his visit. While he was thus occupied, his arrival was being celebrated in prescribed fashion by the distribution of alms to the poor and of sweets to the schoolboys. There was much disappointment among the inhabitants of Jammu that the presence of contagious disease should have placed their city "out of bounds," and from the numbers of people who contrived to appear whenever opportunity arose for seeing the Prince, the warmth of the popular welcome which under normal circumstances would have greeted him, could readily be conjectured.

In the evening the State banquet was held. In a great reception tent the Maharaja welcomed the Prince, and, clasping his hand, walked with him to the entrance of the banqueting tent, where as orthodox Hinduism requires, he left him while food was served. At the end of dinner, the Maharaja took his place beside the Prince, and after proposing the health of the King-Emperor, read an address warmly welcoming the Royal visitor.

"It is with sincere feelings of pride that I welcome Your Royal Highness to my territories. Once more my House and my people have the good fortune of greeting in their own land the heir to the mighty British Empire. It is one more link forged in the golden chain of devotion and attachment which the Ruling Family of Jammu and Kashmir bears towards the Person and Throne of His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor.

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As a result of the Great War, there has been much unrest in the world and India has not remained unaffected. But I would request Your Royal Highness to assure His Majesty that the devotion and attachment of the House of Jammu and Kashmir and its subjects to his Person and Throne, are as strong and firm to day as ever. These feelings have been strengthened, if that were possible, by the severe ordeal of the greatest war the world has ever known.

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Royal Highness that my troops look forward with intense pride and pleasure to being inspected to-morrow morning by the Soldier Prince who also, like them, went through the hardships of war."

The Prince, rising amidst cheers, paid a hearty tribute to the tradition of loyalty that burned with undimmed lustre in the territories of Kashmir. In the Maharaja, he said, the British Government was fortunate in the possession of the staunchest of friends who could be relied upon to assist to the uttermost in any event of emergency. These qualities had been triumphantly displayed in the ordeal of the Great War.

'It would take a long time if I were to recount the generous assistance which was poured out in the way of money and material, but there are one or two points which I must mention. The Kashmir Imperial Service Troops were maintained at a strength of 6 000 men throughout the War. They fought with marked distinction in East Africa and Palestine and won the highest tribute from the Generals who had the good fortune to lead them. I hope to have the pleasure to-morrow of seeing these fine troops and of meeting many of those who won for Kashmir an undying halo of military renown. In addition to this the Kashmir State with its Feudatory State of Poonch was conspicuous in supplying recruits to serve in many fields in the Indian Army. Over 31 000 of Your Highness's subjects enlisted in our forces. I am glad to be to night in that province of Your Highness's territories which is particularly connected with the Dogras in order to testify to their unquenchable martial spirit and their splendid achievements.

The war history of Kashmir is indeed a record of which Your Highness and your State may feel justly proud. I must congratulate your Highness on the well-merited honours and distinctions which the King Emperor has bestowed upon you. I am happy to have the privilege to night of acknowledging in person on behalf of the King Emperor the great services of the Kashmir State and of thanking your Highness and your subjects for the signal loyalty which you displayed.

I need not assure Your Highness that it has been a great pleasure to me to have Your Highness's heir General Paja Sir Hari Singh who commands Your State forces attached to my staff during my visit to India.

After the termination of the banquet, the Prince and the Maharaja watched in the open air a Lama Dance similar to if more elaborate than, that which had been so striking a feature of the entertainment on the Calcutta maidan. Night seemed to lend added horror to the weirdly wailing music and bizarre devil masques, as the Lord of Death and his grim satellites danced in ghoulish glee. Almost with relief the spectator saw the nightmare figures withdraw, to be replaced by a really magnificent display of fireworks which brought a comforting sense of modernity and homeliness in their train. As soon as the last set piece had flamed away into darkness, the Prince and his staff mounted gorgeously caparisoned elephants, and rode to their quarters amidst the cheers of the guests.

Everyone was sorry that the stay in Jammu was so short. The Prince was due to leave at noon the next day. He found time, however,

to review the Kashmir troops, whose smart bearing was a pleasure to the eye. He also inspected pensioners and veterans, and visited an admirably arranged exhibition of the industries in skins, leather, wood, silver and precious stones, for which Kashmir is renowned among connoisseurs. Some idea of the pressure upon His Royal Highness' time at this stage of his tour may be gathered from the fact that although he did not bid farewell to the Maharaja until noon, he had two more important functions, at places widely separated, that same day. At the military station of Sialkot, he inspected a ceremonial parade, under Colonel Commandant C. H. Rankin, of the 2nd Indian Cavalry Brigade. Great enthusiasm had been excited by the prospect of his visit, and it was universally regretted that his engagements only permitted him to halt for an hour. Large subscriptions had been raised in honour of his presence, which were devoted in the first instance to feeding the poor and organising a great popular *mela*. Through the generosity of a leading citizen a Memorial clock tower is to be erected in cantonments. These manifestations of loyal enthusiasm were not belied by the warmth of the welcome which greeted the Prince as he drove to and from the parade ground. The smart turn out of the troops, both British and Indian, excited much admiration, and the one regret of all the inhabitants of Sialkot seemed to be the limited time which the Prince spent in their midst.

Late in the afternoon, His Royal Highness arrived at the small station of Sarai Alamgir, where he left the train to lay the foundation stone of the Royal Military School of Aurangabad which, like the institution at Jullundur, will provide for the education of the sons of Indian soldiers. A special siding, near the site of the ceremony, had been constructed, and here the Prince was received by Colonel Commandant H. D. Depree and by the Commissioner of the Rawalpindi Division. Schoolchildren sang a song of welcome as the Prince walked to the spot where the Guard of Honour awaited his inspection. He then passed on into a great hollow square the fringe of which was formed of hundreds of villagers eager to catch a glimpse of him. Within were drawn up pensioners to the number of some five thousand, with eight hundred pensioned or retired Indian officers. Guarding the flagstaff and the foundation stone were a group of Indian officers holding King's commissions.

After the local notables had been introduced to the Prince by the Deputy Commissioner, His Royal Highness advanced to the plinth. As at Jullundur, Colonel Lascelles briefly explained the purpose of the

school, and proceeded to convey, on behalf of the Commander-in-Chief, the gratitude of the Indian Army to a Prince who was their comrade in arms. He begged His Royal Highness to transmit to His Imperial Father an assurance of the devoted and unswerving loyalty of the Army. In reply the Prince expressed his gratification at visiting a Mussalman recruiting area whose war record was so magnificent. In some of the neighbouring villages, under the system of voluntary recruitment, more than 50 per cent of the male population had joined the colours. He continued

"I am proud to think that I am to be more intimately associated with the Punjab and with you through a representative Punjabi regiment. The 92nd Punjabis, which is so closely connected with the Jhelum District, will in future be known as the Prince of Wales'.

We have spoken of the heroes of the armies of to day and yesterday, but we must not forget to morrow. The sons of our soldiers must some day take their stand in the ranks of the armies of India. It is to their right hand that India looks to guard her in her need in future.

The question of providing for the education of the soldiers of the future and the sons of the soldiers of to day has been engaging attention for some time. My father the King Emperor, whose thoughts are ever with the Indian troops, heard of the matter. By his command the monies of the King Emperor's Patriotic Fund are to be devoted to the provision of school houses and hostels for the sons of Indian soldiers, and these schools are to be known by his name. The education given will be of a sound general character to fit a man to take a worthy place in a civil or military career and to be a good citizen of the Empire.

It is my privilege to lay the foundation stone of one of these schools on this spot. I trust that I may at the same time communicate to the school which will grow up here those traditions of courage, loyalty and devotion which inspired my comrades in arms from the Western Punjab in the Great War.

After which the Prince shook hands with the Indian officers, and inspected the pensioners, also presenting, before he left the ground, a number of medals and decorations to the proud recipients.

Through the night the Royal Train struck north and west, passing out of the Punjab into the Frontier Province. Traversing the Pabbi Hills, it crossed the deep gorge of the Indus River at Attock. When morning dawned, the Prince found himself in a new country—a country that was no longer India, but Central Asia. Inhabited by virile hill peoples, uniformly Muslim in faith and martial in disposition, it presents a sharp contrast with the confusing mixture of creeds and cultures which characterises Hindustan. Through the broad upland plains which from time immemorial has formed the mustering ground for invaders emerging from the sally port of the Khyber, Peshawar, to the bolt which secures the gate of the mountains



The history of British administration in the wild frontier territory, though interesting, cannot here be sketched even in outline. Suffice it to say that in consequence of the Second Sikh War, we found ourselves obliged to assume those obligations which during the time of their power, the Sikhs had themselves discharged. In order to protect the Punjab, we were compelled to occupy the territory at the foot of the mountains. This in turn forced us to reckon with the mountain tribes. The story of the relations between the Punjab Government and the inhabitants of the no man's land between India and Afghanistan, has been told too often to require elaboration in this place. Until 1901, the five settled districts of Hazara, Peshawar, Kohat, Barānu and Dera Ismail Khan were administered on the same system as the rest of the Punjab, but a special irregular military force was raised and maintained under the direct orders of the Punjab Government for the defence of the border. Both in the Mutiny and through subsequent years, the Punjab Frontier Force won for itself an undying name. But the growing complexity of diplomatic problems, and in particular, the intimate relationship between the independent tribes and Afghanistan, led Lord Curzon to establish a separate administration directly controlled by the Government of India, for the border country. That the change was expensive has never been denied, but it is also maintained, with great force, that since the separate Frontier Province has been established problems of a complexity which would have taxed a local Government beyond endurance have been steadily shaped towards a favourable solution. During the war, especially after the entrance of Turkey into the struggle on the side of Germany, British administration upon the North West Frontier was subjected to a severe strain. The test was successfully surmounted. Unrest has, it is true, subsequently developed from various causes, some internal, some external. During the last three years, there has been considerable feeling over the Khilafat question which culminated, in 1920 in the Muhajirin emigration amidst dire suffering, to Afghanistan. The non co-operation movement has little real hold upon the province, but Gandhism has many attractive aspects in the eyes of the hooligans, of which Peshawar, the meeting ground of many Asiatic races, claims more than its fair share. Further, the Third Afghan War has left the heritage of a border still disturbed, with the result that raiding, on a scale hitherto unknown, has somewhat disturbed the confidence of the community in Government's power to enforce its authority. None the-less, it can fairly be said that the governance of the North West Frontier still remains one of the finest achievements of

**British Rule in India** With the adjustment of relations with Afghanistan upon a basis more satisfactory than that which has obtained during the last few years, it may confidently be hoped that before long the Frontier will settle down to an era of peaceful development

The Prince arriving at Peshawar Cantonment station, was received by Sir John Massey, the Chief Commissioner, by the General Officer Commanding, Peshawar District, and by the principal officials After inspecting the Guard of Honour of the Prince of Wales Own Yorkshire Regiment and the 89th Punjabis, the Prince shook hands with the leading Maliks and the members of the Provincial Reception Committee He then entered the Royal Barouche, and escorted by one section of the 37th Battery Royal Field Artillery and two squadrons of the 26th King George's Own Light Infantry, drove in procession to Government House The route was lined by troops and Police and at various points large numbers of people had collected Peshawar city remained normal, there was no *hartal* and no sign of activity on the part of the local hobledehays who honour the Khilafat movement with their support

The Prince spent the morning quietly and in the afternoon, at a large Garden Party, saw the principal officials both civil and military, as well as the leading notables of the Province He also shook hands with a large number of Indian officers and moved freely among the guests A dinner and a dance concluded this day

On March the 5th, which was a Sunday, the Prince after Divine Service proceeded directly to the Khyber Pass The road ran straight over breezy uplands, sparsely scattered with purple heather and green vegetation, passed the frowning fort of Jamrud and entered the mouth of the Khyber In approaching the jaws of this defile, whence, from time immemorial, predatory peoples have debouched to hurl themselves hungrily upon the plains below, it is impossible even for the most prosaic observer to escape a thrill of emotion How many powers each in its turn, have stood sentry over these gates? Aryan and Scythian, Rajput and Pathan, Mughal and Sikh, while their hour endured, masked with their breasts this pistol ever loaded, ever pointed at the heart of India And now, with resources far greater than the greatest of these ever imagined, Britain in her turn keeps watch and ward As the Roman legionaries shielded England from the ravages of the North, so do British soldiers and their Indian comrades stand between Hindustan and the fierce peoples who seek their opportunity to re enact the ruin and terror, the plunder and rapine, the chaos and destruction, of which Indian political history gives such grim testimony.

The great highway up the Khyber is surely the best guarded of all the world's thoroughfares. Everywhere the heights on either side are crowned with fortresses, flanked with picket posts, dotted with *Sangars*. For one hundred yards on each side, the King's peace throws its mantle upon every man, but beyond those limits, to right and left, is the territory of the independent tribes, where killing is no murder and free-booting the favourite occupation of a gentleman. Along the roadside stand to salute, at short intervals, the sturdy Afridi *Kassadars* who police the highway. Upon the hill side in bullet-proof towers, are yet more guards, while here and there a British blockhouse, with barbed wire defences, stands squarely dominant. Or a large camp, full of soldiers and pack animals seems prepared for imminent operations. The road, swept by the sword like breath of the distant snows, stretches serenely ever onwards. It winds beneath the cliffs of Rhotas, past forts and pickets vividly outlined against a sky of electric blue, and climbs to the Shahgu heights. Thence it drops down to the fortress of Ali Masjid, buries itself in frowning gorges and emerges into an open valley dotted with the walled and fortified villages of the Zakkar Khel. On the Loargai plateau it reaches Landi Kotal, with its strong defences and large garrison. Here the Prince's car stopped. As he stepped from it, to be received by the Chief Commissioner, a Royal salute was given by the 1st Indian Infantry Brigade, and a battery of artillery thundered out. While the echoes were still reverberating in the gorges, and striking upon the ear with the muttering of a distant storm, the Prince inspected the troops of the garrison. He spent about half an hour chatting informally to officers and men, then re entered his car, and drove over the neck of Michni Kandao to Landikhana, where lies the last British outpost in the Khyber valley. A short distance beyond the camp, the newly demarcated Afghan Frontier dips from the sky line to cross the road. Beyond the interest attaching to all frontiers, there is little that is attractive at Landikhana. But from the heights of Michni, a short distance back, a wonderful panorama spreads itself before the eye of the spectator. Flashing white against the stark blue of the sky stands in the far distance the knife edge of the Hindu Kush. Nearer at hand, the waters of the Kabul river sparkle in the sunshine, and a fold of the hills reveals the dark green verdure surrounding the Afghan town of Dakra. The Pass itself is soon lost to sight amidst the tortuous windings of the hills, but enough can be seen of the general configuration of the country to suggest to the mind the dangers and difficulties of the high way down which many invaders have poured to the conquest of

India On the Afghan side of the border, few signs of life can be discerned, save an isolated post which guards the Frontier But on the British side, symptoms of manifold activity strike the eye in every direction An aerial rope way endlessly transporting heavy loads up and down the Pass terminates at Landikhana Scars on the cliff face, deep tunnels blasted into the living rock, débris piled here and there in picturesque confusion, show where British Engineers are toilsomely preparing the way for the Railway which is to link Jamrud, Landikhana and perhaps at some time in the future, Jalalabad and Kabul Nothing, it is safe to say, can so greatly strengthen friendly relations between ourselves and our neighbour Afghanistan, as the opening up of the difficult country that separates us by the resources of modern communications

After pausing for a few minutes at Landikhana, the Prince returned to Landi Kotal, where he lunched with the officers of the 2nd Battalion, Royal Warwickshire Regiment When he proceeded on his way, the road was lined not merely by the troops, but also by the villagers—sturdy upstanding men in voluminous garments—from the country round about On his way back to Peshawar, the Prince halted at Sarkaishiga, beneath the shadow of Jamrud Fort where a *Jirga* of the leading Maliks of the Khyber Agency had collected to meet him These notables together with their contingents of followers, numbered some 800 men, and they had brought for His Royal Highness presents of the sheep and goats for which their country is famous, together with a trophy of ancient Afridi arms The Prince shook hands with the leading Maliks and inspected a file of the Kassadars who police the Khyber road He examined with interest the modern rifles—clever imitations, even down to the Government stamp, of a Martini Henri carbine—which local gun-miths manufacture

On Monday, March 6th, it had been determined that the Prince would drive in state through Peshawar city to receive the address of welcome presented by the Frontier Province So smoothly had the arrangements connected with his arrival passed off, that everyone believed there could be no question of *hartal* during the Royal visit Unfortunately on Sunday, March 5th, while the Prince was inspecting the Khyber, certain mischief makers in the city of Peshawar had contrived to spread the rumour that trouble of some kind was about to develop Rather by way of precaution it would seem than from any desire to assist in a demonstration, most of the Indian shops put up their shutters on Sunday morning Later in the day, confidence was restored, and

the life of the town went on as usual. But on Monday, the same agitating rumours were restarted, with the result that the shops continued shut throughout the forenoon. In the street of the Story Tellers, in the bazars of the coppersmiths, the pipe makers, the bird sellers, the silk merchants, the shoe makers, the carpet dealers, and all the other craftsmen and tradesmen who gather the wealth of half a continent the booths were bolted and barred, while sturdy watchmen shouldering staves stood ready to defend the property of their masters. There was much indignation against the traders on the part of the Frontier Chieftains, who would gladly, had they been permitted, have opened the bazars by force in expiation of the slur cast upon the hospitality of the province. But if there was *hartal*, there was no attempt at boycott. The streets were thickly packed with cheerful people of all those nationalities for whose meeting Peshawar is so famous. Everywhere, too, the townsfolk themselves were out of doors, jovial and eager, intent upon the enjoyment of the spectacle. So great was the press, that it was impossible to pass behind the troops lining the narrow tortuous streets, and the throngs who flocked from the side alleys were wedged as tightly as bricks in a wall.

In view of the unquiet atmosphere, it was decided that His Royal Highness should proceed through the town by car rather than by carriage. This change of programme, made in deference to the representations of the local officials, was a source of disappointment to many people. The Prince left Government House shortly after eleven, and the thunder of guns from the Fort sent a ripple of anticipation through the eager crowds. Driving between lines of troops, British and Indian Regulars and Irregulars, he entered the gate of the city, to be saluted by a body of horsemen in antique chain mail. Flags fluttered gaily in the breeze, while the crowd cried aloud and made obeisance to the son of their Emperor. Passing beneath a gateway covered from top to bottom with gorgeous carpets, the Prince entered the square where stands the Hastings Memorial. He was received by the Chief Commissioner and the General Commanding the Peshawar District and after inspecting the Guard of Honour of the Prince of Wales' Own West Yorkshire Regiment, mounted the chattri steps. Sir John Masley presented to His Royal Highness the Political Agents and the Deputy Commissioners of the Province, after which Major Nawab Ahmad Nawaz Khan read the address of welcome. He expressed the gratification of the people of the Province that the Prince had been pleased to visit the Pathan borderland and their special interest in the fact that His Royal

Highness' war experience had enabled him to appreciate the unique position of this outpost of the Empire. He announced the determination of the people to continue their ancestral work of guarding, in the King-Emperor's name, the border marches and mentioned the material progress which had been achieved since the visit of His Imperial Majesty. In conclusion he begged the Prince to convey a message of loyal and dutiful homage to the King Emperor.

The Prince in reply expressed his thanks for the welcome he had received. Although, he said, he had seen only a small section of the Frontier, yet it had been enough to impress him most strongly with the charms of the country and of the people. He continued —

"During the Great War I made the acquaintance of some of the brave soldiers who went in such numbers from this Province to fight for the British Empire, and I look forward to meeting some of these again when I visit the ex service men to-morrow. It is a great pleasure to me to learn of the progress, which has been achieved of recent years in the more peaceful spheres of education and material prosperity, and I trust that peace on the border may enable you in future to devote even more effort and energy in these directions. I will gladly convey your message of loyalty and devotion to His Imperial Majesty the King Emperor, His Majesty has always taken a special interest in this corner of the Empire and will, I know, be gratified to hear from me of your progress and welfare."

The Durbaris of the Province the members of the Municipal and Reception Committees, and representatives of the Bar Association, were then presented to the Prince who shook hands with all of them.

The scene in the square was impressive. From the high houses round about many picturesque figures clustering thickly on roof and balcony, looked down in deepest interest. Behind the khaki cordon of troops, a solid block of humanity watched the Prince's every movement, as he stood at the head of the steps leading to the chattri, surrounded by his staff. In front of him filed warrior after warrior, bearded, grave, dignified, clad in tight fitting military uniform or in the loose amply flowing garments of the Frontier. Unfortunately, while the ceremony was in progress, there was a feeble attempt at interruption on the part of a clique of non co operators, who, to judge from their voices—for they kept prudently in the back ground—were mainly larrikins too young to have learned manners. But the crowd was in no temper to heed them, and the demonstrators would probably have been roughly handled but for the restraining influence of those very forces whose authority they were doing their best to flout. When the Prince entered his car for the return journey, the cheering which speeded him on his way was particularly hearty, although to

show that the city was ashamed of itself. Indeed the shops quickly opened and the normal atmosphere was restored.

That same day, a *mela* was held in public gardens near the city. Many poor people were fed, and there were the usual athletic and musical entertainments, followed by elaborate fireworks. Very great numbers of people, both from Peshawar city and from the outlying villages flocked to see the show, and when the Prince on his way to a meet of the Peshawar Vale Hunt, rode near the throng, he was received with wild enthusiasm.

Next morning, His Royal Highness was present at a parade of Police, Frontier Militia, and Frontier Constabulary. Each body was paraded separately, receiving the Prince with a Royal salute as he rode up. Large crowds of Afghans and other border tribes watched the proceedings with the greatest interest. After presenting King's Police Medals to several recipients, whose meritorious services had won for them this coveted distinction, His Royal Highness left the ground amidst cheers and drove to the Parade ground on the Jamrud Road. The troops of the Peshawar District, consisting of a mounted Brigade, the 3rd Indian Infantry Brigade and the Transport Brigade with Royal Air Force Personnel were then inspected. The Prince returned to the Flagstaff and took the salute as the troops marched past before the final advance in review order. After this, he inspected wounded and disabled pensioners in their enclosure, during which the main body of pensioners, to the number of 2 000, formed up in front of the saluting flag. The officers some 500 strong filed past, presenting their sword hilts in token of fealty. His Royal Highness then walked down the line of men, who, as ever, received him with the warmest manifestations of loyalty and devotion. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the Prince accepted an ancient dagger, in a silver sheath, presented to him by the pensioned officers.

In the afternoon, His Royal Highness played polo and in the evening, after a quiet dinner, drove to the Royal Train. He passed the night in the Makri siding, and at half past nine the next morning, March 8th, arrived at Mardan, the home of Queen Victoria's Own Corps of Guides. The arrival was private, but many local notables had come in from outlying parts, and there were large crowds assembled from the city, who welcomed him with cheers and showers of rose leaves, while horsemen in chain armour played shrill music. The Prince was received by Sir John Maffey and the Officer Commanding, then, entering his car, he drove up the Malakand Pass to Chakdara. In honour of his presence, the States of Dir and Swat had suspended their annual warfare for the

day, and had sent in delegates with gifts who stood side by side in apparent amity. The Prince returned to lunch with the officers of the 8th Gurkha Rifles at Malakand. In the afternoon he arrived again at Mardan, that oasis of turf and flowers which lies at the foot of the Malakand. On the polo ground, of which it is said that any part can be converted into a cricket pitch, his team played against the famous corps. The ground was lined with sepoy off duty, who manifested the keenest interest in the play, their delight at the prowess of their own team being only surpassed by their applause when the Prince himself scored. The Prince took tea with the officers, afterwards walking past the chapel, full of memorials to heroic valour, past the ancient mud fort of Mardan, to the Mess, renowned over India for its sporting trophies, for its Buddhist carvings, for its magnificent hospitality. After spending some time in talk, he motored to his train, which bore him to Risalpur, where he dined with the 18th Hussars.

Early next morning, he left for Nowshera, an important military station. The Royal Train halted at the mobilisation siding, while the Prince, accompanied by his staff, rode to the parade ground with Lieutenant General Sir George Barrow. The troops reviewed included the 1st Indian Cavalry Brigade, the 27th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, the 22nd Indian Pack Artillery Brigade, the 4th Indian Infantry Brigade, together with two Pack Mule Corps and a detachment of the Royal Air Force.

After breakfast, the Prince left Nowshera, and travelled southward. He re-crossed the Indus at Attock, where the Railway Bridge, most vital communication link in the defences of India, spans a gorge commanded by the grim old Sikh fort. At Taxila Junction he left the train, and having lunched with Sir John Marshall, the Director General of Archaeology, motored out to inspect the excavations which have recently revealed some of the secrets of the deserted metropolis. From its earliest days Taxila seems to have been connected with the Buddhist faith and with the pursuit of learning. In the time of Alexander, it was a large and flourishing city, situated on the main trade route between India and Central Asia. The great Asoka, before he became Emperor, ruled the border marches from this centre as Viceroy of his father. It fell in turn to the Bactrians, who beautified it with sculpture, to the Scythians, who surrounded it with battlements, to the Kushans, who subordinated it to Peshawar, until the White Huns, the most merciless and destructive race of barbarians under which even India has ever groaned, blotted it from the book of life in the fifth century of our



era For long the city lay neglected, save by the amateur antiquary and the local treasure digger Within the last few years the Tashi Lama, on a visit to India, recalled to the notice of the authorities its importance as an ancient centre of the Buddhist faith The excavations, pushed as steadily as limited funds will allow, while scarcely exhausting a tithe of the area which claims attention, have already yielded results of eminent historical and artistic importance

After visiting some of the more striking results of recent exploration, the Prince accompanied by the Commander in Chief—who had motored from Rawalpindi to receive him—left Taxila by car. When he approached Rawalpindi, he received a vehement welcome from Indian soldiers, who crowded to the roadside, from British and Indian officers, and from the general public He drove through the civil station, entered the Cantonment to a salute of thirty one guns, and arrived at the Circuit House, where he was to be the guest of Lord Rawlinson

## CHAPTER X.

### Seaward.

With his arrival in Rawalpindi the Prince entered upon the latest stage of his Indian tour. His visit to the Northern Marches had brought him to the uttermost limits of India, to the region where the peoples and problems of Central Asia begin to dominate over those of Hindustan. He was now retracing his steps with his task accomplished. From the time when he recrossed the boundary of the Punjab at Attock his face was set definitely towards the Sea and that part of his Imperial mission which awaited him in other lands.

It was eminently appropriate that his last few days in the Indian borderland should have been devoted to functions principally military in character. There is no need to dilate upon the encouragement given to the brave soldiers Indian and English who keep watch and ward over the Northern Gates by the presence in their midst of a Prince who has himself fought for the Empire. The magnificent military functions which celebrated his visit to Rawalpindi alike in their stateliness and in their simplicity brought home to all the intimacy of the tie between the Heir Apparent to the British Throne and his soldier comrades of all the races of the Commonwealth.

The presentation to the Prince of an address from the principal civil inhabitants of Rawalpindi on the morning of March 10th, provided an occasion for recalling the war services of this famous fighting Division of a fighting Province. In reply to the address of welcome the Prince paid high tribute to the martial spirit and sense of loyalty which had been aroused in the people of Rawalpindi by the outbreak of the Great War. He continued

You stood first in the number of men who served with the Colours during the war, you were first in the number of casualties, first in the number of military decorations, and first in donation of cash and gifts to war funds. From this Division there went to France with the first contingent the first Indian volunteer and the first Indian holding a British Commission. Both were mentioned in the first despatch dealing with the Indian forces. The first Indian to win the Victoria Cross came from your Division.

This record speaks for itself, and it is a very real pleasure to me to meet you to day and express the gratitude and appreciation of the Empire for your splendid efforts and to see the home of so many of my comrades in the Great War "

Shortly after this, the Prince received in audience the Pir Sahib of Makhad, an influential religious leader venerated by thousands of Muhammadans. The Pir presented His Royal Highness with a sword—fit token of the protection which the British Raj extends to the religious liberties of all creeds and communities.

That same morning was to witness the largest assemblage of troops which the Prince had encountered since his arrival in India. On the parade ground were assembled the troops of the Rawalpindi District, to the number of more than 10,000 men, under the command of Major General Sir H. C. C. Umacke. They included the 29th Brigade R. F. A., a Pack Artillery Brigade, the 12th Indian Infantry Brigade, and a composite Brigade, together with Divisional and Corps Signals, the 21st—23rd P. A. V. O. Cavalry and Transport Units. The Prince, accompanied by His Excellency Lord Rawlinson, motored to the Parade Ground and there mounted. The Prince and the Commander in Chief rode between files of kneeling camels and entered the parade area near the saluting flag. Generals Sir William Birdwood and Sir Claude Jacob were also present. After receiving the Royal salute, His Royal Highness inspected the line, and then returned to the saluting base, before which the various units proceeded to pass. Very large crowds of spectators, both Indian and English, hailed the Prince's arrival with the utmost enthusiasm. The large and eager crowds, the smart bearing of the units on parade, the keenness and zeal which animated every one present, combined to produce perhaps the most successful military function of the whole tour. Despite the length of time necessarily occupied by a parade of such strength, and a dust storm which threatened to interfere seriously with visibility, the function was obviously all too short for many of the spectators.

In the afternoon, the Prince played polo, and when the game was finished, walked over to the Indian Officers' enclosure where the serving Indian Officers of the garrison were presented to him. A quiet dinner, followed by a ball at the Rawalpindi Club, concluded the day.

On the morning of March the 11th, two military functions of great interest were held. The first of these was the inspection by His Royal Highness of more than 1,500 pensioned Indian officers, and some 3,000 pensioners and ex-soldiers assembled in the Topi Park. The Prince, accompanied by the Commander in Chief, left the Circuit House soon

after ten o'clock, being received on arrival at the parade by General Sir William Birdwood. The subsequent proceedings did not differ from the routine which had been followed on all similar occasions in the course of His Royal Highness' tour. As is ever the case, the presence of the Prince occasioned the keenest delight to numbers of gallant veterans, while His Royal Highness on his part manifested his never failing concern for the happiness and well being of those who had served his House with devotion. Shortly after the termination of the Pensioners' Parade, the Prince attended a ceremonial parade for the presentation of Colours and decorations. No fewer than 5 Regiments were to receive Colours—the 27th Light Cavalry, the 73rd Carnatic Infantry, the 1-22nd Punjabis, the 35th Sikhs, and the 36th Sikhs. Each one of these Regiments possesses a glorious record of long and faithful service, but it may be doubted whether in the regimental history even of the oldest there could be found a parallel to the present occasion. The ceremony of presenting Colours, which is always both picturesque and moving, gained an added distinction alike from the scene and the circumstances. The parade was held in a shady dell, the sloping sides of which were sheltered by trees, and crowded with spectators. Large numbers of European and Indian officers, with their wives and children occupied enclosures specially reserved for them, while masses of people from the Cantonment and from the town occupied the remainder of an immense ring. The natural beauty of the site, the number of Units concerned, the accurate performance of a complex and spectacular programme, the enthusiasm of the crowds, and finally the presence of the Prince in person combined to produce a ceremony of profound and haunting stateliness.

Soon after 11 o'clock, a saluting battery near by crashed out the Royal salute. As the last echo was dying away, the Prince accompanied by the Commander in Chief and his staff emerged upon the parade ground. He rode to the front of the Flagstaff, from which his flag floated, and after the trumpeters had sounded a fanfare, received the Royal salute. He then dismounted and inspected the Guards of Honour of the 1st Battalion, Connaught Rangers and the 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles together with a detachment of the 51st (P. W. O.) Sikhs F. F. The inspection concluded, massed bands struck up the regimental march of the Units constituting the Guard of Honour, who thereupon moved away from the centre of the ground. To the accompaniment of "Men of Harlech" the Colour Guards marched on. The troops receiving Standards or Colours then emerged from different apertures in the

arena wall to the sound of their regimental marches. The old Colours were played out with the customary honours, the new Colours were piled. The Prince again advanced from the flagstaff, and presented the Colours to the officers deputed to receive them. After the withdrawal of the Colour parties His Royal Highness moved forward into the centre of the parade ground and in an unfaltering voice delivered a short but impressive Urdu address to the Regiments. He expressed his pleasure at presenting them with their new Colours, he referred to the fame won by the Indian Army on many fields, and he bade the Regiments cherish these new emblems with the same reverence, and cover them with the same glory, as enfolded the Colours which had now passed out of service. His speech was received with loud applause by the Indian spectators who were beyond measure astonished and delighted to hear the Prince speak to them in their own language with an articulation so clear and an accent so admirable that his words were intelligible even to the most distant man upon the ground.

This incident was indeed, the talk of the regimental bazars for days after. Grey beards speculated gravely as to whether the Prince was divinely inspired, or merely possessed of superhuman wisdom. "For verily he speaks our tongue as though he had been born among us" said many.

Then followed the presentation of decorations to officers and men—a ceremony made more interesting than usual by the nature of certain of the distinctions conferred. First came the presentation of the Victor a Cross to a gallant Indian soldier, Sepoy Ishar Singh of the 28th Punjabis. The account of his act of supreme gallantry in action in Waziristan in April 1921 was read aloud and to the accompaniment of hearty applause from the spectators the Prince pinned upon the stalwart sepoy's breast the proudest decoration which a soldier of the Empire can win. By a curious coincidence among the recipients of decorations, was another who had attained the same coveted distinction. Captain Allen, V C, D S O M C, of the R A M C was receiving a bar to his Military Cross at the hands of the Prince of Wales. Other officers were recipients of the Distinguished Service Order, of the Order of the Indian Empire, and of various grades of the Order of the British Empire. One Indian Officer received a Military Cross. The Prince, in bestowing each distinction, shook hands warmly with the recipient, and addressed to him a friendly word of congratulation.

When the ceremony of presenting the decorations had been concluded, the Guards of Honour, the Colour Guards, the massed bands and the

trumpeters filed past His Royal Highness, who took the salute. He then mounted his horse and amidst cheering which was as prolonged as it was hearty, rode off the ground.

That same afternoon the Prince was present at a Gymkhana Race Meeting, where he rode in several events, coming first in three, to the great delight of the spectators. The crowds were large, and besides, keen judges of horsemanship. As can readily be imagined, the Prince received an ovation of the most cordial character.

A quiet dinner at the Circuit House and a brief visit to the Sergeants' Ball occupied his time, until his departure, at 11 o'clock at night for Kapurthala.

The State of Kapurthala, like that of Patiala, first rose to prominence in the eighteenth century after the disruption of the Mughal Empire. Its ruling family, also like that of Patiala, claims some connection with the ancient Rajput House of Jaisalmir, and prides itself upon similar traditions of unbroken friendship and alliance with the British Government. Though not large in territory, the State of Kapurthala possesses considerable resources which on many occasions of danger have been placed at the disposal of the King Emperor. Under the direct supervision of a series of enlightened princes, the capital of the State has been embellished with handsome public buildings while the palaces of the Ruling Family which owe much to the architecture, the painting and the landscape gardening of France are perhaps in more complete consonance with European taste than corresponding structures in other Indian principalities. During the time of the present Ruler, Maharaja Sir Jagatjit Singh, much has been done for the improvement of the educational and sanitary institutions both of his capital and of the territory over which he rules.

His Royal Highness' arrival at Kapurthala on March 12th was private, but the absence of formal ceremonies detracted no whit from the warmth of his welcome. After being received by the Maharaja, members of the Ruling Family, and State officials, the Prince motored along streets festooned with the State colours of blue and silver. Crowds of people in their best and most gorgeous attire lined the route, filled the balconies of the houses, and craned their necks over every parapet and cornice of the roofs. As the Prince passed, they broke into shrill cries of welcome, which ceased only when his car entered the long avenue of the magnificent modern palace, in French Renaissance style, which is the pride of Kapurthala.

That afternoon Kapurthala was *en fête*. The main streets of the picturesque bazar were decorated with flags and pennants, while from the houses on either side were hung rugs, carpets and dyed stuffs of every hue. In the Shalimar gardens, beneath the shadow of a stately red sandstone cenotaph, a *mela* was held for the pleasure of the people. Bands, wrestling matches, sports of every kind had drawn eager crowds. Everywhere the same question was in the air—would the Prince come? He did. After spending a short time at the garden party in the palace grounds, he entered a car and drove along a circuitous route through the city. Closely packed masses of spectators lined the narrow streets. When his car came in sight a roar of welcome arose, and only with the utmost difficulty could passage be cleared for him. He drove into the courtyard of the Old Fort, then out of the city into the *mela* grounds: then beneath an avenue of trees, to the small but beautiful river, so reminiscent of the Cherwell between Magdalen Bridge and Parsons' Pleasure. Pausing for a few minutes at the charming villa of the Tikha Sahib, he returned to the Palace shortly before seven. Wherever he passed, he was hailed with indescribable enthusiasm, and the crowd, so far from dispersing set itself to wait until the time of his departure should bring him before its eyes once more.

At the banquet that evening, the Maharaja welcomed his Royal Guest in the most cordial terms, referring to the Prince's Imperial position and to the unique services which he had rendered to the Commonwealth. Sir Jagatjit Singh also mentioned with pride the unbroken traditions of loyalty to the Imperial throne which characterised the history of his own family. The Prince in reply expressed his pleasure at visiting Kapurthala and renewing his acquaintance with its Ruler. He congratulated the Maharaja on the War services of the State—the Imperial Service Regiment which fought in East Africa, Sistan, Mesopotamia and the North Western Frontier—the many other means to victory contributed to the Allied cause.

On the conclusion of the banquet the Prince and the Maharaja witnessed the beautiful illuminations from the terrace, until the hour came which brought His Royal Highness' all too brief stay in Kapurthala to a close. He entered the Royal Train at eleven o'clock *en route* for Dehra Dun.

The little station of Dehra Dun, home of the 2nd and the 9th Gurkhas, lies at the foot of the Himalayas embedded in subtropical vegetation. The climate, for the major portion of the year cool and invigorating, makes Dehra Dun an excellent site for educational institutions; while

the proximity of the summer resort of Mussoorie, some thousands of feet aloft on the hill side, provides an easy refuge from the tribulations of the unhealthy months. At Dehra Dun, accordingly, have for some time been located the Forest Research Institute and the Forest Training School, while of late a third institution which the Prince was formally to open, has sprung up.

It is unnecessary to emphasise the importance attached by Indian opinion to the military education of young Indians. Since the war-services of the Indian regiments won for His Majesty's Indian subjects the coveted privilege of King's Commissions, there has been an insistent demand that all possible steps be taken to secure a supply of suitable candidates. Accordingly a Military College lately founded, was now to receive the honour of a visit from the Prince and to enjoy the right of bearing his name.

Arriving at the station at 9.30 on the morning of March 13th, the Prince was received by the Commander in Chief's representative General Sir Claude Jacob, and the principal civil and military officers. He drove along gaily decorated streets and busy bazars to the College, a quadrangle of English looking black timbered buildings standing in beautiful grounds. Large numbers of people had gathered to greet him while the 1st and 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, the 1st and 2nd Gurkhas, the 2nd and 9th Gurkhas, and numerous pensioners awaited his inspection. He stepped out of his car, to the accompaniment of hearty cheers, and walked over to the Guard of Honour. This inspection finished he came to the College buildings, and walked down a file of the cadets the first pupils of the new Institution. General Sir Claude Jacob then read a short address on behalf of Lord Rawlinson, explaining the objects of the institution and the scope of the prospects which it laid before the youth of India. He announced that the Maharaja Scindia, one of the best soldiers of the country had manifested his interest in the College by promising a large annual grant for the upkeep of the Library.

The Prince in reply expressed his keen pleasure at opening an institution so deserving.

"It is the pride of the English Public Schools that they have supplied the early training of those British officers, who with the aid of the gallant body of Indian officers, have for years led and guided the fighting men of India to victory on many fields.

It is in order to give you the same opportunities and advantages that this College has been established. The young men of India, who wish to go later to Sandhurst and who aspire to hold a King's Commission, will receive their early training here.



I trust that those who are responsible for the administration of this College will keep before them, not only the great ideals of the Public Schools of England, but will also foster and maintain the fine old Indian spirit of mutual reverence which bound together the *Guru* and his *Chela*.

To those who aspire to the honour of a King's Commission, I say —work hard, play hard, live upright and honest lives, maintain untarnished the great martial traditions of India's fighting men, keep unsullied the chivalry and honour which has been handed down to you as a heritage by the Indian Princes and Warriors of old, by the Indian officers of the past and by the British officers who have trained the Indian soldier in peace and led him in war.

I shall always follow with interest the fortunes of a College which is to bear my name. I hope that its future record will make me proud of it."

His Royal Highness walked through the buildings, and emerged once more upon the grounds. After receiving a Royal salute from the troops on parade, he inspected each battalion and then moved over to the spot where the pensioners awaited him. In his customary fashion, he shook hands with the officers and walked up and down the line of men, chatting and smiling. Returning to the saluting base, he took the salute of the "march past" and afterwards presented the Gurkha Divisional Football Cup to the winning battalion, the 1-2nd Gurkhas.

The final ceremony to take place on the ground was the presentation of new Colours to the Royal Military School of Sanawar, an institution which, since its foundation by Sir Henry Lawrence, has performed admirable work in educating the sons and daughters of British soldiers. In presenting the Colours, His Royal Highness said—

"I should feel proud to belong to a College which was founded by the brave Sir Henry Lawrence which was built and started by the gallant Major Hodson and to which my father gave the name of Royal in recognition of the services of its old boys during the great war

your old boys. Your new Colours I entrust to your keeping. Cover them with glory and honour. May they be an inspiration to you to serve your King and Country as faithfully as John and Henry Lawrence did in the hour of need."

Loud bursts of cheering speeded him on his way as he drove to the station. At 12.30 he left for Gajraula, where he spent the next forty-eight hours in witnessing the competition for the Kadir Cup.

After a pleasant two days' sport at Gajraula, in the course of which the Prince won a point to point race, His Royal Highness started on his final journey. The Royal train halted for a few minutes at

Hardwar, one of the sacred places of Hinduism, where the Prince received a casket and a complimentary address from the abbots and religious leaders of the locality. The remainder of the route lay past Delhi—where the Prince said good bye to His Excellency the Viceroy—Bhatinda, and along the western side of the Indian desert, then parallel to the eastern bank of the Indus. Here miles upon miles of barren land wait only for the life giving water which irrigation projects will bring them, to blossom into fertility as have the great canal colonies of the Punjab. Of this region, one day to be so rich and populous, the natural outlet is the rising port of Karachi. Situated in a dry rainless climate, highly advantageous to trade and industry, the town has before it a great future. But perhaps no place in India owes so much to the genius and foresight of man. Its magnificent harbour, which now handles a trade of the annual value of Rs 60 crores, is entirely artificial. The wide and splendid streets, the scientific unity of the planning, the stately public buildings, all speak eloquently of that guiding genius which can look to the future through the present.

The monotony of the long journey to Karachi was broken by a farewell dinner on the 16th March—the Prince's last night upon Indian soil. All the staff were entertained, and after dinner, His Royal Highness conferred decorations of varying degrees upon each member to whom he would on the morrow bid farewell.

At 9.30 on the morning of the 17th March the Prince arrived at Karachi Cantonment Station, to be received by Sir George Lloyd, the Political Secretary to the Government of India, the Military Secretary to His Excellency the Viceroy, the Commissioner in Sind and the local officials, both civil and military. A number of Ruling Princes, who had come to Karachi to bid His Royal Highness farewell, were also on the platform. These included the Maharajas of Patiala and Bikaner, and other Ruling Princes attached to His Royal Highness' staff, the Aga Khan, the Mir of Khairpur, and others. After the introductions had been completed, His Royal Highness left the station, inspected the Guard of Honour of the 2nd Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment, and ascended the dais, constructed in the severest classical style, where the Municipal address was to be presented. Large crowds of spectators filled every foot of available accommodation, greeting the Prince enthusiastically as he came into their view. The President and Members of the Municipal Corporation then advanced, and the address of welcome was read. The President concluded the rising

importance of Karachi, as evidenced by its trade returns, by its population, by its tonnage, and expressed the gratification of the people of Sind that the Prince, following in the footsteps of Their Majesties sixteen years ago, had found time to visit the capital of the Province. He referred to the ambitions of Karachi; to its advantageous situation, to the almost illimitable prospects that he open to it, to the problems, present and future, which await solution at the hands of the Municipality. To this the Prince replied in his customary cordial strain

"I entered India by one of its oldest gateways. It is fitting that I should leave it by one of its most modern, for the rapid growth of your city and population your ever expanding export trade and your growing importance as a focus of communications are the direct result of one of the most striking achievements of British rule in India. Your expansion is the outcome of that triumph of engineering and colonizing skill which transformed millions of acres of desert into the granary of India which added in no small measure to the world's stock of food grain and clothing and peopled waste places with a happy and prosperous peasantry. I read in this a symbol of the good which united effort can secure in India and in your rapid growth I find good augury for that high position which India may fill in the commercial world of the future.

Your civic duties are onerous and important. Increased work and responsibility will be your lot as rural prosperity increases in Sind the Punjab and Rajputana. I know that in the task which lies before you the welfare of the people of this city will be your first care."

After the President and Members of the Municipality had been presented to him, the Prince drove through streets crowded with cheering people to Frere Hall, a public building erected as a memorial to the famous Sir Bartle Frere. Here were held two military functions of peculiar interest, both connected with the 10th Baluchi group of the Indian Army. This group, the nucleus of which dates back to the raising of the 124th Baluchis in Bombay in 1820, consists besides of the 126th Baluchistan Infantry, the 127th, 129th and 130th Baluchis. Its record of service is glorious leaving aside earlier campaigns, which of themselves suffice to win undying renown, it fought during the late war in three continents and in eight countries. Very appropriately therefore, advantage was taken of His Royal Highness' presence in Karachi to set the seal of Royal approval upon a memorial designed to commemorate the gallantry of the Baluchis.

The first of the two ceremonies was the presentation of new Colours to the 126th Baluchistan Infantry. Arriving at Frere Hall, the Prince inspected a detachment of the 92nd (P.W.O.) Punjabis, and after the principal staff officers of the Western Command and of the Sind Rajputana

District had been presented to him, he walked through the Hall and emerged into a hollow square composed of the 126th Baluchistan Infantry and of Colour Parties representing the Baluch Battalions. The Royal salute was given, the new Colours handed over in due form. The Prince then addressed the Regiment in Hindustani, commending it for its past services and bidding it be worthy of that glorious record. After the march past, he shook hands with the officers, inspected a group of Ex service men and holders of the King's Police Medal and walked over to the spot where the Baluch War Memorial, an impressive pylon of Jodhpur stone famous for durability, stood shrouded by its Union Jacks. Colonel P H Dyke (130th K G O Baluchis) explained that the new group organisation of the army afforded the opportunity of cementing the old ties of friendship between the Baluchi regiments by facilitating the erection of a common memorial to the officers and men of the Baluchis who laid down their lives in the Great War. The Prince in reply spoke thus—

"I esteem it a great privilege to unveil the memorial to over 1 000 brave officers and men of the Baluch group of Indian Infantry who laid down their lives for their King and Country in the Great War.

Three of those Regiments are closely connected with my family by special ties. Whether duty called them in France, Egypt, Palestine, East Africa, Persia, Waziristan or on the Afghan Frontier the men of all those units one and all, fought with characteristic courage and upheld the glorious traditions of their regiments and of the Indian Army to which they belong. Among the many distinctions won by the officers and men, I may mention the two Victoria Crosses which the 129th Baluchis treasure with pride.

This Memorial has been erected by the men of the regiments to the honour of and in memory of their own brave comrades. There can be no more fitting memorial for soldiers. In unveiling it I trust that it may long keep their name, their sacrifice and their brave deeds before future generations. May it inspire those that come after to work for their King and Country in that spirit of loyalty and devotion which has always animated the Baluch Infantry Regiments."

After the flags had been stripped from the Memorial, the Regimental Maulvi intoned a blessing, and His Royal Highness, amidst the cheers of the large crowd, drove to Government House.

The Prince's last day in India was assuredly one of the hardest of the whole tour. There were decorations to be awarded farewells to be said, interviews to be granted. Nor was the afternoon available for rest, despite the heat-wave which made all business burdensome. The Prince attended a most successful Children's Fete and Garden Party in Government Gardens, where he inspected Scouts and Guides, received a bouquet from eight children representing the eight principal communi-

ties of Karachi, and received the leading zemindars of the Sind Province. After leaving the Fete, amidst the frantic cheering of the excited children and the no less enthusiastic, if more restrained, demonstrations of the grown ups, His Royal Highness drove back to Government House for a few minutes before driving in State to Kiamari, whence he was to leave the shores of India

Shortly after six, the Prince entered the State Barouche and drove to the harbour which is the pride of Karachi. He was accompanied by a full escort of cavalry and artillery, partly composed of Volunteer Horse. The whole route was gaily decorated and long after the Prince had passed beyond the confines of Karachi city, crowds greeted him. Driving along the Mole, he came at length to Kiamari itself. Entering the Dock gates, he passed in front of a great grand stand overflowing with people, and was received by the Governor and the principal civil and military officers. The vessels in the harbour were crowned with bunting which gleamed brightly in the last level rays of the sinking sun. Beside the quay lay H M S "Comus," which was to convey the Prince to H M S "Renown," lying out at some distance.

After taking the Royal salute His Royal Highness inspected the Guard of Honour of the Royal Air Force, whose band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes." He returned to the spot where the Governor and several Ruling Princes waited to wish him "God speed." Their Highnesses the Maharajas of Patiala, Jodhpur, Rutlam, Khairpur, the Aga Khan, and several others, in all the finery of high ceremonial dress, made a picturesque, and many hued group against the grey background of the "Comus." The Chairman and principal officers of the Port Trust having been presented to the Prince His Royal Highness was accompanied to the gangway of the "Comus" by Sir George Lloyd and the Ruling Princes. The last farewells were said, the last hand shake given. The band struck up, "God save the King," and to the thunder of guns from His Majesty's ships and vessels in the harbour, the "Comus" drew slowly away from the quay. As she departed, the crowd broke loose from the barriers, surged across the platform, and burst into a roar of cheering. The Prince stood at the salute on the afterdeck, his figure distinctly outlined against the setting sun. The band of the "Comus" struck up a lively air and the Indian Tour of His Royal Highness was at an end.

The departure of His Royal Highness from the Harbour of Karachi marks the termination of this narrative. Some estimate, however, provisional and incomplete, of the effects of his tour must now be attempted. Time alone can reveal in its fullness the work he accomplished but certain consequences of his visit can even at this moment be estimated, if not quantitatively, at least qualitatively.

While from one point of view it is true to say that the visit of Edward, Prince of Wales, to India is but the latest of a Royal series commencing nearly half a century ago, yet at the same time, it presents certain features which serve to distinguish it from all the rest. For the India to which His Royal Highness came in 1921 was a country very different even from the India which had greeted his Imperial Father in 1911. It was the India of a new era, the India which confidently expects the attainment, after some period long or short, of equal status with the self governing Dominions. And that fact, combined with the obvious analogy between the Prince's Indian tour and his visits to the other parts of the Commonwealth, gives this, the latest manifestation of the abiding interest of the House of Windsor in Their Indian peoples, a significance all its own. In brief, the world regards the visit of the Prince, not as an honour which is India's alone, but as part and parcel of His Royal Highness' Imperial activities. It is realised that he came to her, as he went to the self governing Dominions, because she is an integral portion of the British Empire. The circumstances in which the tour was undertaken mark her elevation from the status of a mere dependency, to that of a country which differs from the self governing Dominions only in this, that she is just commencing to tread the road along which they have already advanced some distance. In other words, the tour is a pledge, scarcely less significant than the Royal message to the First Indian Parliament, of the part which the House of Windsor will play in the new dispensation—a part which is that of the silken cord, "to hold when steel chain snaps," binding India alike to Britain and to her sister nations in the Empire. This view of the Royal visit will assuredly persist long after many other impressions have passed away. Upon its Imperial significance there is no need to enlarge.

There remains another consequence of the Prince's presence in India at this juncture, which must on no account be overlooked. Complaints have been frequent of late years that the attention of Great Britain is concentrated upon Indian affairs far less frequently than their intrinsic importance would seem to demand. Nor is it possible to deny that these complaints are well founded. But the mere presence of

the Prince has of itself sufficed to direct the gaze, not merely of England, but of the whole Empire, upon India, and that at the very moment when she most requires comprehension, sympathy and tolerance It needs no unusual prescience to conjecture that in the difficult years which lie before her, she will gain much from the deeper insight into her problems which English public opinion, following the lead of the Prince himself, is now commencing to acquire

Thus far, then, by way of background Is it possible to arrive at any estimate of the immediate effect of the Royal visit upon that mosaic of heterogenous elements which is India herself ?

Upon the India of the States, the Prince's presence has exercised powerful influence It means much to these Rulers of ancient lineage that the Heir of their Liege should visit them, should share familiarly in their life, should comprehend their point of view With the Government of India, their relations may sometimes be difficult, it is impersonal, overshadowing yet inconclusive They thus tend inevitably to withdraw within the purlieus of their own order, to emphasise rather than obliterate the boundary lines that divide them from the rest of India But in the presence of the son of their Emperor, they realise anew the magnitude of the part that is theirs to play not merely in the progress of their own states, but also in the progress of India, they find in common allegiance to one Imperial House the bond which links them to the rest of their countrymen Furthermore the Indian Princes, being personal Rulers, are peculiarly susceptible to personality Those traits of frankness sportsmanship, and vivacity which the Empire knows and loves in the Prince, have rarely won more abiding esteem and devotion than among the noble houses of India

Linking, as it were, the Indian States to British India is the Army, which recruits from both Upon the Army, the effects of the Prince's visit have been profound That the son of their King should also be their comrade in arms, has filled the soldiers, whether English or Indian, with pride That he should evince a living personal interest in their welfare, that he should be tireless in meeting them, in talking to them, in shaking hands with them, has given to all ranks an enhanced feeling of devotion to the Throne whose Heir he is Countless stories are told of his thoughtful kindness, of his keen interest; of his unflinching enthusiasm, and these have made him famous in the mouths of thousands who have never seen him His delight in horsemanship, in polo, in all strenuous exercises, has still further strengthened the affec-

tionate regard in which the Army holds him. But it is not merely the serving soldier to whom the name of the Prince is dearer than gold. Thousands of pensioners, of retired officers, of ex service men, have gone back to their villages loud voiced in praises of the soldier prince who speaks Hindustani; each one of them henceforth a man of mark in the eyes of his neighbours and a willing disseminator, such as Bolshevik Russia might well envy, of ideas which cannot fail to bear fruit a thousand-fold in the future.

In British India itself, the results of the Royal visit are very marked. In certain directions a powerful stimulus has been afforded to political development on constitutional lines by the prestige accruing to the new legislative bodies from the Prince's active interest and frank recognition of their importance. His speeches in reply to their Addresses, his interviews with their leaders, his kindness and courtesy, have combined to strengthen the position of those who are determined to work the reforms in the spirit enjoined by his Imperial Father. The politically minded classes recognise in His Royal Highness a democratic Prince, who sympathises with their aspirations, and is anxious to help them along the right road. Much suspicion and distrust have thereby been removed, to the incalculable gain of the country.

Among the classes of the Indian people who are little interested in politics, the Prince's personality has appealed to two in particular. The old fashioned landed gentry have been delighted by his unaffected courtesy, the villagers and humbler folk by his kindness and warm human sympathy. Wherever he has been due to pass, in train or motor car, however momentary his presence, humble and touching tributes of affection and loyalty have never been stinted, even by the poorest. To the wealthy, on the other hand, their substance was but the means of giving more adequate expression to their devotion to the Royal House. The Prince's presence in India has unquestionably evoked from the most considerable portion of the population an ebullition of friendliness and goodwill, in the face of which the efforts of those who desired to spoil the unanimity of the country's welcome appear insignificant indeed.

Although the Royal visit, for obvious reasons, was quite unconnected with the political situation which happened to obtain at the moment, yet it did not fail to exercise a certain influence even in this sphere. That the programme laid down was carried out despite the malicious efforts of the non-co-operators, that, save in two places, the efforts of this party produced negligible results; that the Prince traversed India



from end to end with unshakable courage, determination and good humour, these were factors which could not but hearten the waverers, belie the pessimists, and confound the disaffected. Not only did political tension appreciably relax in those many places that he visited, but in addition, a conviction that India would weather the gale in which she now labours began to replace the gloomy forebodings of the preceding months. If this was the case with Indians, it was equally true of the European and Domiciled communities. To them the presence of the Prince was a veritable tonic, it gave them fresh heart to face economic difficulties and the anxieties inseparable from fluctuating surroundings and novel conditions of service. But perhaps the most striking consequence to the present situation has been a very sensible modification of racial bitterness. Where the Prince comes, each race and creed feels itself a part of a common whole, bound into unity by allegiance to the Sovereign whose heir he is. The conception of a citizenship transcending differences of faith and nationality, loses in the presence of the Prince the character of an intellectually accepted proposition, and takes on the warmer, humaner guise of a principle of social intercourse. The care which was manifest in the Prince's meetings with Indians, that their susceptibilities should be respected and their social position duly maintained, was not the least powerful influence in producing this result.

Taking these points of view and combining them into a single impression, it is difficult to see how there can be room for more than one conclusion as to the effect of the Prince's visit. Generally speaking this effect has been the mitigation of rancour and the strengthening of sober opinion. Those who expected that all dissensions would cease at the coming of His Royal Highness were disappointed—as indeed, from their ignorance of human nature, they deserved to be. But that the truly progressive and stabilising elements in the political situation have been confirmed at the expense of the extreme and the anarchic, must be obvious to any careful observer, while the deeper conception of the British Commonwealth as something which transcends political disputes and party rancours, has gained a new meaning for many.

Of the Prince himself, his devotion to duty, his courage, his cheerfulness, his determination to carry through his task to the appointed end, this is not the place to speak. All the world knows that the motto beneath the Three Feathers is no mere heraldic flourish. And never has this been more apparent than during the course of his Indian tour. The call of duty gains added force

when it is obeyed by the greatest as readily as by the most humble, and many an officer of the Crown has derived new heart and a kindling enthusiasm from the Prince's example. This is not the whole of the gain. For the Prince has seen India with his own eyes, has gathered impressions which no second hand information could give him, has fitted himself for the task of comprehending her difficulties, sympathising with her aspirations, condoning her shortcomings. Rarely is it given to Royalty to enter the innermost thoughts of their people, and when the people are of other race than the ruler, the obstacles are magnified tenfold. But the Prince has striven hard and successfully to understand the people of India. He has met and talked with them, he has heard their grievances, he has learnt of their aspirations. Both India and the Empire are the richer, that he has seen the fruition of the desire he expressed when he first set foot upon the shores of India—"I want to know you and I want you to know me." His own judgment of his Indian Tour may best be gathered from his farewell telegram to Lord Reading—

'I bid farewell to India to-day with feelings of the deepest regret. I prize the hand of friendship which India has extended to me and shall ever treasure the memories of my first visit. In future years, by God's help I may now hope to view India her Princes and peoples with an understanding eye. My gathered knowledge will, I trust assist me to read her needs aright, and will enable me to approach her problems with sympathy, appreciate her difficulties and appraise her achievements.

It has been a wonderful experience for me to see the Provinces and States of India and to watch the machinery of the Government. With interest I have noted signs of expansion and development on every side. It has been a great privilege to thank the Princes and peoples of India for their efforts and sacrifices on behalf of the Empire in the Great War and to renew my acquaintance with her gallant fighting forces.

Finally my warmest thanks are due to Your Excellency to the officials of Your Government and to the Prince and peoples of India by whose cordial assistance I have been helped at every stage of my journey to secure my cherished ambition.

I undertook this journey to see and know India and to be known by her. Your Excellency's welcome at the outset and the encouragement which I have constantly received on all hands since landing in India, has given me heart for my task. I have received continuous proofs of devotion to the Throne and Person of the King Emperor and on my return to England it will be my privilege to convey these assurances of loyalty to His Imperial Majesty. I trust that my sojourn in this country may have helped to add some grains to that great store of mutual trust and regard, and of desire to help each other, which must ever form the foundation of India's wellbeing.

On my part I will only say that if the memories which I leave behind in India are half as precious as those I take away, I may indeed feel that my visit has

brought us closer together. That India may progress and prosper is my earnest prayer. I hope it may be my good fortune to see India again in the years to come."

To which His Excellency Lord Reading replied—

"The heart of India will be stirred by your Royal Highness' message of farewell. You came to India on an embassy of good will. The youthful Heir to the Throne, a veteran soldier of the King, India's friend, you leave India having won India's heart, for road to the heart of people lies through knowledge and sympathy. From the day you landed in India you set yourself to gain the one and Providence has endowed you with the other. Long will the memory of your embassy live in India's heart. On behalf of the Princes, peoples, and officials of India, I thank Your Royal Highness and express for myself and them our particular gratification that Your Royal Highness hopes to see India again in the future. For myself and them I wish you God speed and all happiness until we again have the inestimable privilege of welcoming Your Royal Highness to India."

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